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NUMBER ONE

HERBERT GRIGGS

FOR SCHOOLS COLLEGES AND CHORAL SOCIETIES

SILVER~BURDETT & COMPANY

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BEACON SONG COLLECTION

FOR USE IN HIGH SCHOOLS, ACADEMIES, COLLEGES
AND CHORAL CLASSES

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

HERBERT GRIGGS

SUPERVISOR OF MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF DENVER, COLORADO

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

1900

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PREFACE.

THIS book is a compilation of songs designed primarily for use in High Schools and all schools of similar grade. It was the editor's original intention to make a collection for use only in his own schools, but the work gradually became so extended and enlarged that it was thought best to adapt it for more general use. It is therefore now placed before the public, in the hope that it will prove valuable and helpful in a large number of schools.

The music and words have been carefully selected, with a view to supplying material for every possible occasion. The chorals and devotional music have words strictly undenominational in character and of great variety. The patriotic songs (so much needed in a school text-book) are the works of the best composers of patriotic music, and are numerous enough to allow of free selection.

The school songs are chosen for this work because they have been found, on trial, to be helpful and successful.

HERBERT GRIGGS.

DENVER, COL., August, 1895.

THE ALPINE SHEPHERD.

No. 1.

W. W. CALDWELL.

FRANZ ABT.
Arr. by L. B. MARSHALL.

Allegro moderato.

p *f* *p*

Allegro leggiero.

p *rit.* *a tempo.*

Allegro moderato.

rit. *f* *p*

mf *Recit.* *p* *mf*

Hark! Hark! I hear sweet mu - sic in the air. Some

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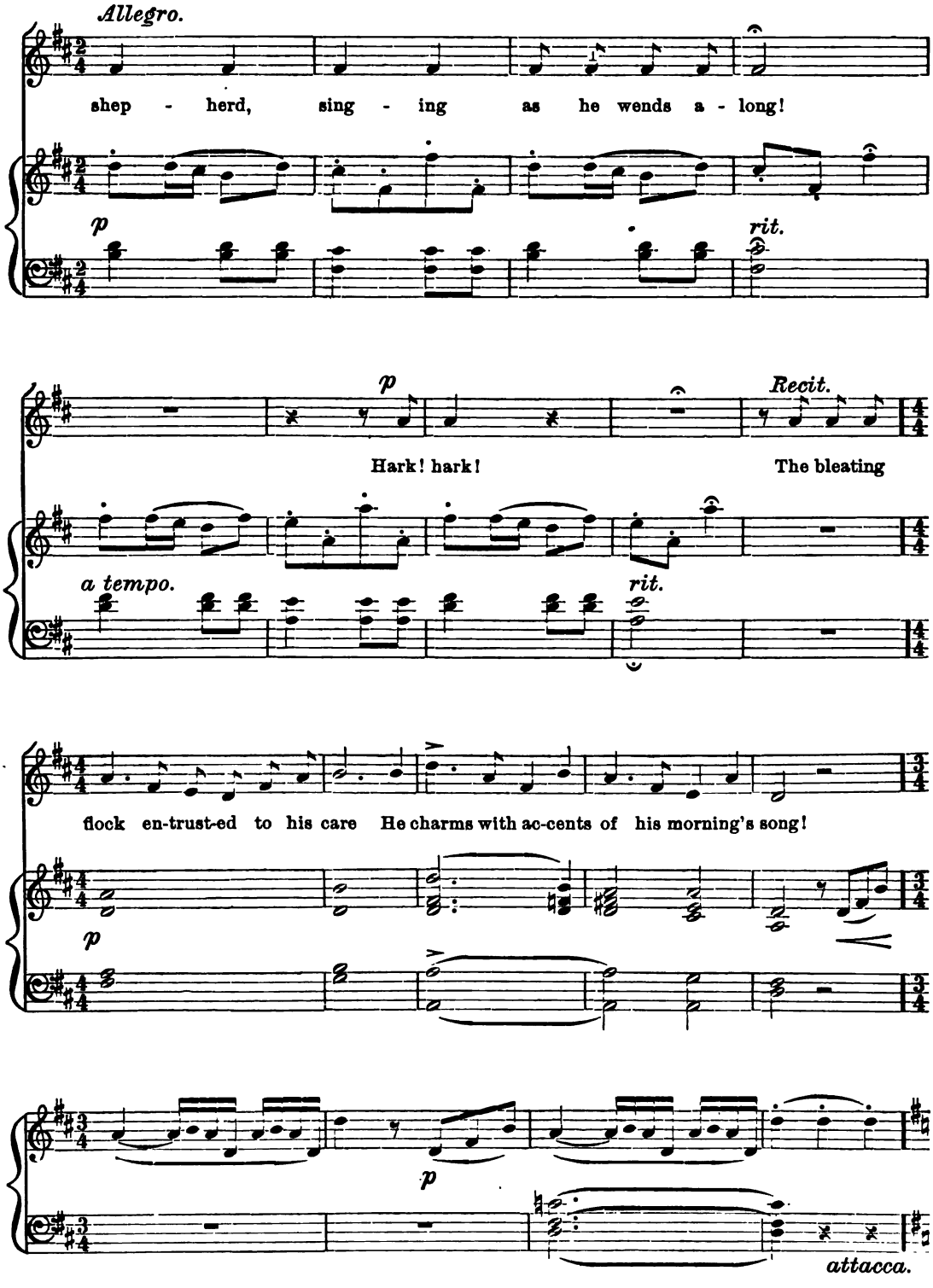
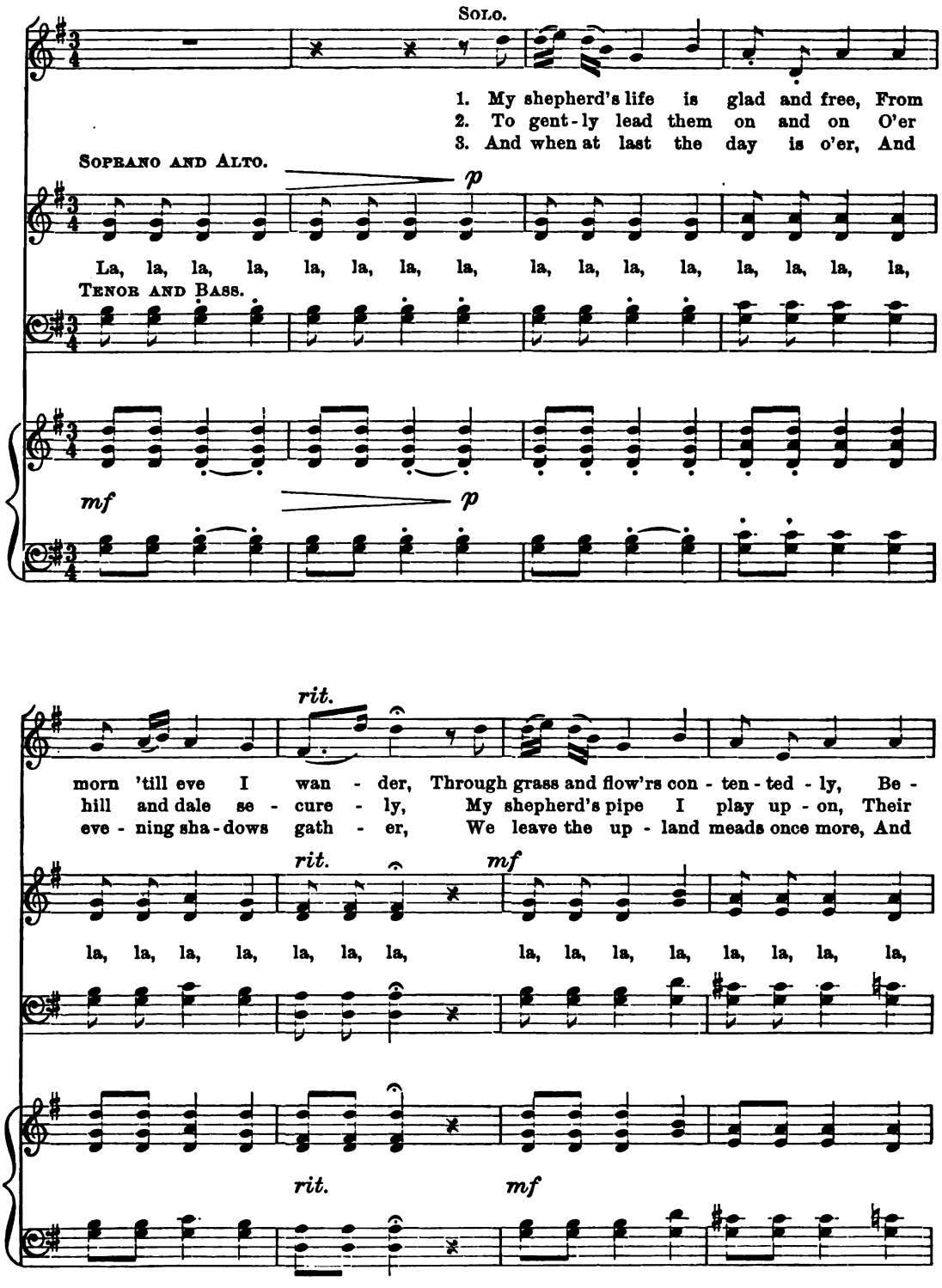
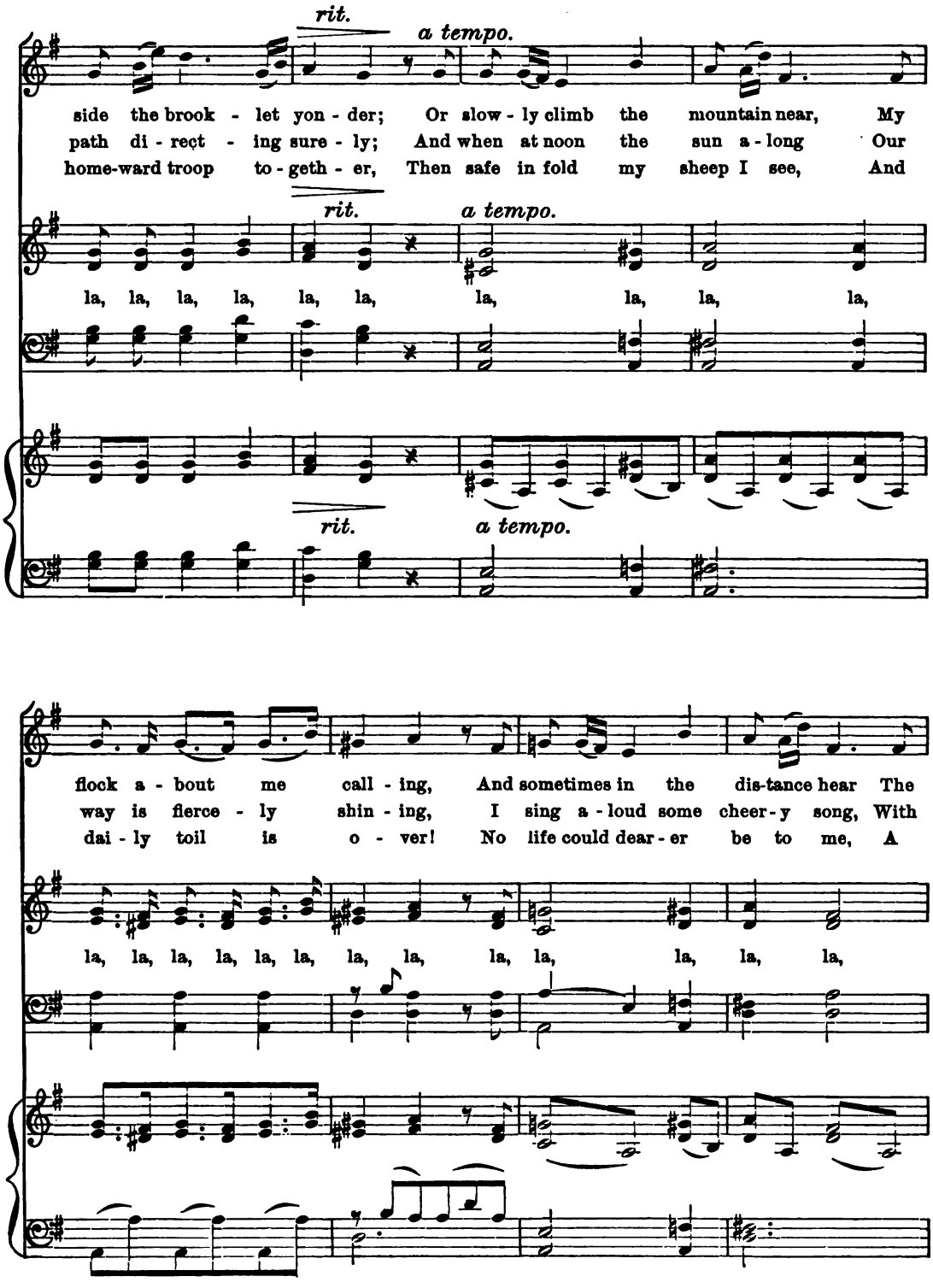
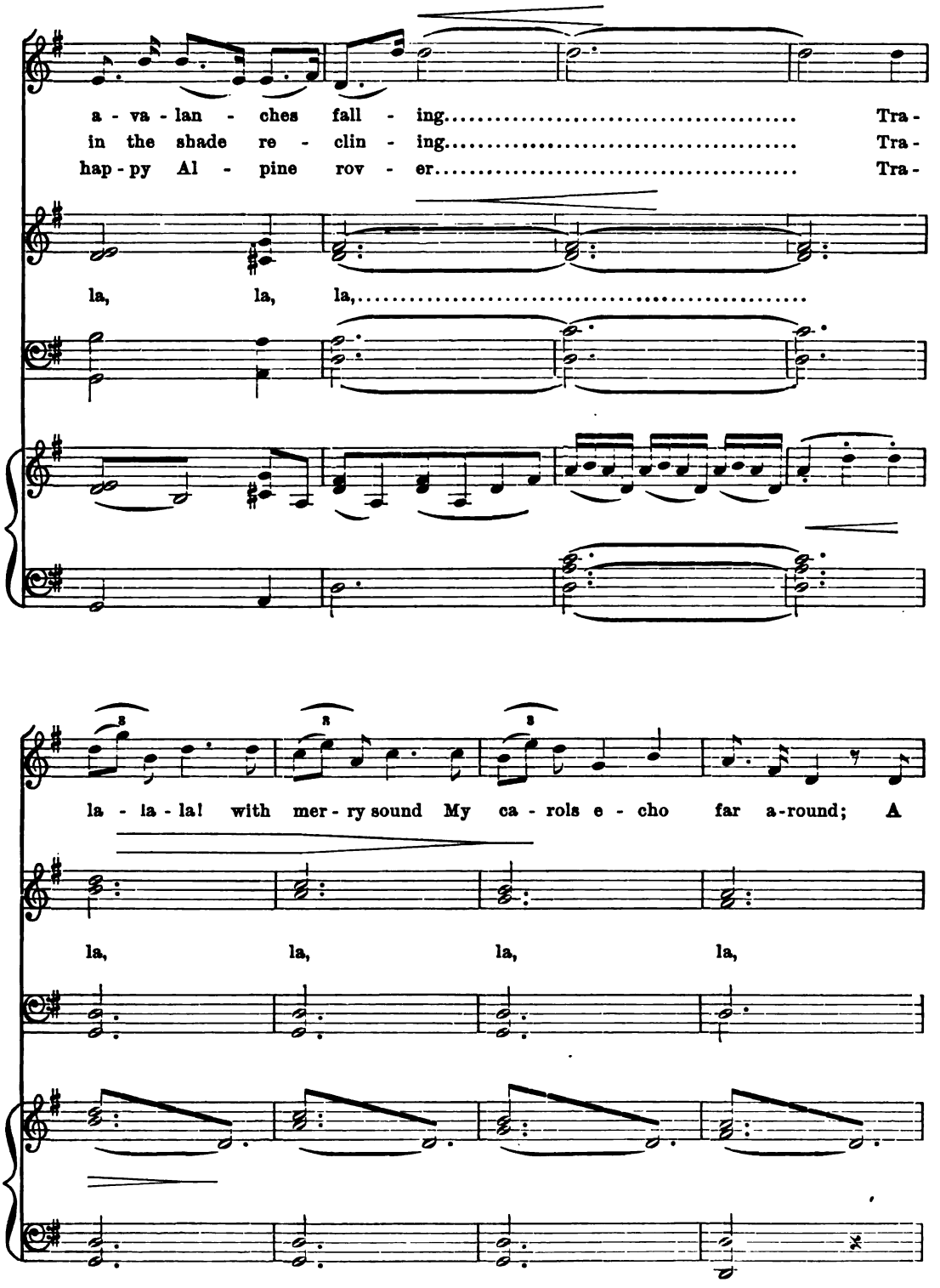
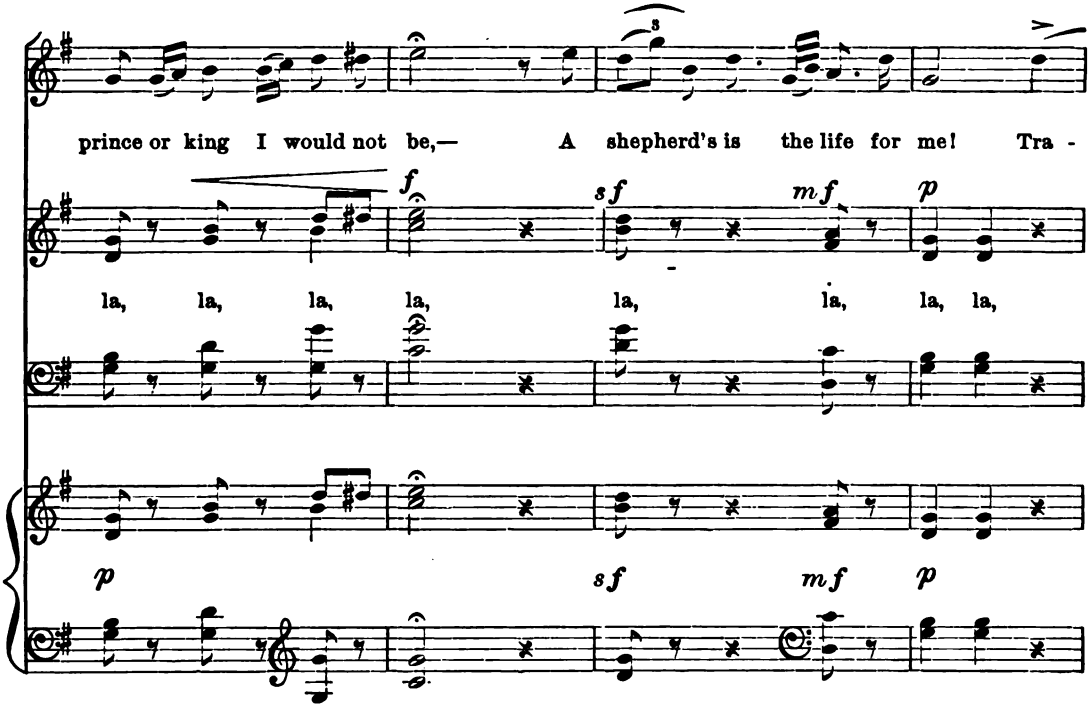
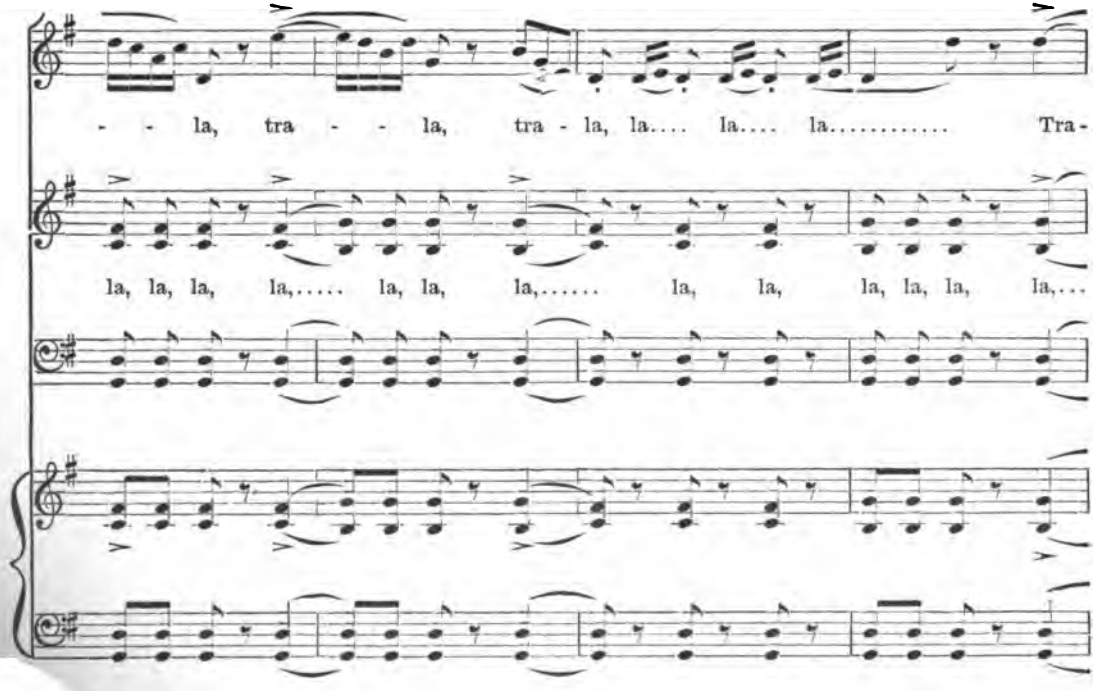

Allegro.
shep - herd, sing - ing as he wends a - long!
p
rit.
p
Recit.
Hark! hark! The bleating
a tempo.
rit.
flock en-trust-ed to his care He charms with ac-cents of his morning's song!
p
p
attacca.

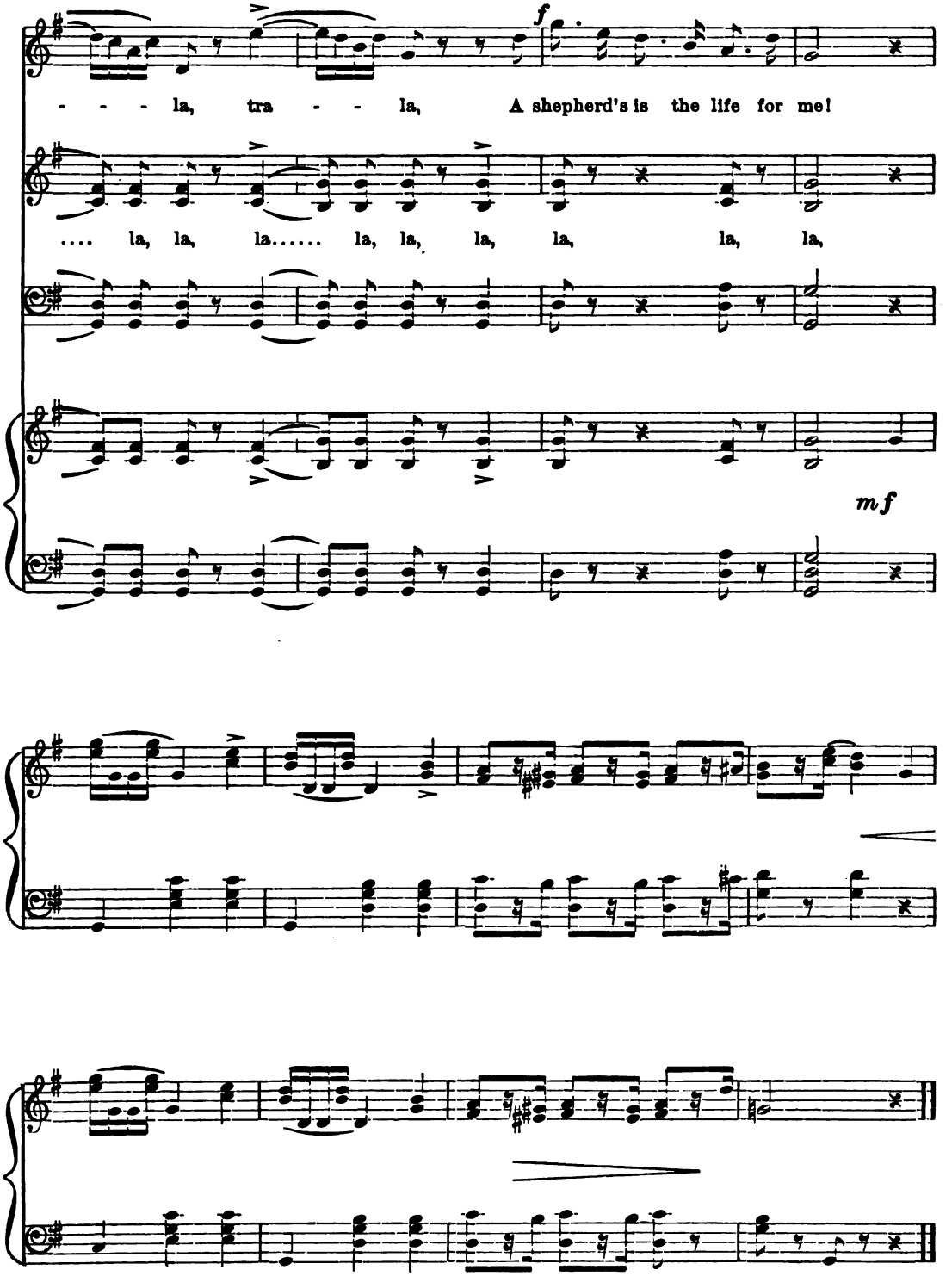

SOLO.
1. My shepherd's life is glad and free, From
2. To gent-ly lead them on and on O'er
3. And when at last the day is o'er, And
SOPRANO AND ALTO.
p
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
TENOR AND BASS.
mf
p
rit.
morn 'till eve I wan - der, Through grass and flow'rs con - ten - ted - ly, Be -
hill and dale se - cure - ly, My shepherd's pipe I play up - on, Their
eve - ning sha - dows gath - er, We leave the up - land meads once more, And
rit.
mf
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
rit.
mf


rit.
a tempo.
side the brook - let yon - der; Or slow - ly climb the mountain near, My
path di - rect - ing sure - ly; And when at noon the sun a - long Our
home-ward troop to - geth - er, Then safe in fold my sheep I see, And
rit.
a tempo.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
rit.
a tempo.
flock a - bout me call - ing, And sometimes in the dis-tance hear The
way is fierce - ly shin - ing, I sing a - loud some cheer - y song, With
dai - ly toil is o - ver! No life could dear - er be to me, A
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,


a - va - lan - ches fall - ing..... Tra -
in the shade re - clin - ing..... Tra -
hap - py Al - pine rov - er..... Tra -
la, la, la,.....
la - la - la! with mer - ry sound My ca - rols e - cho far a-round; A
la, la, la, la,


prince or king I would not be,— A shepherd's is the life for me! Tra -
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
f
sf
mf
p
p
sf
mf
p


- - la, tra - - la, tra - la, la.... la.... la..... Tra -
la, la, la, la,..... la, la, la,..... la, la, la, la, la, la,...


f
- - - la, tra - - la, A shepherd's is the life for me!
.... la, la, la..... la, la, la, la, la, la,
mf

No. 2. THE WANDERER.

FR. SCHUBERT.

S. & A.

p

1. Be - side the old stone foun - tain, There stands a lin - den tree; Be -
2. To - night, a home - less wan - d'rer, I passed the lin - den tree; Its
3. The i - cy wind was blow - ing So sharp - ly in my face,— I

T. & B.

p

neath its fragrant branches, Glad dreams have come to me. Up - on its bark I
wav - ing branches nod - ding, It seemed to speak to me; "Come, wea - ry, heart-sick
could not stay nor lin - ger Be - side that rest - ing place, But, wan - d'ring ev - er

p

mf

chis-eled Dear names so long a - go,— I sought its peace in glad-ness, I
com-rade, Be - neath my shad - ow rest, Where earth - ly strife or sor - row Shall
on - ward, Strange voi - ces seemed to say, "Come, back, thou weary com-rade; Come,

mf

f

p *rit.* *dim.* *pp*

sought its peace in woe, I sought its peace in woe.
ne'er thy heart mo - lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest.
rest thee on thy way, Come, rest thee on thy way.

p *pp*

No. 3. ONWARD WE FLOAT.

OELSCHLÄGER.

S. 1. On - ward we float,
2. Na - ture's a - sleep,
3. Thro' stil - ly night,

Allegro moderato.

S. & A.

pp

1. On - - ward we float,..... Slow glides the
2. Na - - ture's a - sleep,..... Far o'er the
3. Thro' stil - ly night,..... 'Mid moon - beams

pp *pp*

T. & B.

Slow glides the boat
Far o'er the deep,
'Mid moonbeams bright,

boat..... O - ver the shad - ow - y tide; Move - less the
deep,..... Hear we the night - in - gale's song Ech - o - ing
bright,..... Sing we in sol - emn ac - cord, Ut - ter the

oars..... at her side, Move - less the oars at her
soft - - - - ly a - long, Ech - o - ing soft - ly a -
praise..... of the Lord, Ut - ter the praise of the

B. side,.....
long, ...
Lord,.....

pp

side,..... Move - less the oars at her side.....
long, ... Ech - o - ing soft - ly a - long.....
Lord,..... Ut - ter the praise of the Lord.....

pp

No. 4. CRADLE SONG.

BRAHMS.

Con moto ma sempre dolce.

S. & A.

p

1. Lul - la - by, and good - night! With ro - ses be - dight! With
2. Lul - la - by, and good - night! Thy moth - er's de - light! Sweet

T. & B.

p

poco cres.

down o - ver - spread Is ba - by's wee bed. Lay thee
vi - sions un - told Thy soul shall en - fold. God will

poco cres.

pp

poco cres.

down now and rest,— May thy slum - bers be blest; Lay thee
keep thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms; God will

pp

poco cres.

pp e rit.

down now and rest,— May thy slum - bers be blest.
keep thee from harms, Thou shalt wake in my arms.

pp e rit.

NO. 5.

Adapted from Longfellow's translation "WHITHER." **B. BRÄHMIG.**

Moderato.

1. I heard a brook-let gush - ing From rock - y foun - tain near,..... Go
2. Still down and ev - er far - ther, And yet the brook be - side,..... And
3. What say I of a mur - mur, That can no mur - mur be?..... 'Tis

down the val - ley rush - ing, So fresh and won - drous clear..... I
ev - er fresh - er mur - mured, And clear - er grew the tide..... Is't
but the si - rens sing - ing, Their med - leys un - der me..... Still

p *f*

know not what came o'er me, Nor who the coun - sel planned, But I must hast - en
this way I was go - ing? O lit - tle brook-let say! Thou hast with gen - tle
let them sing and mur - mur, And wan - der gai - ly near; There ev - er goes a

p *f*

down - ward, With pil - grim staff in hand,..... With pil - grim staff in hand.....
mur - mur, Be - guiled my thought a - way,..... Be-guiled my thought a - way.....
mill - wheel In ev - 'ry brook - let clear,..... In ev - 'ry brook - let clear.....

LOVELY NIGHT.

NO. 6.

CHWATAL.

S. 1. Love - ly night! O love - ly night! Spread - ing o - ver hill and

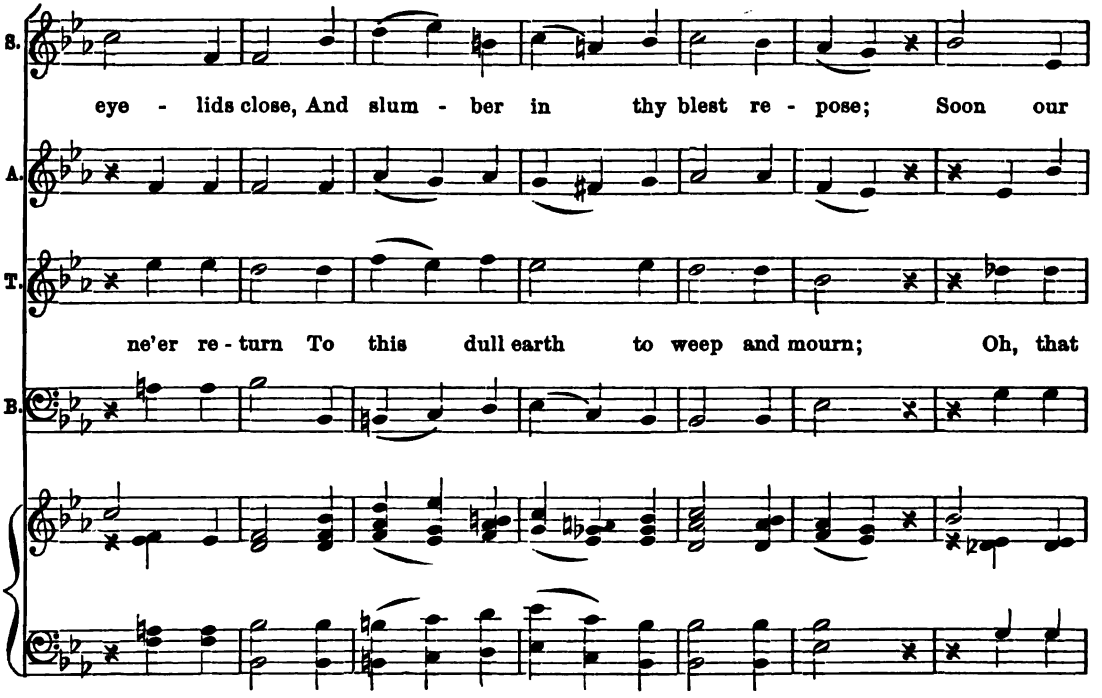
A.

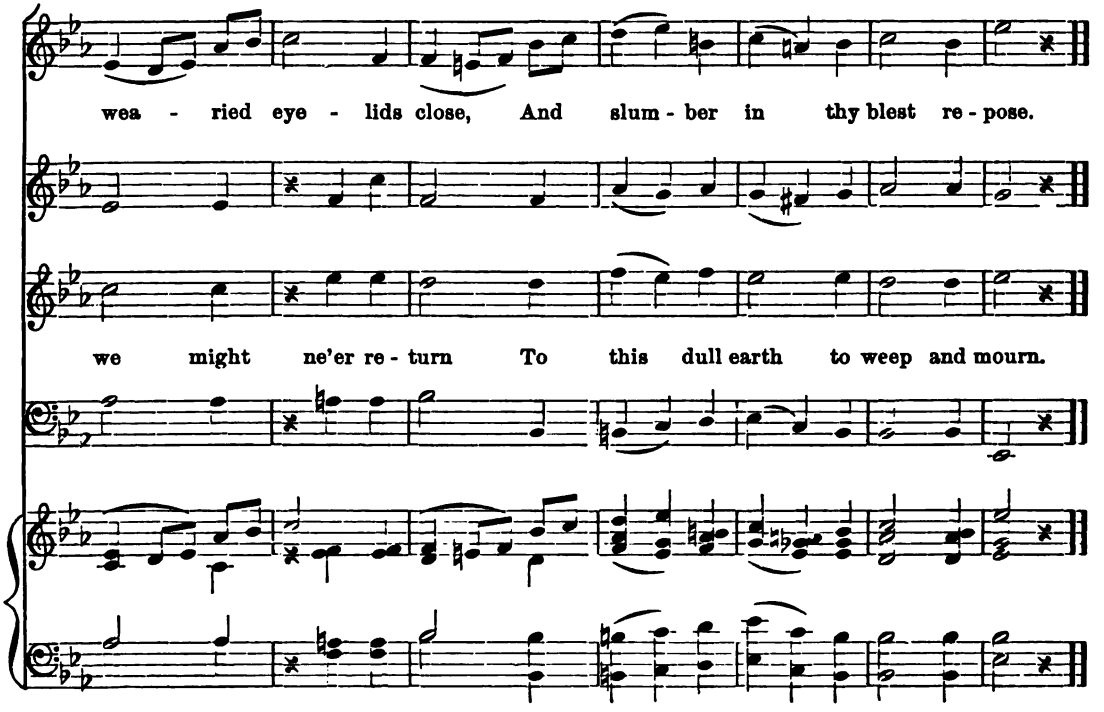
T. 2. Ho - ly night! O ho - ly night! Plac - ing bright - er worlds be -

B.

mead - ow, Soft and slow thy hap - py shadow, Soon our wear - ied

fore us, Hap - pi - ness thou sheddest o'er us, Oh! that we might


S.
eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose; Soon our
A.
T.
ne'er re - turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn; Oh, that
B.


wea - ried eye - lids close, And slum - ber in thy blest re - pose.
we might ne'er re - turn To this dull earth to weep and mourn.

No. 7. When Daylight Fades Away.

Words by E. R. Latta. Beethoven.

Andante.

S. & A.

1. When day - light soft - ly fades a - way, In yon - der man - y - col - ored west, And

T.

2. Oh, ev - er wel - come, sa - cred hour, When shepherds heard the an - gel-strain; I

B.

mf

sol - emn night, on si - lent wing, Ap - pears in eb - on man - tle drest: 'Tis

too, by faith, can list the song That once re - sound - ed on the plain! Oh,

then my thoughts from earth - ly pleasures That ev - er in - suf - fi - cient prove, Are

let my long - ing spir - it ev - er, In ho - ly a - do - ra - tion stray To

wont to turn a - way to Heaven, And dwell up - on Al - might - y love!

Him who sit - teth in the Heavens, When day - light soft - ly fades a - way!

No. 8, Forth to the Battle.

Words by George Linley. Welsh.

Animato.

S. & A.

1. Forth to the bat - tle! on - ward to the fight, Swift as the ea - gle in his flight!

T.

2. Winds! that float o'er us, bid the ty - rant quail, Ne'er shall his ruf - fian bands pre - vail!

B.

Let not the sun - light o'er our path-way close, Till we o'erthrow our hat - ed foes.

Morn - ing shall view us fet - ter - less and free, Slaves ne'er shall Cym-ry's chil - dren be.

Strong as yon - der foam - ing tide, Rush - ing down the moun - tain side;

Heav'n our arms with con - quest bless, All our bit - ter wrongs re - dress;

Be ye rea - dy, sword and spear, Pour up - on..... the spoil - er near.

Strike the harp! a - wake the cry! Val - or's sons... fear not to die.

SILENT NIGHT.

No. 9,

ALFRED BELL. J. BARNBY.

Larghetto. *p* *dim.*

S. & A.

1. Si - lent night! peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam-ing bright;

T.

2. Ho - ly peace! Kind - ly peace! Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease;

B.

p *cres* - - - - - - *cen* - - - - - -

Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Now the stars are gleam - ing bright,

Ho - ly peace! Kind - ly peace; Wea - ry hands from toil re - lease,

- *do.* *mf* *mp* *cres.*

Now the stars are gleaming bright; Moonbeams rest on crag and tow'r—Silv'ring stream and

Wea-ry hands from toil re-lease; Wea - ry eyes now close in sleep; Com-fort give to

dim. *p* *pp*

mead and bow'r. Si - lent, peace-ful night! Si - lent, peace-ful night!

them that weep, Com-fort, rest, and peace! Com-fort, rest, and peace!

THE WATCH OF THE STARS.

No. 10,

From J. ALTMANN, by R. L. D. EUGENE PEZOLD.

m ndante. ♩= 86.

S. & A.

1. The dusk of eve ad - van - ces, And ends the bu - sy day; The
2. In gen - tle dreams the ro - ses Shut up their sweet per - fume; The

T.

3. The birds in peace are droop - ing, And we may calm - ly sleep; For

B.

for - est brook - let dan - ces, And mur - murs on its way. The
vio - lets in the mos - ses Now rest in dew - y bloom. In

stars in le - gions troop - ing, Their faith - ful vig - il keep. The

dusk of eve ad - van - ces, And ends the bu - sy day; The
gen - tle dreams the ro - ses Shut up their sweet per - fume; The

birds in peace are droop - ing, And we may calm. - ly sleep; For

dim. *rit.*

for - est brook - let dan - ces, And mur - murs on its way.
vio - lets in the mos - ses Now rest in dew - y bloom.

stars in le - gions troop - ing, Their faith - ful vig - il keep.

AWAKE, MY TREMBLING LYRE.

NO. 11.

C. KEELER.

Andantino con espress.

S. & A.

A - wake, my trembling lyre, On evening's quiv'ring breez - es, And let thy sil - v'ry

B.

p

mu - sic Steal soft - ly o'er the wea - ry And soothe their souls to rest.

Thro' mem - 'ry's gold - en cham - bers Bid pass the forms of beau - ty,

Thro' mem - 'ry now bid pass the forms of beau - ty, Till

Bid pass the forms of beau - ty

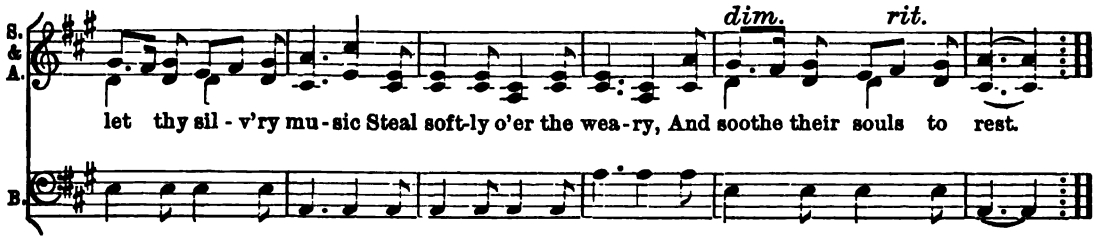
lost in heav'n-ly rapt - ure, The eye shall see the glo - ry, The ear shall hear the

f

mu - sic, Aye, the mu - sic of the blest.

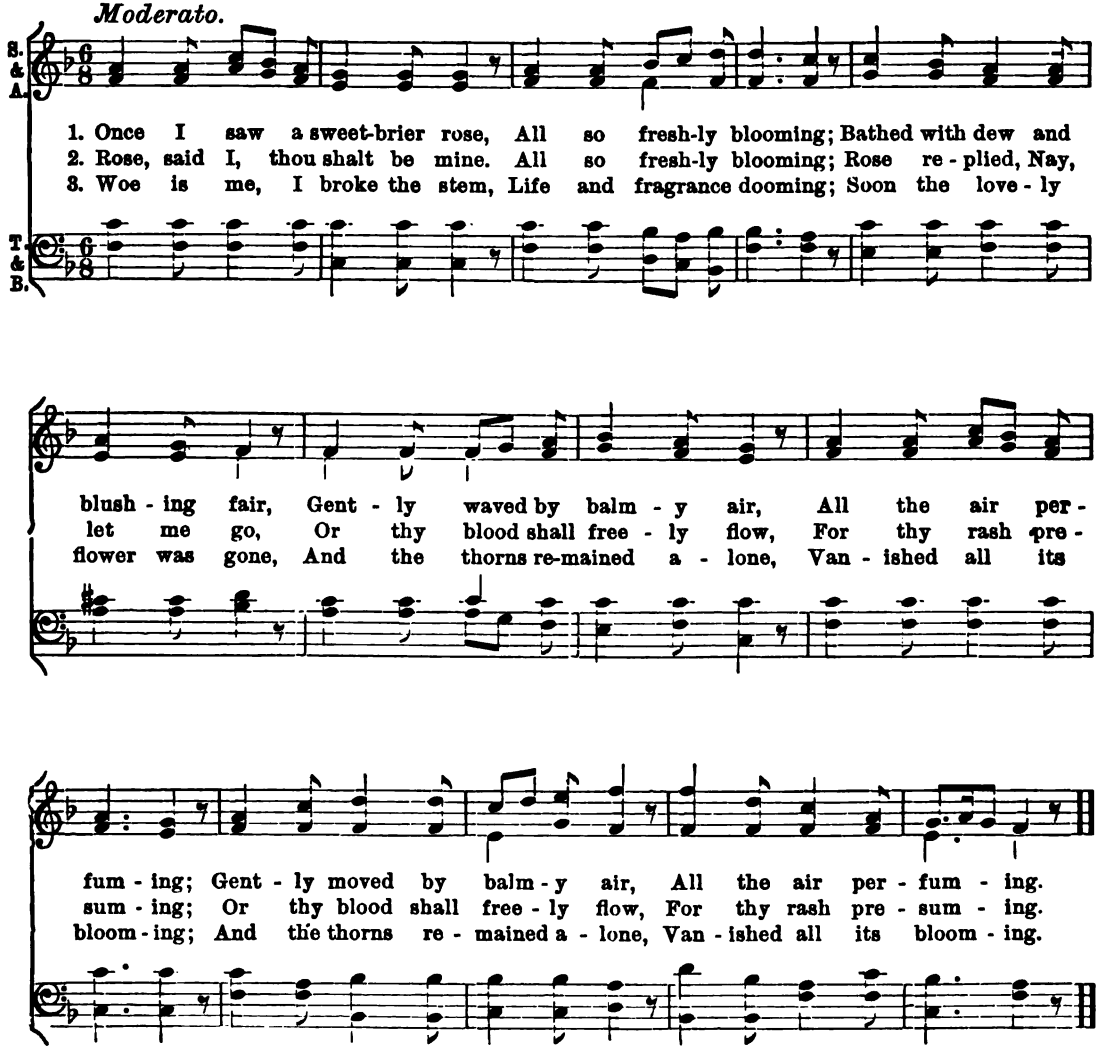
pp

Oh, mur - mur, sweet lyre, And



THE SWEET-BRIER ROSE.

NO. 12.



THE HUNTER'S FAREWELL.

No. 13.

MENDELSSOHN.

S. & A.

f *dim.* *f*

1. Who built thee, thou for - est grand, On the moun - tain o - ver yon - der? I can
2. In the world is grief and pain; Here, the deer in peace are roam-ing, While a -
3. 'Neath thy shade, the vows we make We will sa - cred-ly keep ev - er, Though we

T. & B.

sf *sf* *sf* *f*

praise, and can but won - der At the la - bor of His hand,..... can but
far, a - mid the gloaming, Ech - oes hunt - ing horn's re - frain,..... 'mid the
from thy peace must sev - er, In the world our part to take,..... we must

decres. *pp*

won - der At the la - bor of his hand. Fare thee well!..... Fare thee
gloam-ing, Ech - oes hunt - ing-horn's re - frain. Fare thee well!..... Fare thee
sev - er, In the world our part to take. Fare thee well!..... Fare thee

pp

Fare thee well!

pp *p* *cres.*

Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

well!..... Fare thee well,..... O for - est

Fare thee well! Fare thee well!

dim. *pp*

! Fare thee well! Fare thee well, O for - est fair!

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

NO. 14.

MENDELSSOHN.

p *Andante non lento.* *f*

S. T. A.

1. Thou for - est broad and sweeping, Fair work of na-ture's God, Of all my joy and
2. Who right - ly scans thy beau - ty, A so - lemn word shall read Of love, of truth and
3. Ah! soon must I for - sake thee, My own, my shelt'ring home, In sor - row soon be -

T. & B.

p *cres.*

weep-ing, The con - se - crate a - bode! Yon world de-ceiv - ing ev - er,
du - ty, Our hope in time of need. And I have read them of - ten,
take me, In yon vain world to roam. And there the word re - call - ing,

Yon world de - ceiv - ing ev - er,
And I have read..... them of - ten,
And there the word..... re - call - ing,

Yon world de - ceiv - ing ev - er,
And I have read them of-ten,
And there the word re - call-ing,

f *pp*

Mur - murs in vain a - larms, O might I wan - der nev - er From thy pro-tect - ing
Those words so true and clear, What heart that would not soft - en, Thy wis - dom to re -
Thy so - lemn les-sons teach, 'Mid care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm my soul shall

might I wan - der nev - er, Oh,
heart that would not soft - en, What
care and dan - ger fall - ing, 'Mid

From thy pro - tect - ing arms!
Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
dim. No harm my soul shall reach.

f *p*

arms! Oh, might I wan - der nev - er, From thy..... pro-tect-ing arms!
vere, What heart that would not soft - en Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
reach, 'Mid care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm..... my soul shall reach.

From thy pro - tect - ing arms!
Thy wis - dom to re - vere?
No harm my soul shall reach.

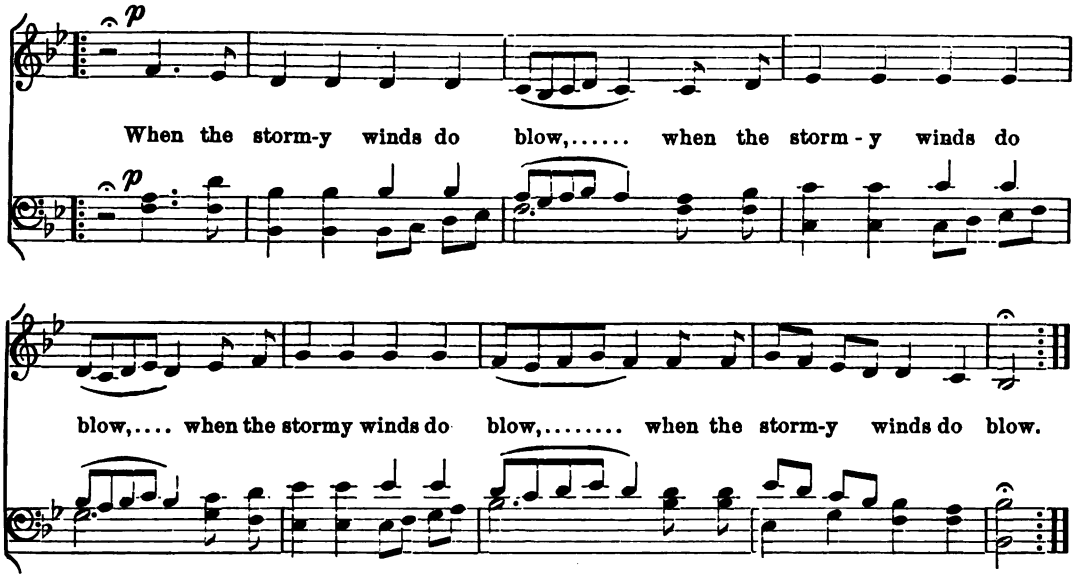
might I wan - der nev - - - er
heart that would not soft - - - en
care and dan - ger fall - - - ing,

No. 15. YOU GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

Composed by DR. CALLCOTT.

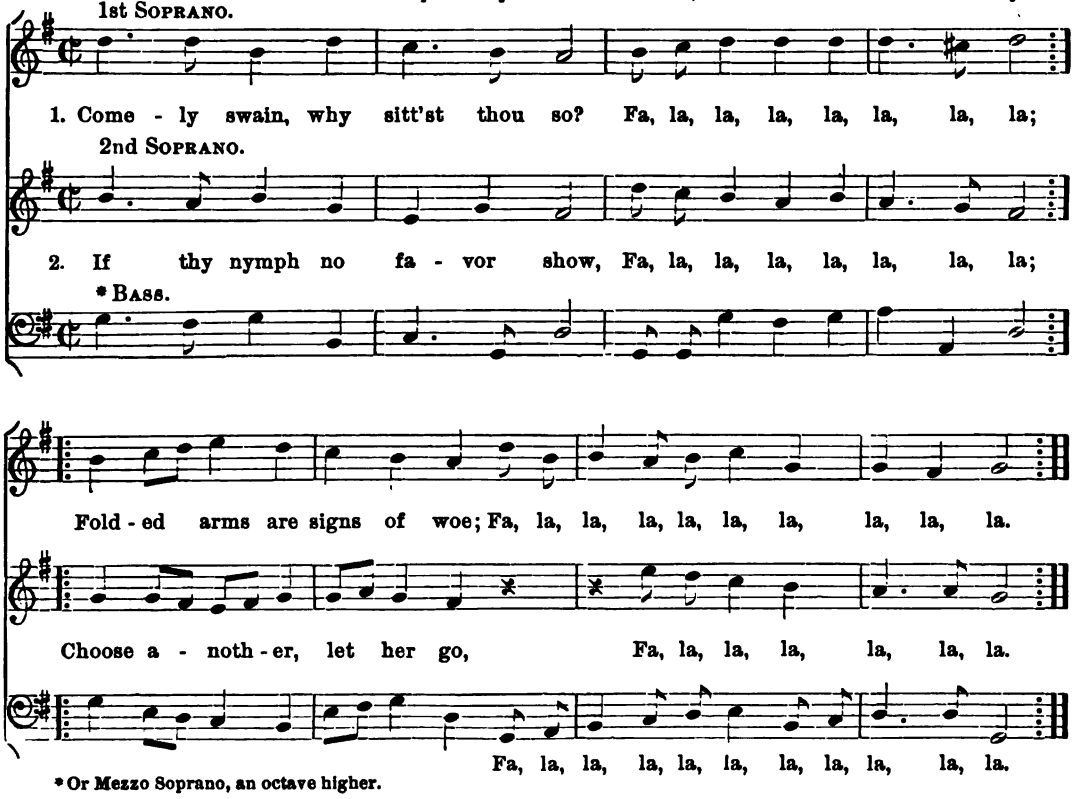
Moderato.

1. You gen - tle - men of Eng - land, that live at home, at ease, Ah! lit - tle do you think up - on the dan - gers of the seas; Give ear un - to the ma - ri - ners, and they will plain - ly show All the cares and the fears, all the cares and the fears,
2. If en - e - mies op - pose us, when Eng - land is at wars With a - ny for - eign na - tions, we fear not wounds or scars; Our roar - ing guns shall teach 'em our val - or for to know, Whilst they reel on the keel, whilst they reel on the keel,
3. Then cour - age, all brave mar - i - ners, and nev - er be dis - may'd; Whilst we have bold ad - ven - tu - rers, we ne'er shall want a trade; Our mer - chants will em - ploy us, to fetch them wealth, we know; Then be bold, work for gold, then be bold, work for gold,



NO. 15. MADRIGAL FOR THREE VOICES.

Composed by JOHN PLAYFORD, about the Seventeenth Century.



* Or Mezzo Soprano, an octave higher.

No. 17,

Forth to the Meadows.

Chorus of Shepherds.

From the German, by Rev. J. Troutbeck. Franz Schubert.

Allegretto.

Soprano I.

p

Forth to the mea - dows, ye fair mer-ry maid - ens, Haste to the dance that a -

Soprano II.

Tenor-Alto.

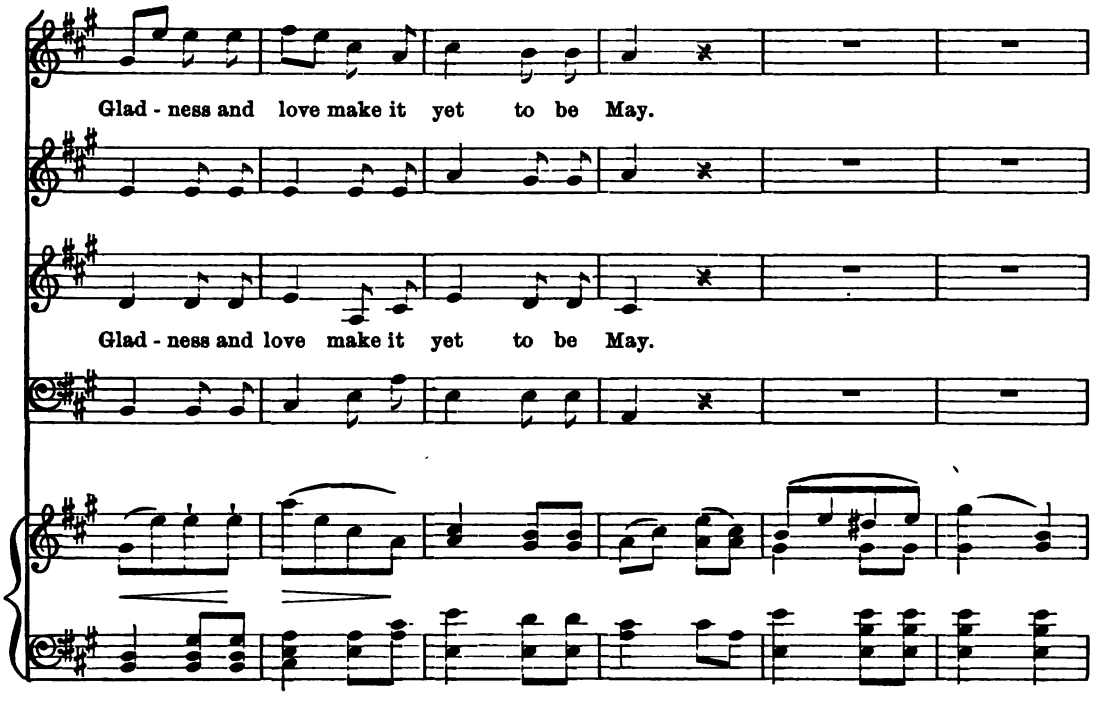
Forth to the mea - dows, ye fair mer-ry maid - ens, Haste to the dance that a -

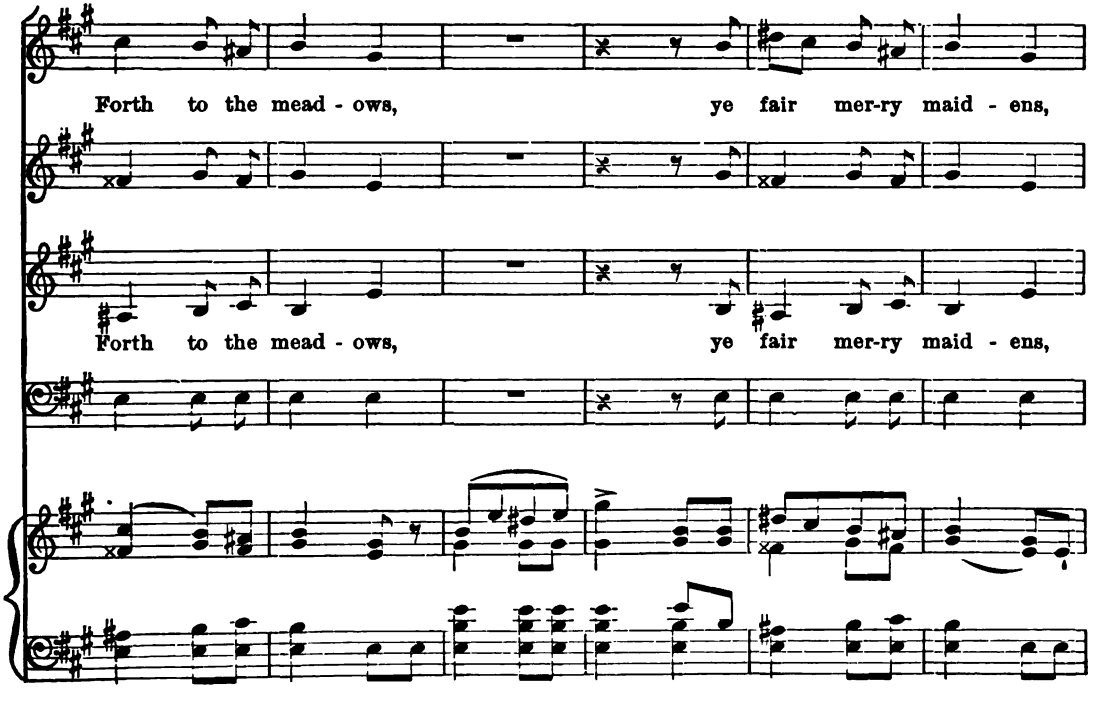
Bass.

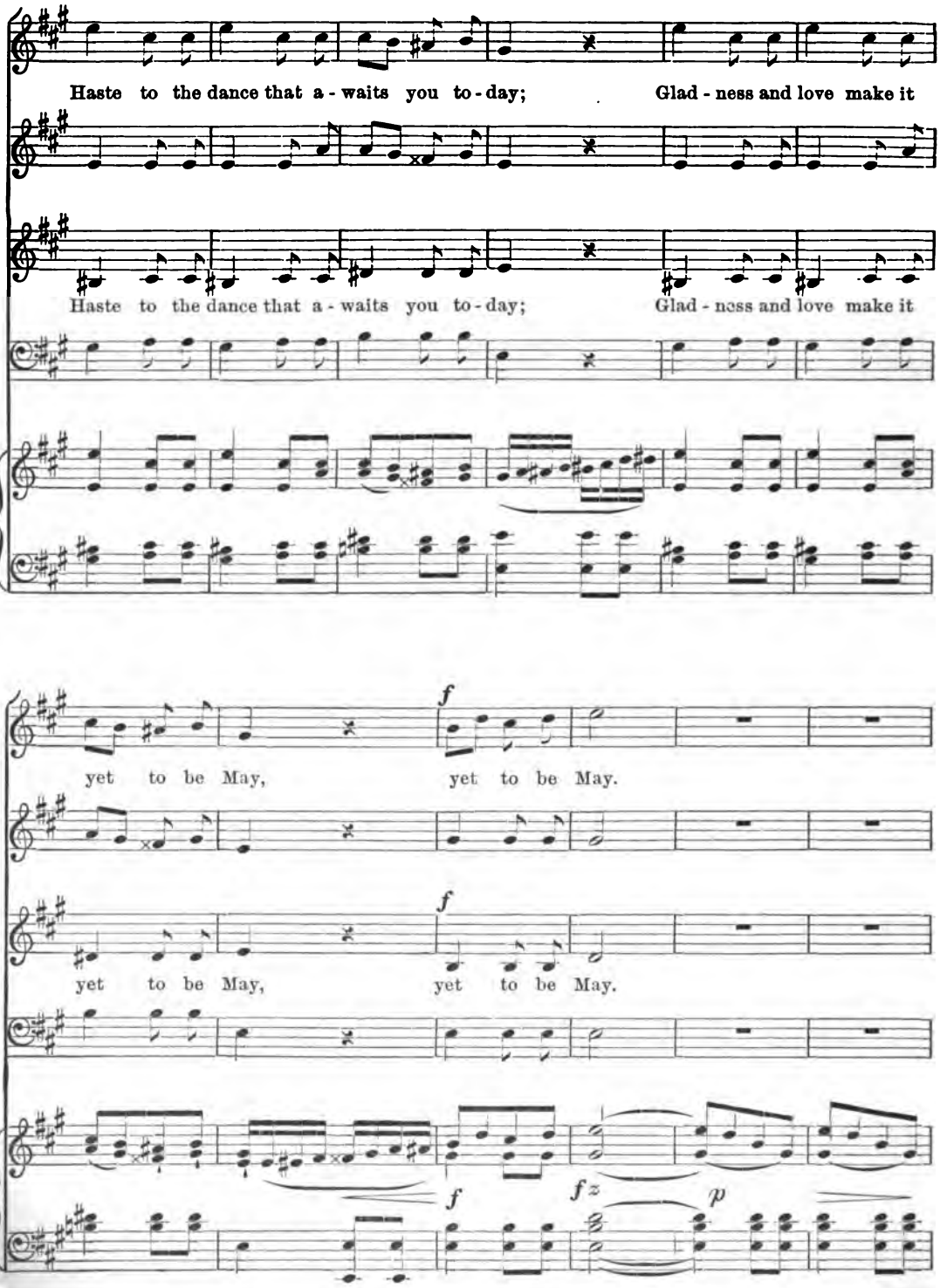
Piano. *p*

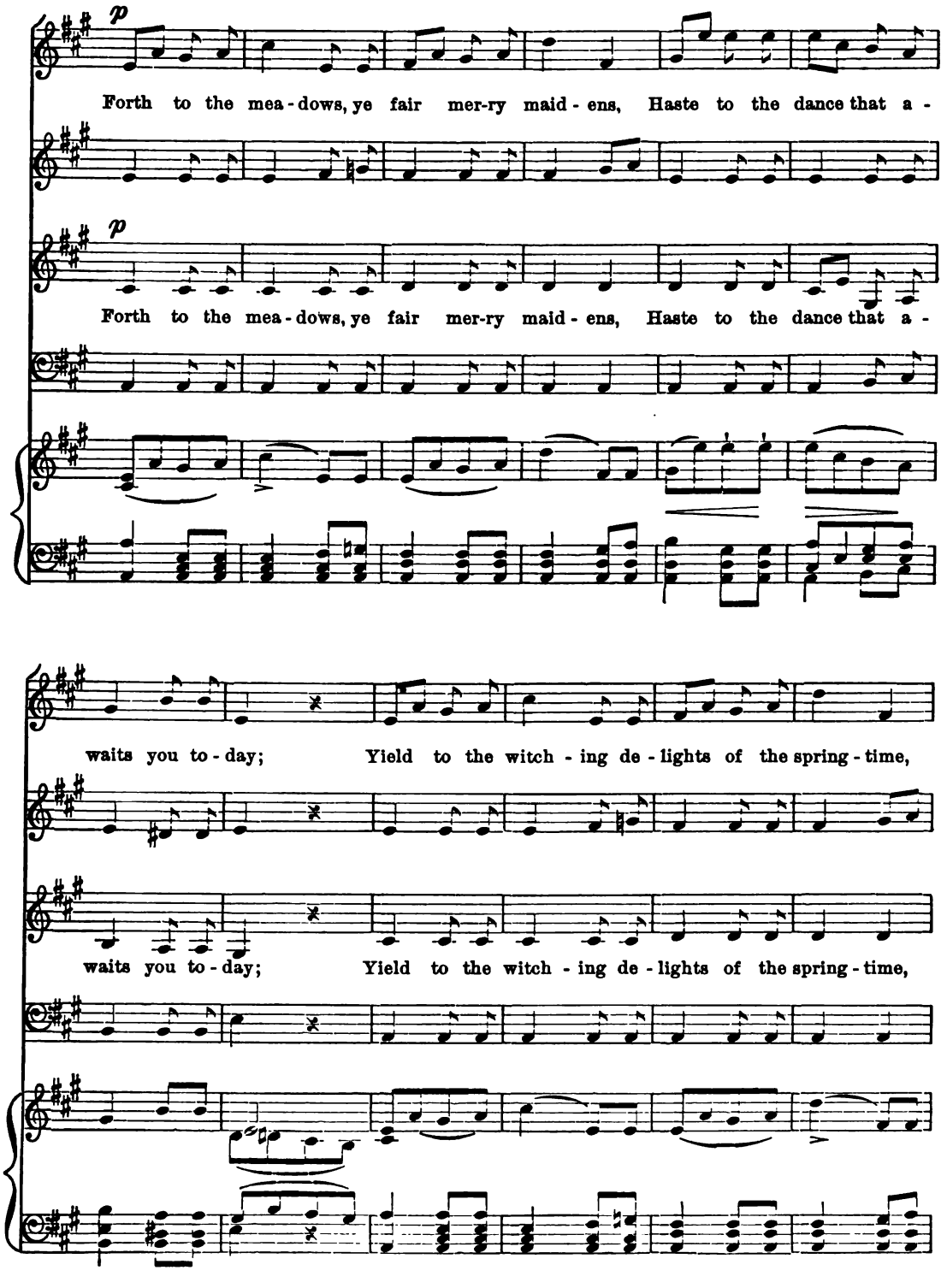
waits you to - day; Yield to the witch - ing de - lights of the spring - time,

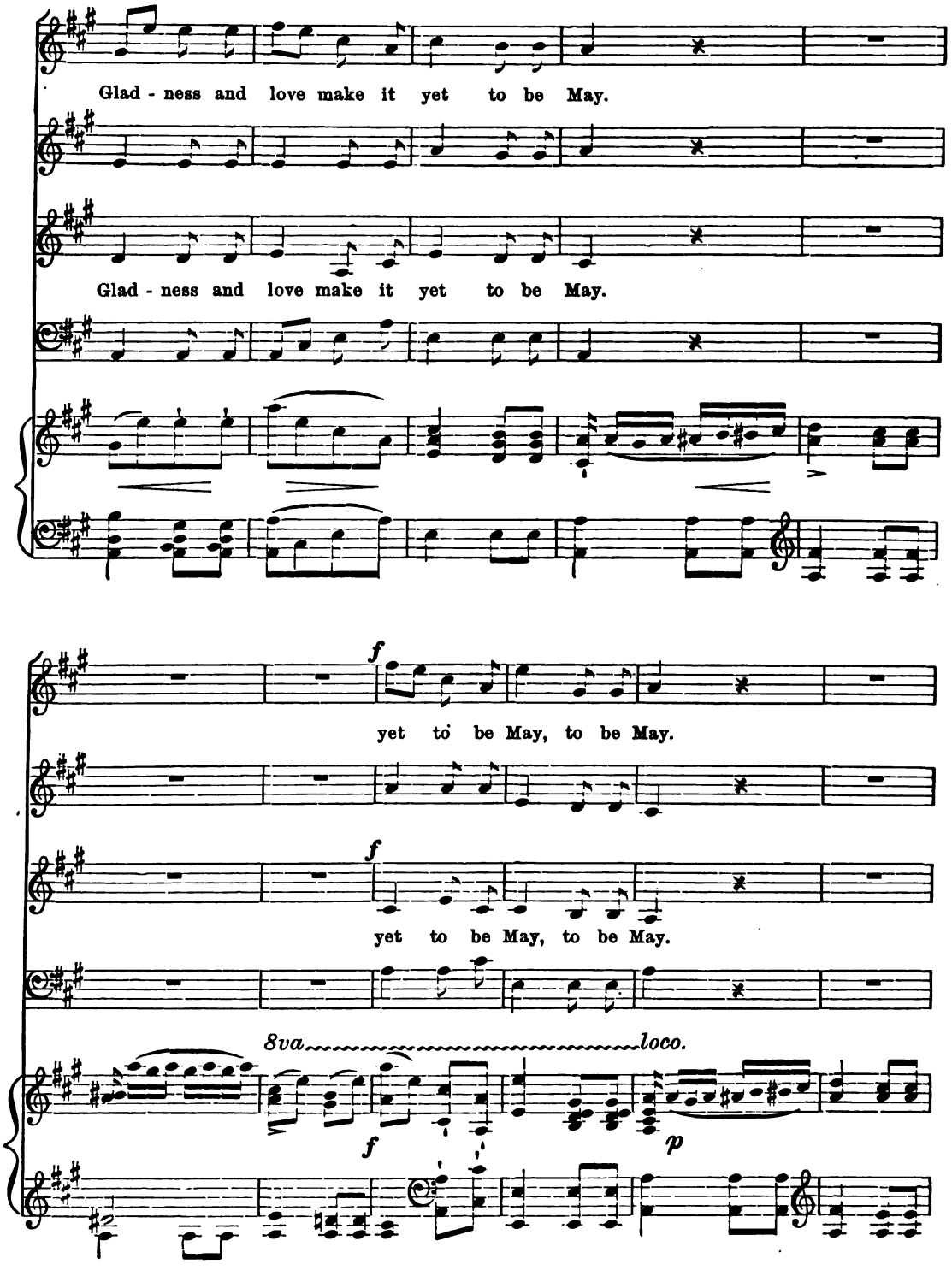
waits you to - day; Yield to the witch - ing de - lights of the spring - time,

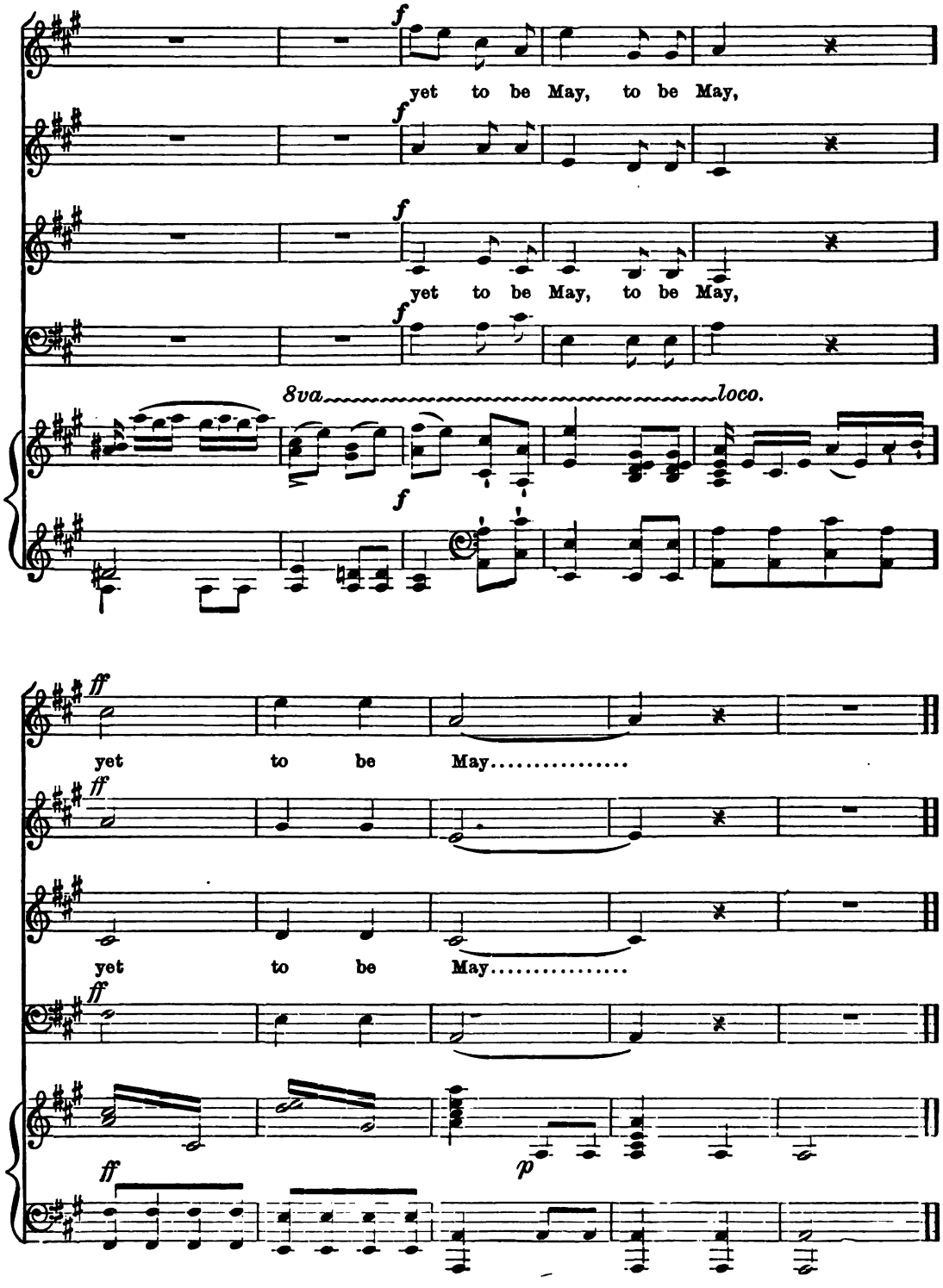

Glad - ness and love make it yet to be May.
Glad - ness and love make it yet to be May.


Forth to the mead - ows, ye fair mer-ry maid - ens,
Forth to the mead - ows, ye fair mer-ry maid - ens,


Haste to the dance that a - waits you to - day; Glad - ness and love make it
Haste to the dance that a - waits you to - day; Glad - ness and love make it
f
yet to be May, yet to be May.
f
yet to be May, yet to be May.
f
fz
p


p
Forth to the mea - dows, ye fair mer-ry maid - ens, Haste to the dance that a -
p
Forth to the mea - dows, ye fair mer-ry maid - ens, Haste to the dance that a -
waits you to - day; Yield to the witch - ing de - lights of the spring - time,
waits you to - day; Yield to the witch - ing de - lights of the spring - time,


Glad - ness and love make it yet to be May.
Glad - ness and love make it yet to be May.
f
yet to be May, to be May.
f
yet to be May, to be May.
8va
loco.
f
p


f
yet to be May, to be May,
f
f
yet to be May, to be May,
f
8va
loco.
f
ff
yet to be May.....
ff
ff
yet to be May.....
ff
p
ff

NO. 18. ON THE WATER.

E. F. S. GERMAN.

S. & A.

1. Our hearts are light, our voic - es strong, The mer - ry laugh rings out;..... From dis - tant shores now faint - ly We hear the ech - oing shout, From dis - tant shores now faint - ly We hear the ech - oing shout.

2. Our bark glides o'er the foam - ing tide, How proud she rides the wave!.... Now ev - 'ry sail un - furl - ing, We dare the winds so brave, Now ev - 'ry sail un - furl - ing, We dare the winds so brave.

T.

3. Ye need not fear, tho' clouds a - rise, Tho' winds do loud - ly roar;..... Our trust - y bark shall bear thee In safe - ty to the shore, Our trust - y bark shall bear thee In safe - ty to the shore.

B.

NO. 19.

SCOTLAND.

p Andante. *cres.*

S. & A.

Light - ly tread, 'tis hal - low'd ground, Hark! a - bove, be -

B.

low, a - round, Fai - ry bands their vi - gils keep,

p

While frail mor - tals sink to sleep. And the moon with

cres.

fee - ble rays Gilds the brook that bub - bling plays; As in

pp

mur - murs soft it flows, Mu - sic that will heal all woes.

No. 20. Hence, now Away.

Lecocq.

Allegro moderato.

S. & A.

1. Hence, now a - way to the bat - tle field, Faith, fear - less right is the war - rior's shield; Then peace once more will be smil - ing round, When back we come with lau - rels crown'd! Hence, now a - way to the bat - tle field, Faith, fear - less right is the war - rior's shield; Then peace once

T.

2. To face the foe, brave war - riors, speed, A - bate their pride, reap hon - or's meed; Let coun - try's love our souls in - spire, And vir - tue's aim be our de - sire. To face the foe, brave war - riors, speed, A - bate their pride, reap hon - or's meed; Let coun - try's

B.

S. & A.

p

more,..... then peace once more,..... Then peace once more will be smil - ing
love,..... let coun-try's love,..... Let coun-try's love our souls in -

T.

p

peace once more, peace once more, peace once more, once
coun - try's love, coun - try's love o'er our souls in -

B.

p

peace once more, peace once more, peace once more, once
coun - try's love, coun - try's love o'er our souls in -

p

round,..... When back we come,..... when back we come,..... When back we
spire,..... And vir - tue's aim,..... and vir-tue's aim,..... And virtue's

p

more,..... When we come, when we come,
spire,..... Vir - tue's aim, vir - tue's aim

p

more be smil - ing round, When we come, when we come,
spire, And vir - tue's aim, Vir - tue's aim, vir - tue's aim

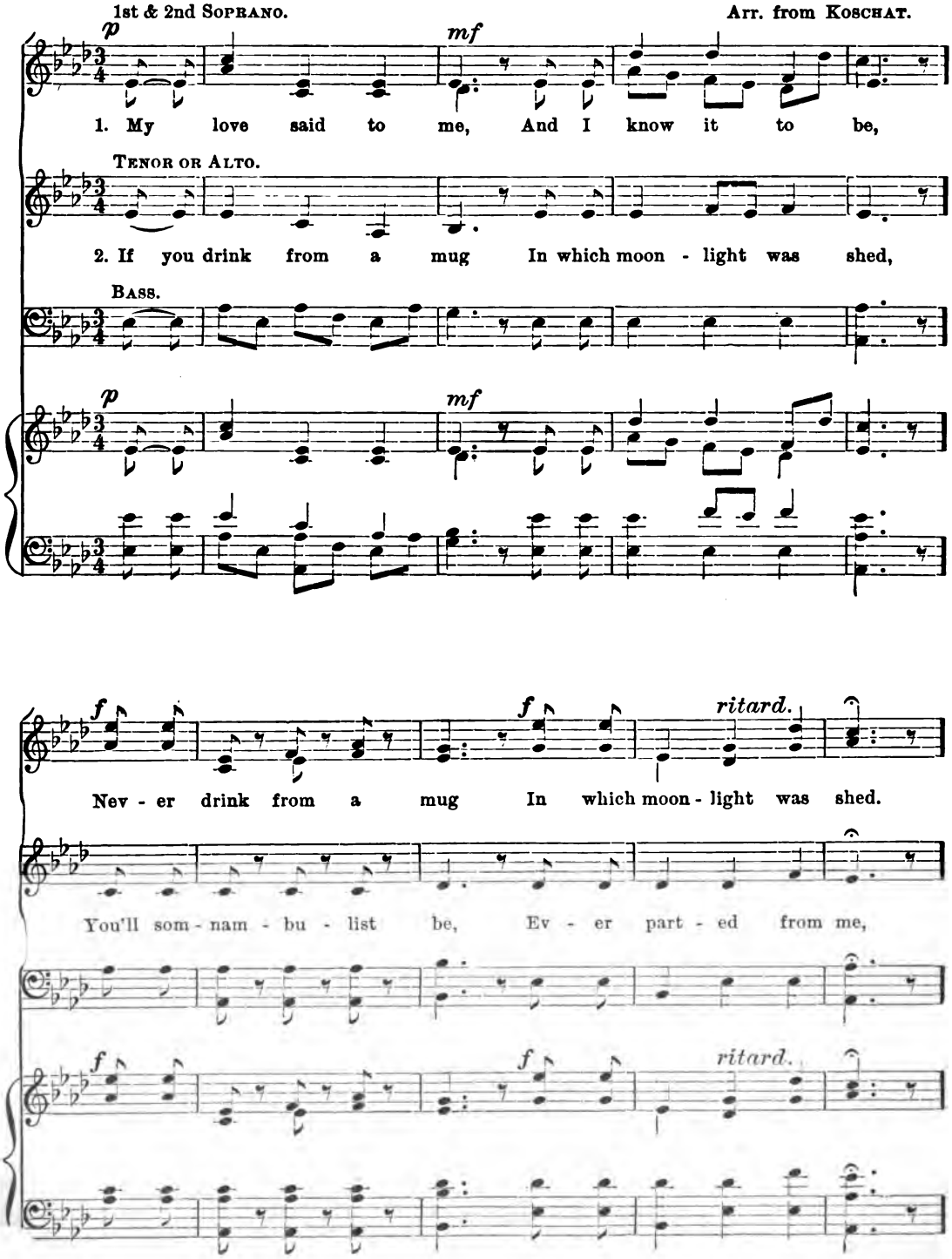
come with lau - rels crown'd, When back we come with lau - rels
e'er be, etc.

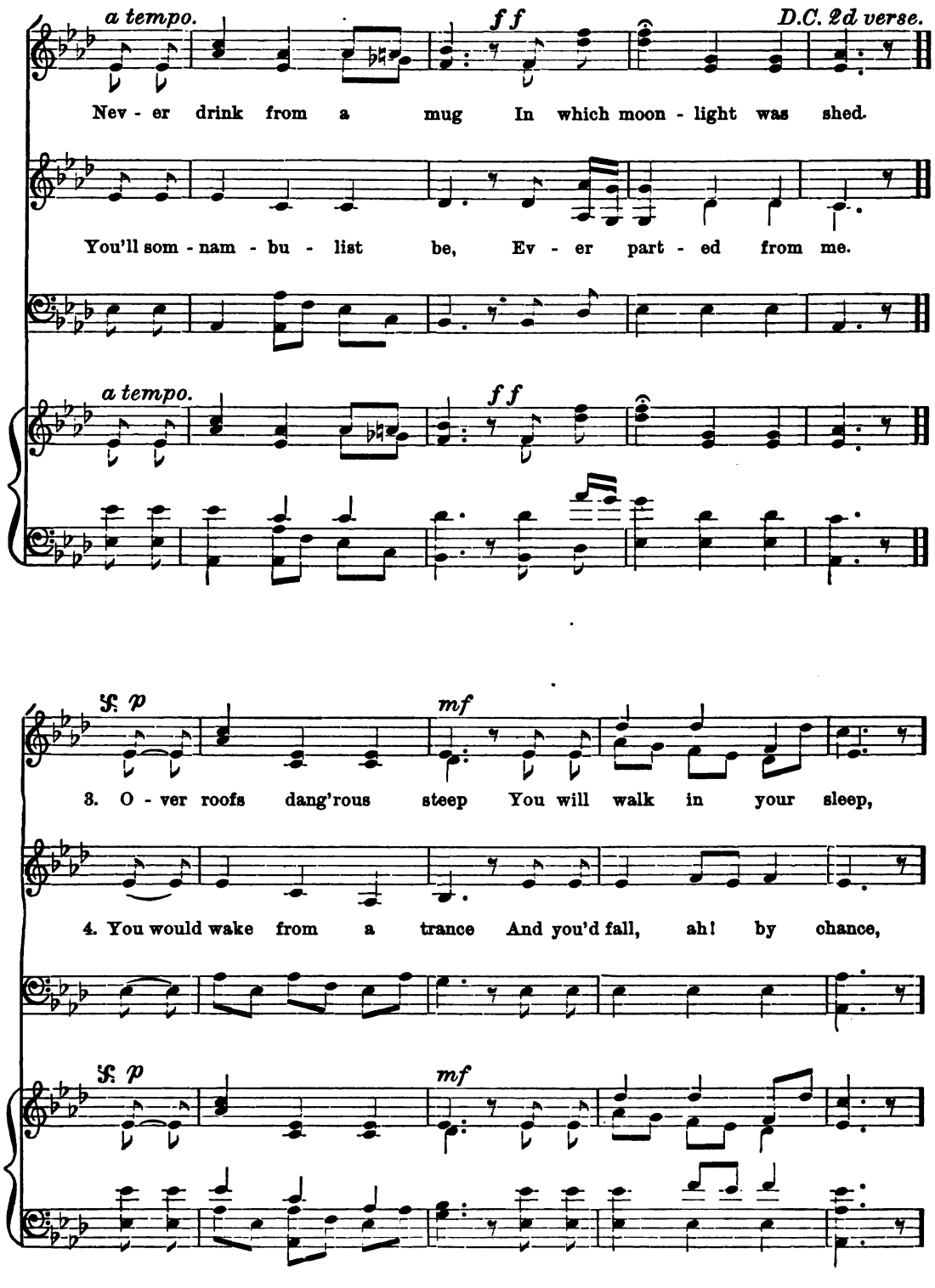
aim be our de - sire, And vir - tue's aim be our de -

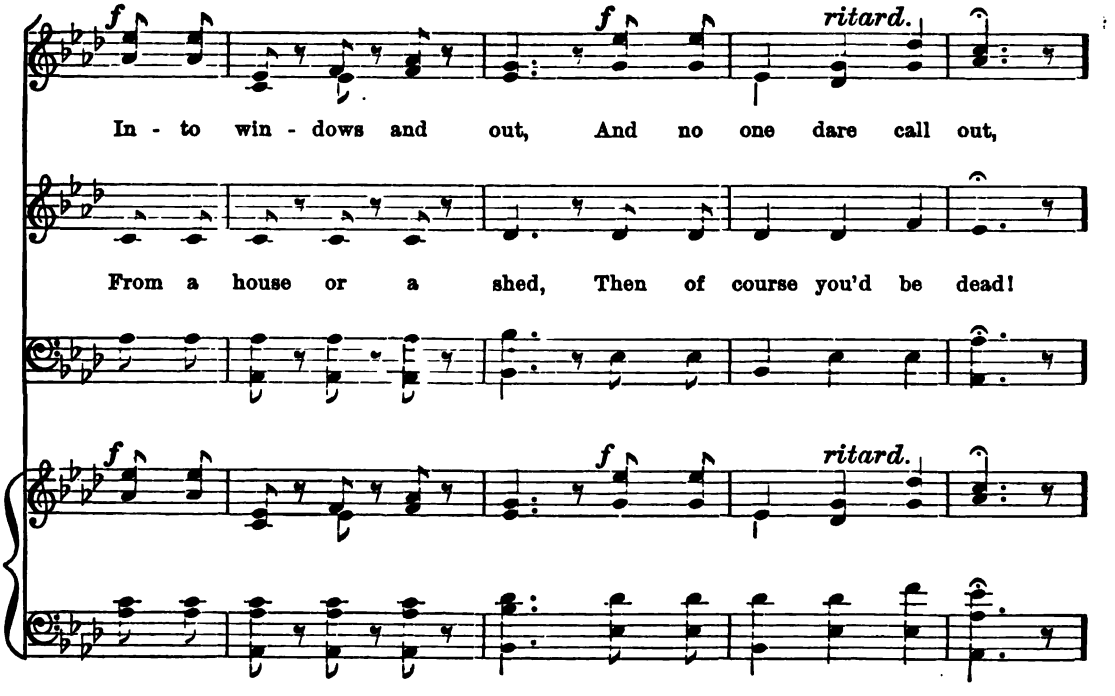
crown'd, When back we come with vic - to - ry crown'd.

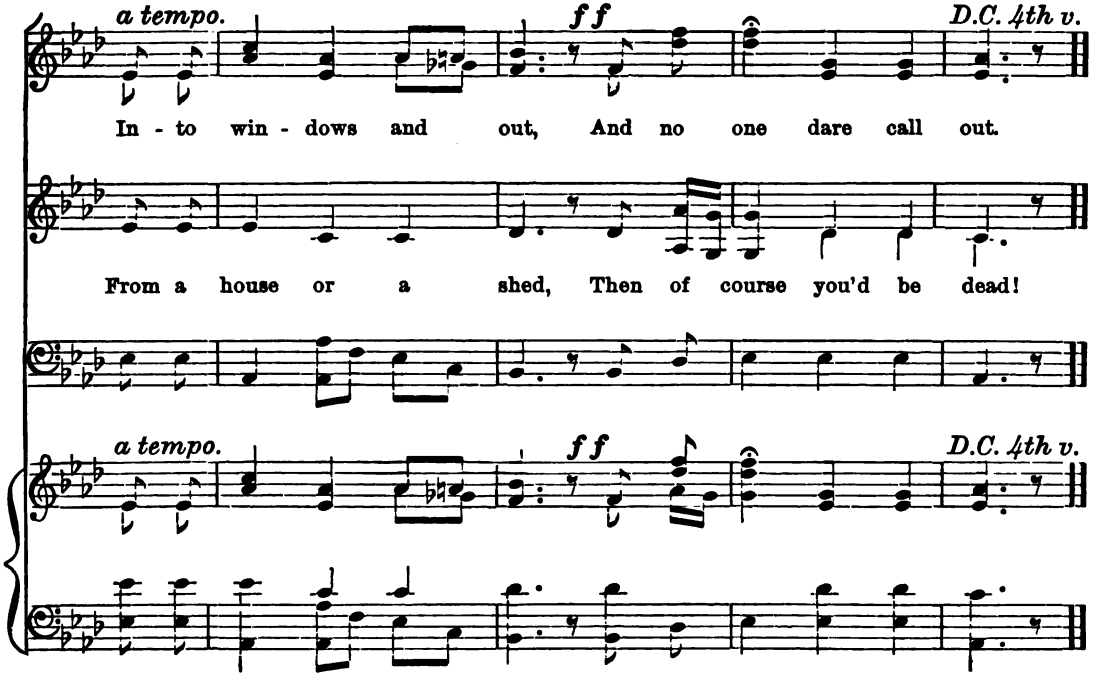
sire, And vir - tue's aim e'er be our de - sire.

No. 21.


1st & 2nd Soprano.
Arr. from Koschat.
p
mf
1. My love said to me, And I know it to be,
Tenor or Alto.
2. If you drink from a mug In which moon - light was shed,
Bass.
p
mf
f
f
ritard.
Nev - er drink from a mug In which moon - light was shed.
You'll som - nam - bu - list be, Ev - er part - ed from me,
f
f
ritard.


a tempo.
f f
D.C. 2d verse.
Nev - er drink from a mug In which moon - light was shed.
You'll som - nam - bu - list be, Ev - er part - ed from me.
a tempo.
f f
f p
mf
3. O - ver roofs dang'rous steep You will walk in your sleep,
4. You would wake from a trance And you'd fall, ah! by chance,
f p
mf

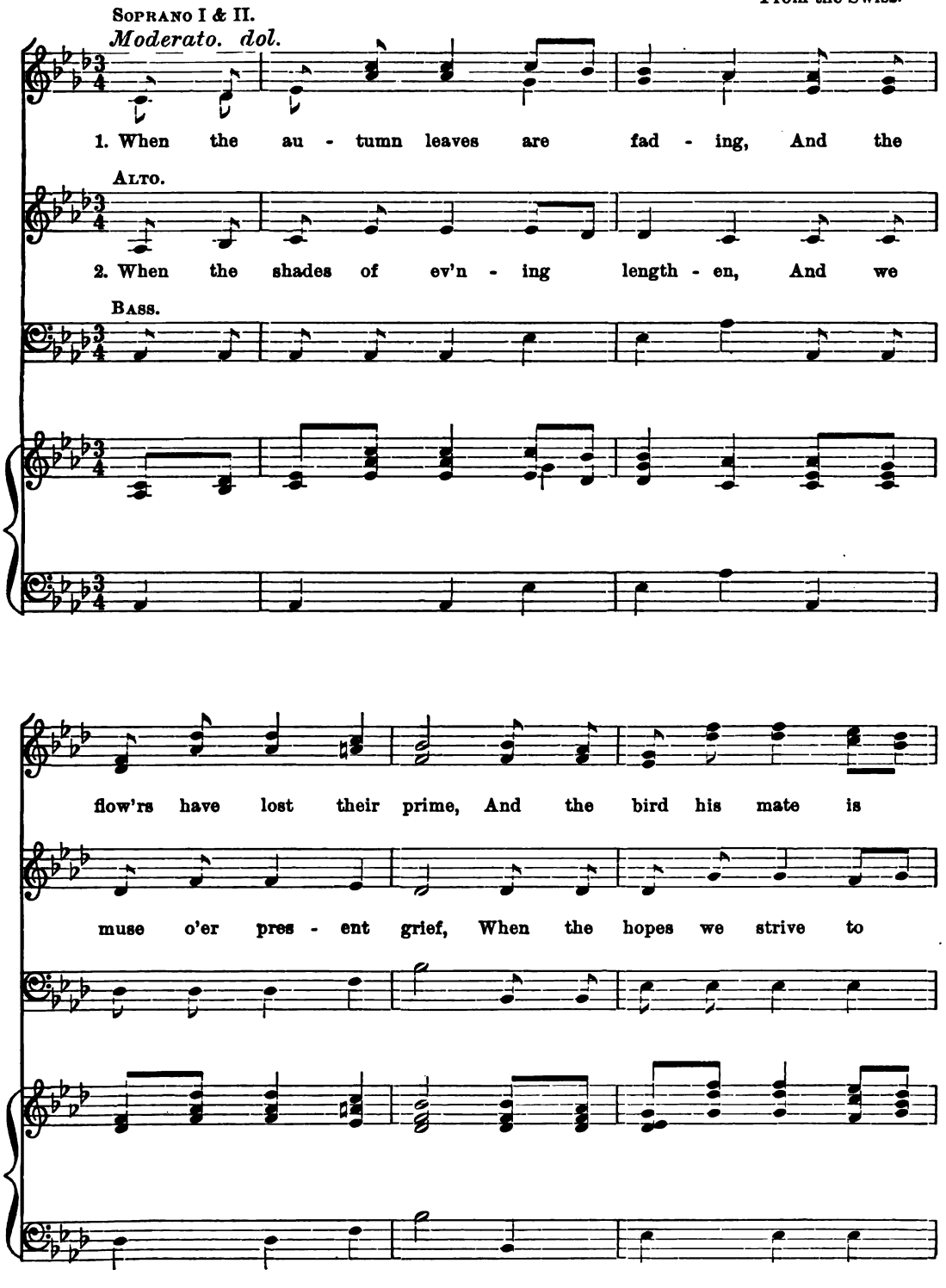

f
f
ritard.
In - to win - dows and out, And no one dare call out,
From a house or a shed, Then of course you'd be dead!
f
f
ritard.

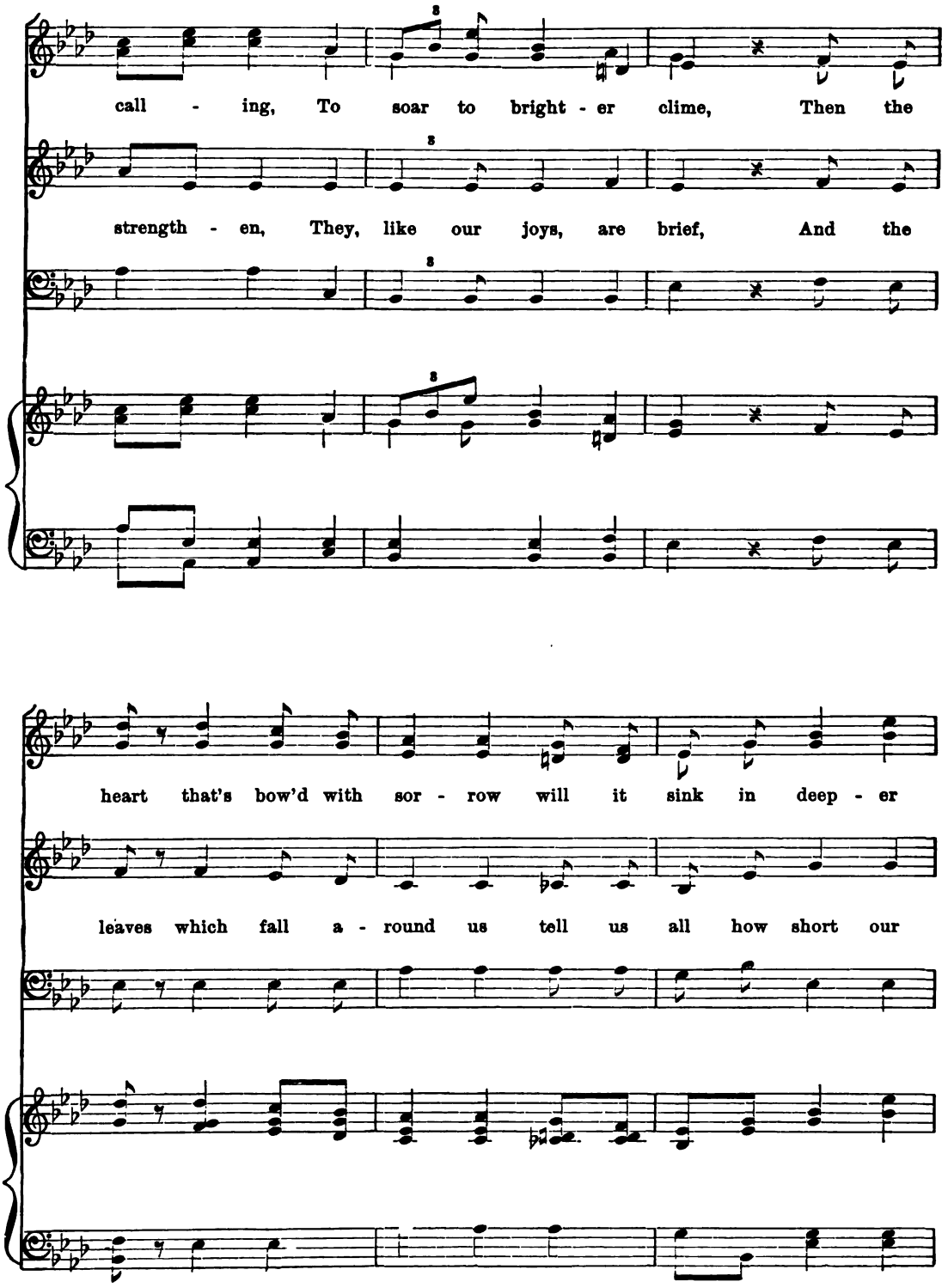

a tempo.
f f
D.C. 4th v.
In - to win - dows and out, And no one dare call out.
From a house or a shed, Then of course you'd be dead!
a tempo.
f f
D.C. 4th v.

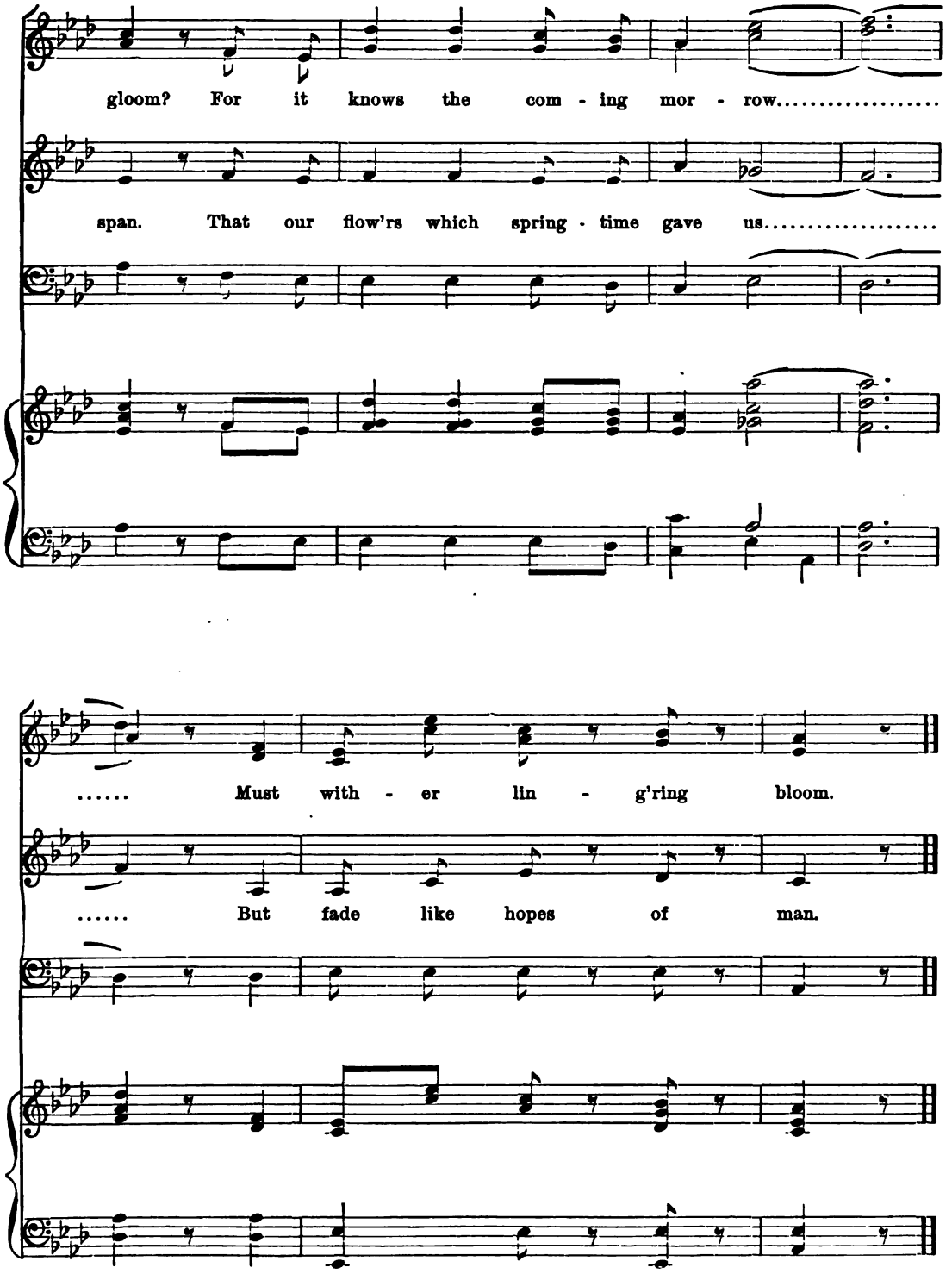
AUTUMN SONG.

No. 22.

From the Swiss.




call - ing, To soar to bright - er clime, Then the
strength - en, They, like our joys, are brief, And the
heart that's bow'd with sor - row will it sink in deep - er
leaves which fall a - round us tell us all how short our


gloom? For it knows the com - ing mor - row.....
span. That our flow'rs which spring - time gave us.....
..... Must with - er lin - g'ring bloom.
..... But fade like hopes of man.

SERENADE SONG. "SLEEP PEACEFULLY ON."

No. 23,

Words by E. R. LATTA. Music from the German.

Andante.

S. & A.

p

1. The night is still, sleep peace - ful - ly sleep, the night is still, The

T.

on, peace-ful - ly

2. To mu - sic's sound, soft, sooth - - ing sound, in peace sleep on; Sleep

B.

sleep on,

stars are shin - ing in the sky, And soft - ly steal the breez - es by

on be - neath the sil - ver moon, And wak - en not from sleep too soon!

p *p*

Sweet-ly sleep, sleep on; Then sleep, sleep on, sleep peace-ful - ly on; Then sleep, sleep

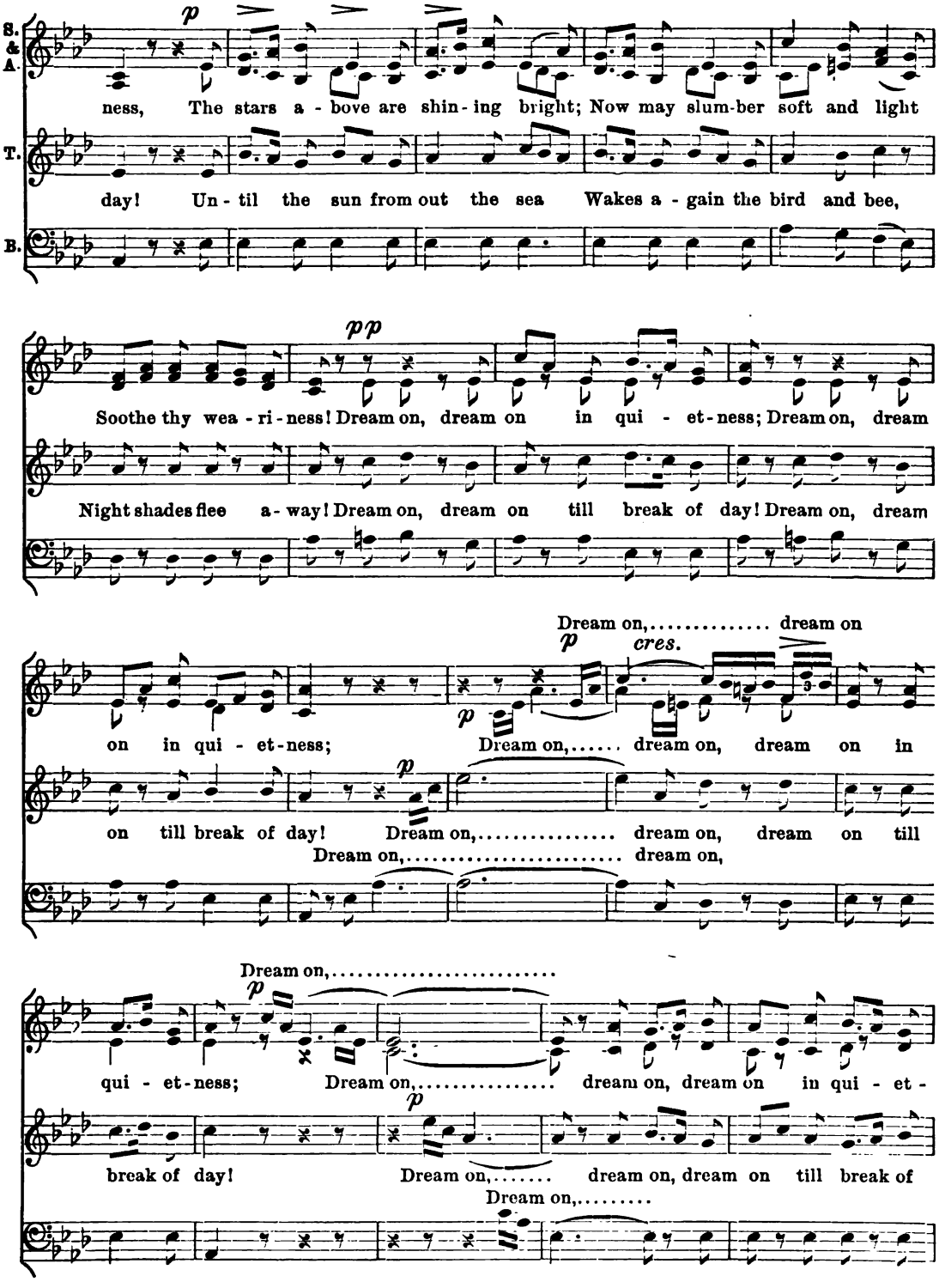
Soft - ly sleep, sleep on; Then sleep, sleep on, sleep peace-ful - ly on; Then sleep, sleep

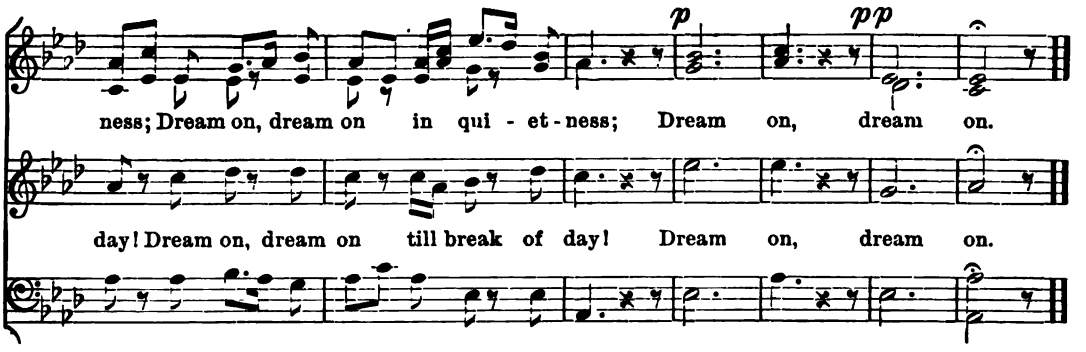
p *cres.*

on, sleep peaceful-ly on. Dream on in qui - et - ness, Dream on in qui - et -

on, sleep peaceful-ly on. Dream on till break of day, Dream on till break of

Dream

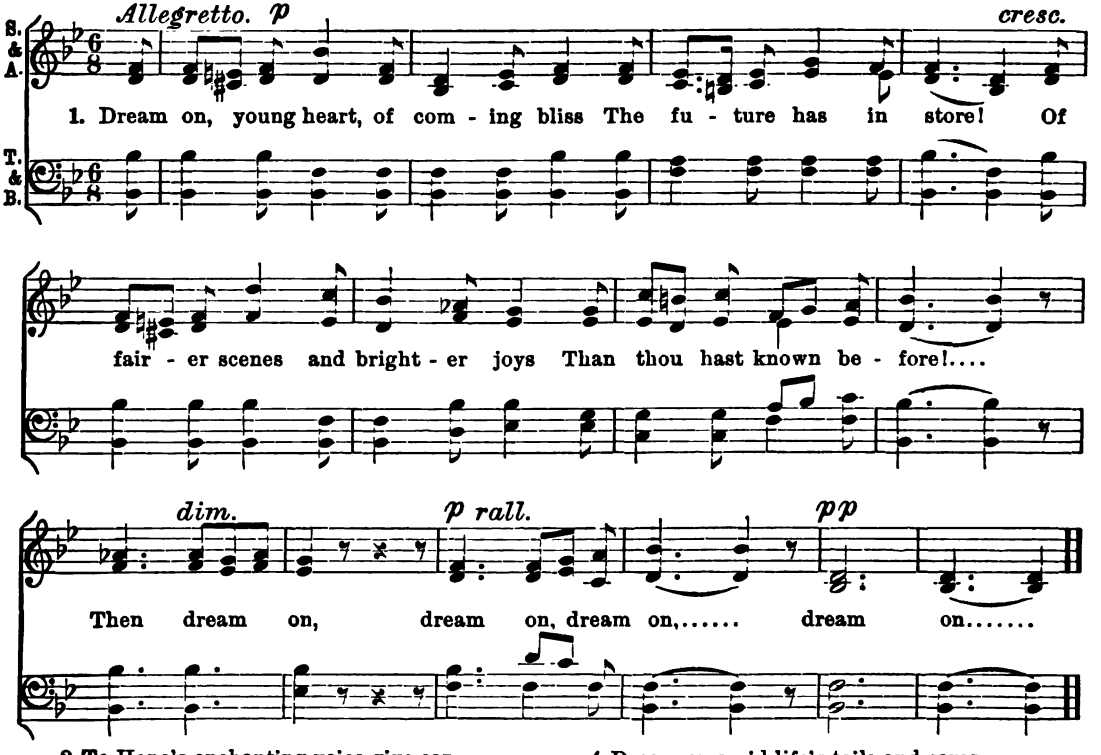

S. & A.
T.
B.
p
ness, The stars a - bove are shin - ing bright; Now may slum-ber soft and light
day! Un - til the sun from out the sea Wakes a - gain the bird and bee,
pp
Soothe thy wea - ri - ness! Dream on, dream on in qui - et - ness; Dream on, dream
Night shades flee a - way! Dream on, dream on till break of day! Dream on, dream
Dream on,..... dream on
p
cres.
on in qui - et - ness; Dream on,..... dream on, dream on in
on till break of day! Dream on,..... dream on, dream on till
Dream on,..... dream on,
Dream on,.....
p
qui - et - ness; Dream on,..... dream on, dream on in qui - et -
break of day! Dream on,..... dream on, dream on till break of
Dream on,.....



No. 24.

DREAM ON.

From the German.



2 To Hope's enchanting voice give ear,
To her thy lot resign;
What, though the scenes thy fancy paints
May never all be thine!
Then dream on, dream on.

3 Or when the clouds grow dark above,
And dangers dread proclaim;
Still listen to the song of Hope,
And trust it all the same.
Then dream on, dream on,

4 Dream on amid life's toils and cares,
Whatever they may be!
'Twill make the burden lighter seem
That falleth here to thee.
Then dream on, dream on.

5 But dream of joy, and not of woe,
Thou'lt have enough of grief;
Dream on of blessedness in store,
'Twill give thy heart relief.
Then dream on, dream on.

No. 25.

From KOSCHAT.

1st & 2d SOPRANO.

There's a path by the riv - er o'er - shad - ow'd by trees, Where

ALTO.

There's a path by the riv - er o'er - shad - ow'd by trees, Where

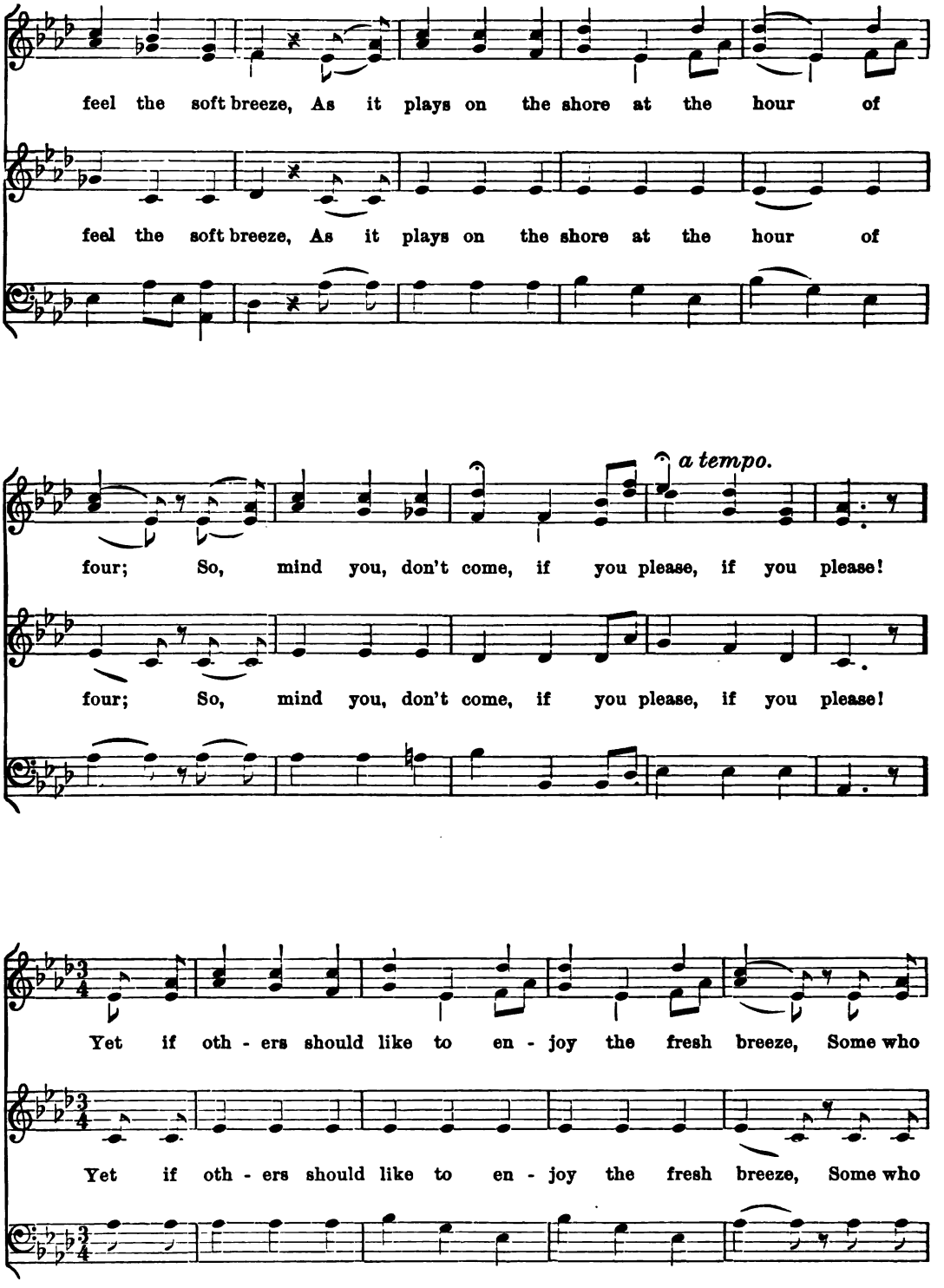
BASS.

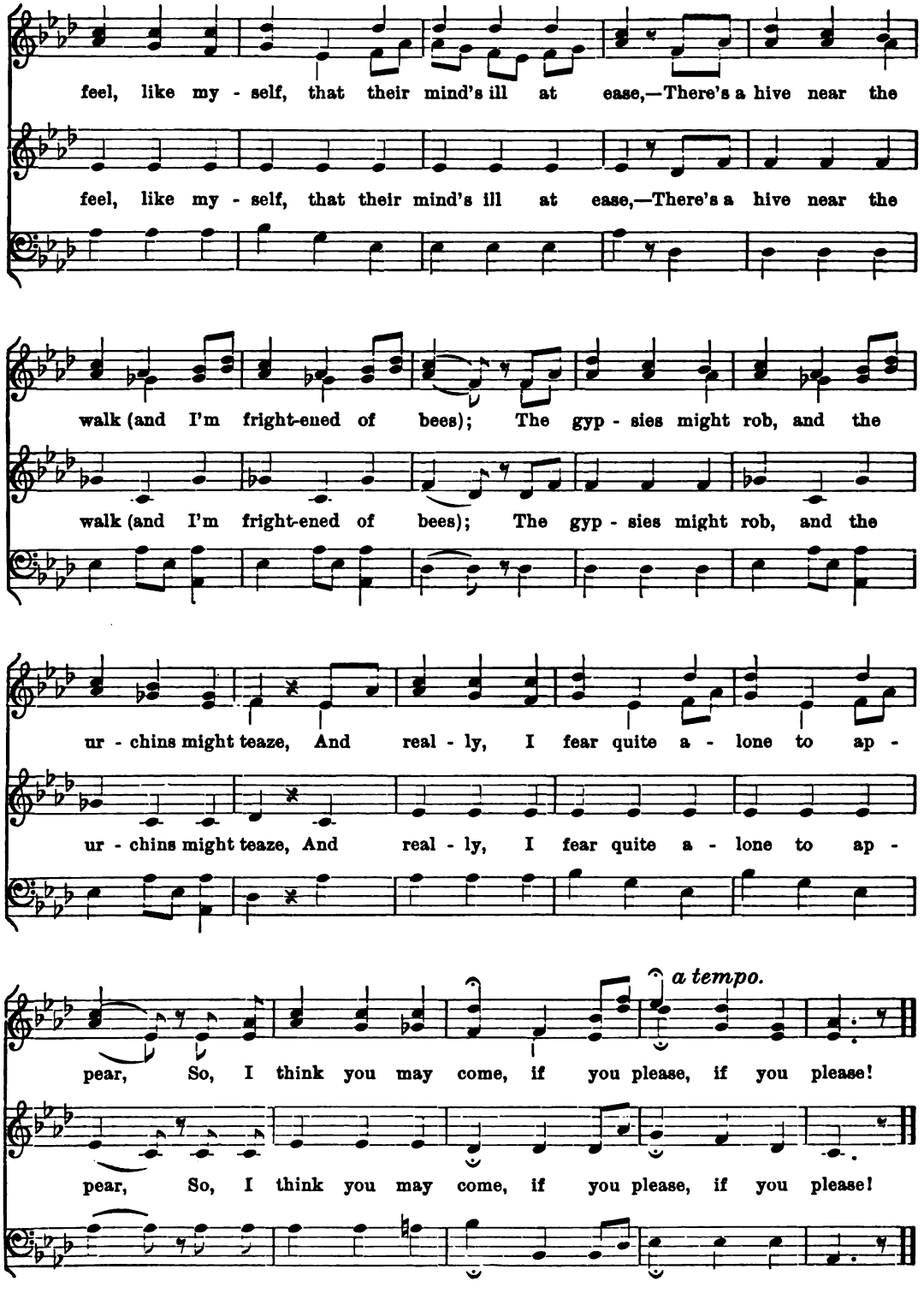
peo - ple may walk, and may talk, if they please; I feel that I'm

peo - ple may, walk, and may talk, if they please; I feel that I'm

lone - ly, my mind's ill at ease; I'm sure it would help me to

lone - ly, my mind's ill at ease; I'm sure it would help me to


feel the soft breeze, As it plays on the shore at the hour of
feel the soft breeze, As it plays on the shore at the hour of
a tempo.
four; So, mind you, don't come, if you please, if you please!
four; So, mind you, don't come, if you please, if you please!
Yet if oth - ers should like to en - joy the fresh breeze, Some who
Yet if oth - ers should like to en - joy the fresh breeze, Some who


feel, like my - self, that their mind's ill at ease,—There's a hive near the
feel, like my - self, that their mind's ill at ease,—There's a hive near the
walk (and I'm fright-ened of bees); The gyp - sies might rob, and the
walk (and I'm fright-ened of bees); The gyp - sies might rob, and the
ur - chins might teaze, And real - ly, I fear quite a - lone to ap -
ur - chins might teaze, And real - ly, I fear quite a - lone to ap -
a tempo.
pear, So, I think you may come, if you please, if you please!
pear, So, I think you may come, if you please, if you please!

O, HOW SO FAIR THE PEACE OF NATURE!

No. 26.

A. ROMBERG.

S. & A.

the peace.... of ap-pears un-

O, how so fair, O, how so fair the peace of na - ture ap - pears un -

the peace of

T. & B.

to lov - - ing gaze, O,

1st. 2nd.

to our lov - ing, lov - ing gaze, gaze. O, let us all re -

O, let us

let us all re - joice..... in glad - ness, all re - joice in glad - -

O, let us all re - joice in glad - - - -

joice..... in glad - ness, O let us all re - joice in glad - -

all re - joice in glad - ness, O, let us all re - joice in glad - -

ness,

ness, De - vout - ly of - f'ring God our praise, De - vout - ly of - f'ring God our

ness, De - vout - ly of - f'ring God our praise, De - vout - ly of - f'ring God our

ness,

S. & A.

f *p*

praise, De - vout - ly of - f'ring God our praise. O, how so

T. & B.

f *p*

O, how so

f

fair the peace..... of na - ture ap - pears un - to our lov - ing

fair the peace of na - ture

f

how so fair the

gaze,... ap - pears un - to our lov - ing gaze, ap - pears un -

our lov - ing

ap - pears un - to our lov - ing gaze, ap -

p

to our lov - ing gaze, ap - pears..... un - to our lov - ing

p

pears un - to our lov - - ing gaze, our lov - ing gaze.

f

gaze, ap - pears..... un - to our lov - ing gaze.

f

Ap - pears un - to our lov - ing gaze.

THE VENETIAN BOATMEN'S EVENING SONG.

NO. 27.

ARRANGED.

Andante con moto.

SOPR. I.

1. Now the sil - ver moon, a - ris - ing, Flings a - round her light se - rene,

ACCOMP. *piano e molto legato.*

While up - on her tran-quil bo - som, Sleeps in si-lence Ocean's Queen, Sleeps in

SOPR. II. & ALTO.

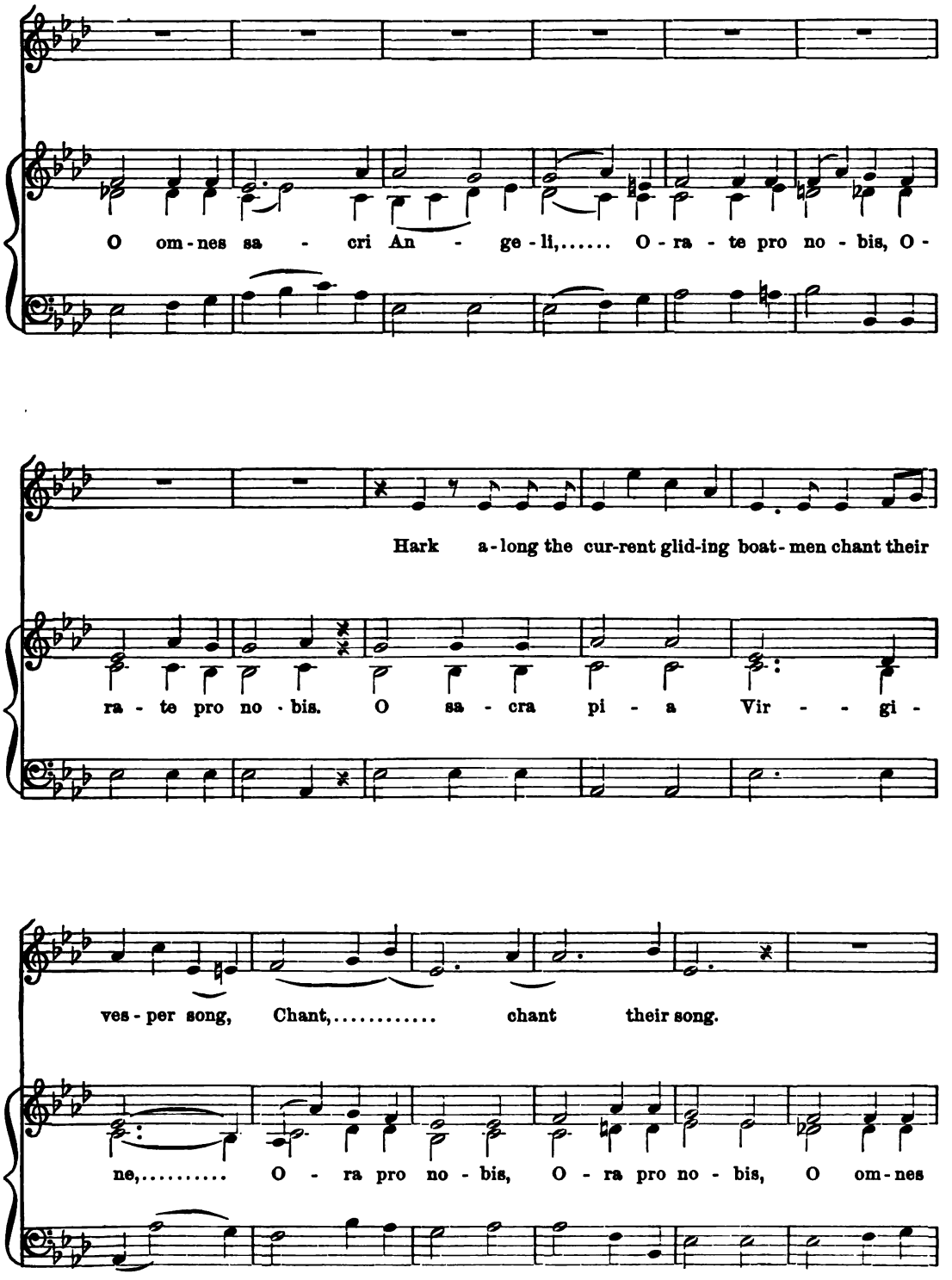
pp

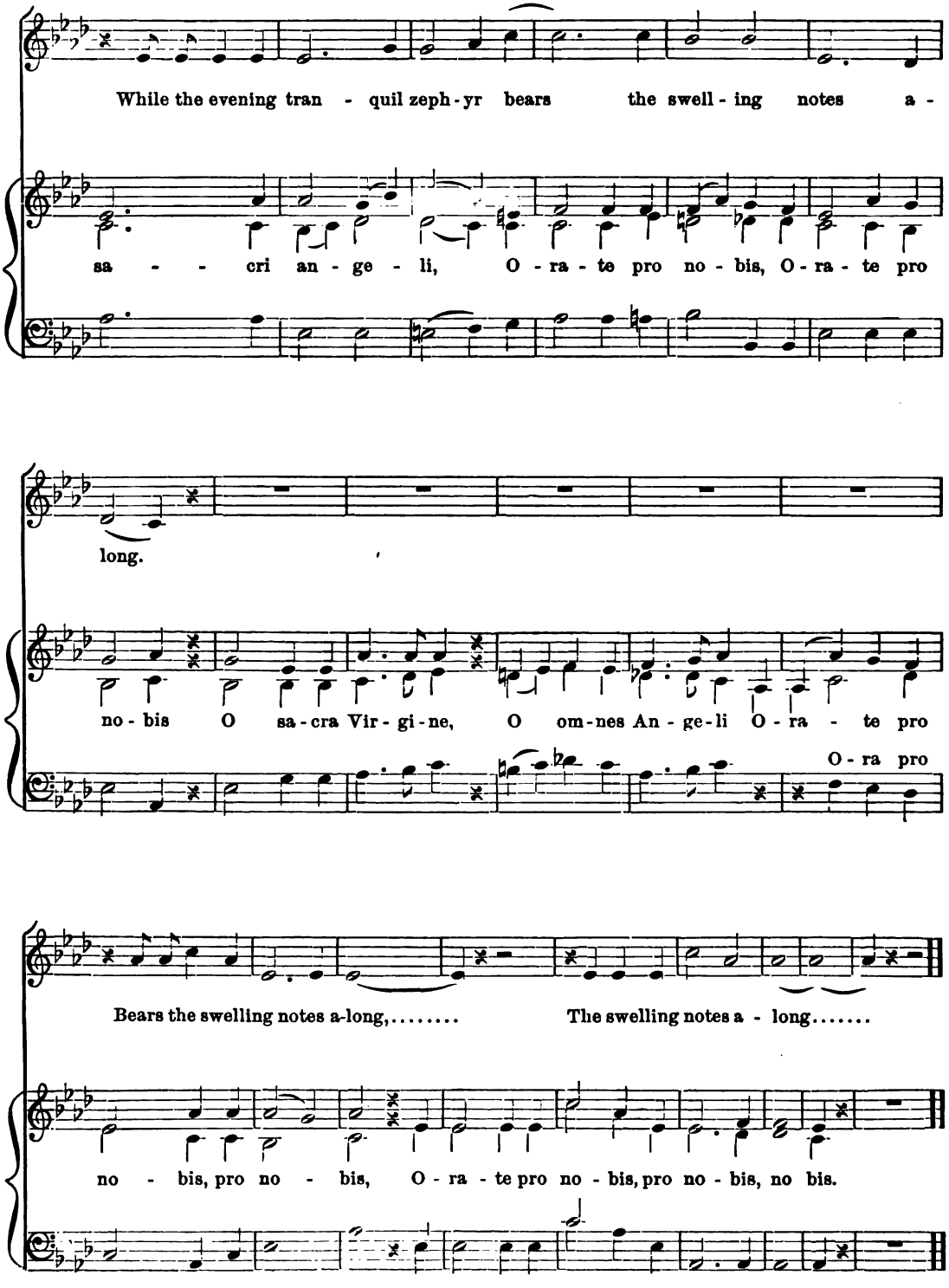
O sa - cra

BASS.

si - lence O - cean's Queen.

pi - a Vir - gi - ne— O - ra pro no - bis, O - ra pro no - bis


O om-nes sa - cri An - ge-li,..... O-ra - te pro no - bis, O-
Hark a-long the cur-rent glid-ing boat-men chant their
ra - te pro no - bis. O sa - cra pi - a Vir - - gi -
ves-per song, Chant,..... chant their song.
ne,..... O - ra pro no - bis, O - ra pro no - bis, O om-nes


While the evening tran - quil zeph - yr bears the swell - ing notes a -
sa - - cri an - ge - li, O - ra - te pro no - bis, O - ra - te pro
long.
no - bis O sa - cra Vir - gi - ne, O om - nes An - ge - li O - ra - te pro
O - ra pro
Bears the swelling notes a-long,..... The swelling notes a - long.....
no - bis, pro no - bis, O - ra - te pro no - bis, pro no - bis, no bis.

No. 28.

THE MEN OF HARLECH.

WELSH.

mf Maestoso.

S. & A.

1. Lo! the glad - some day is break-ing, Beau - ty from her slumber's wak-ing;
2. Fare - ye-well, dear na - tive moun-tains, Val - leys green, and flow - ing foun-tains,

T. & B.

mf

fz

Forth to bat - tle, men of Har - lech! On - ward to the fray!
Where the tide of war is rag - ing, Thith - er lies our way,

fz

S. & A.

Pen - nons gay are streaming, Fal-chions bright - ly gleaming;
There, 'midst din and clan - gor, Brav - ing foe - man's an - ger;

T. & B.

Rush we, like a might - y tor - rent, Ne'er of dan - ger dreaming,
'Neath the val - iant Gwynedd's ban - ner, In the strife en - gag - ing,

S. & A.

On, where glo - ry points the way. Where the sun of freedom's shining,
Fore - most in the bat - tle fray. Where the sun of freedom's shining,

T. & B.

rall.

Forth to bat - tle, men of Har - lech! On - ward to the fray!
There must be the men of Har - lech! Fore-most in the fray!

cres.

cres. *rall.*

a tempo. *sf* *dim.*

SUMMER MORNING.

No. 29.

A FOUR-PART SONG.

Words by W. S. PASSMORE. H. SMART.

Allegretto assai. ♩= 138.

SOPRANO I.

p *cres.*

Sweet sum - mer morn! how cheer - ing Is thine am - bro - sial

SOPRANO II.

p *cres.*

Sweet sum - mer morn! how cheer - ing Is thine am - bro - sial

ALTO.

p *cres.*

Sweet sum - mer morn! how cheer - ing Is thine am - bro - sial

BASS.

p *cres.*

Sweet sum - mer morn! how cheer - ing Is thine am - bro - sial

♩= 138.

ACCOMP. *p* *cres.*

cres. *dim.*

face,.... What joys calm, pure, en - dear - ing Thy smil - ing fea - tures

cres. *dim.*

face,.... What joys calm, pure, en - dear - ing Thy smil - ing fea - tures

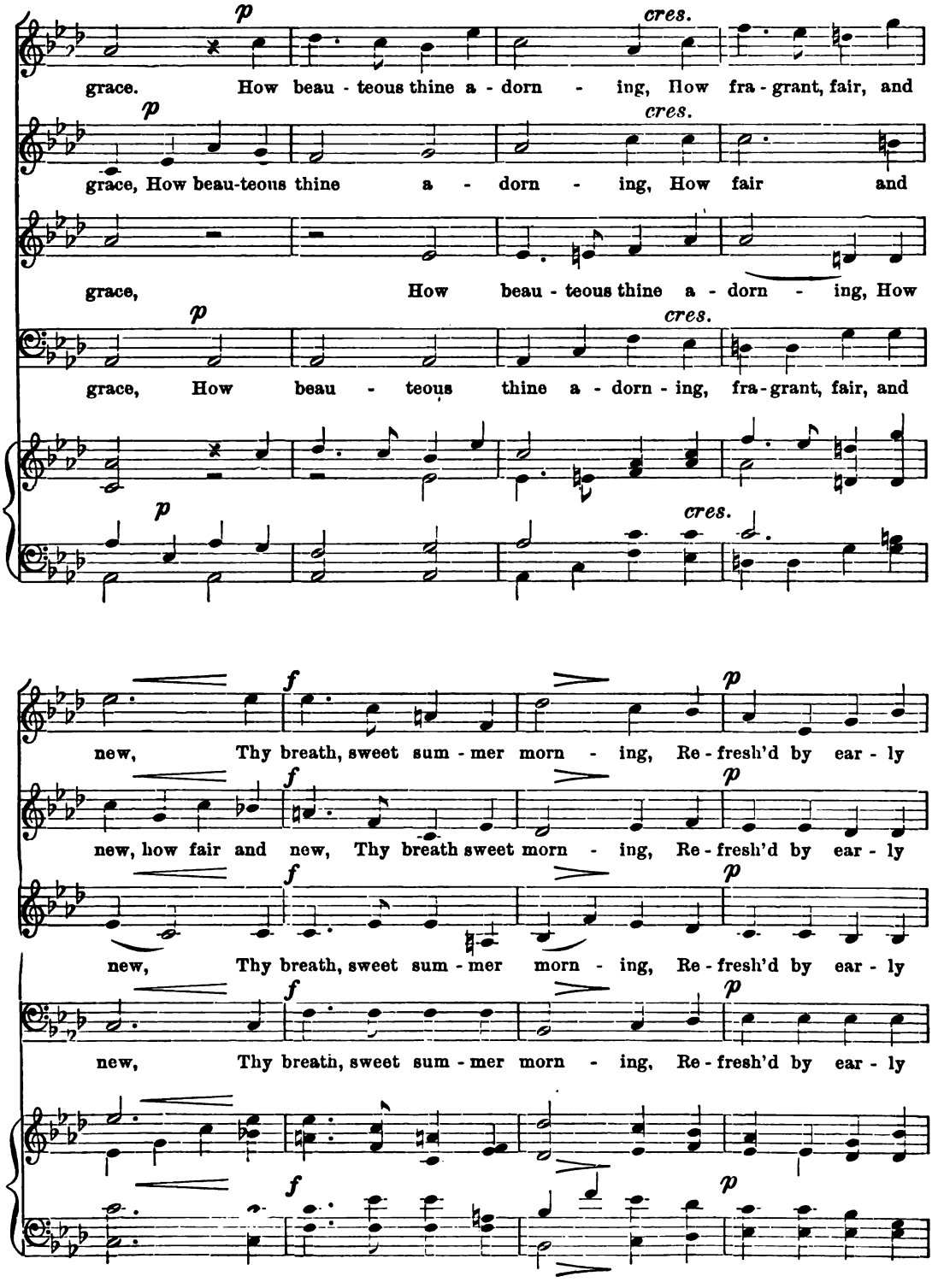
cres. *dim.*

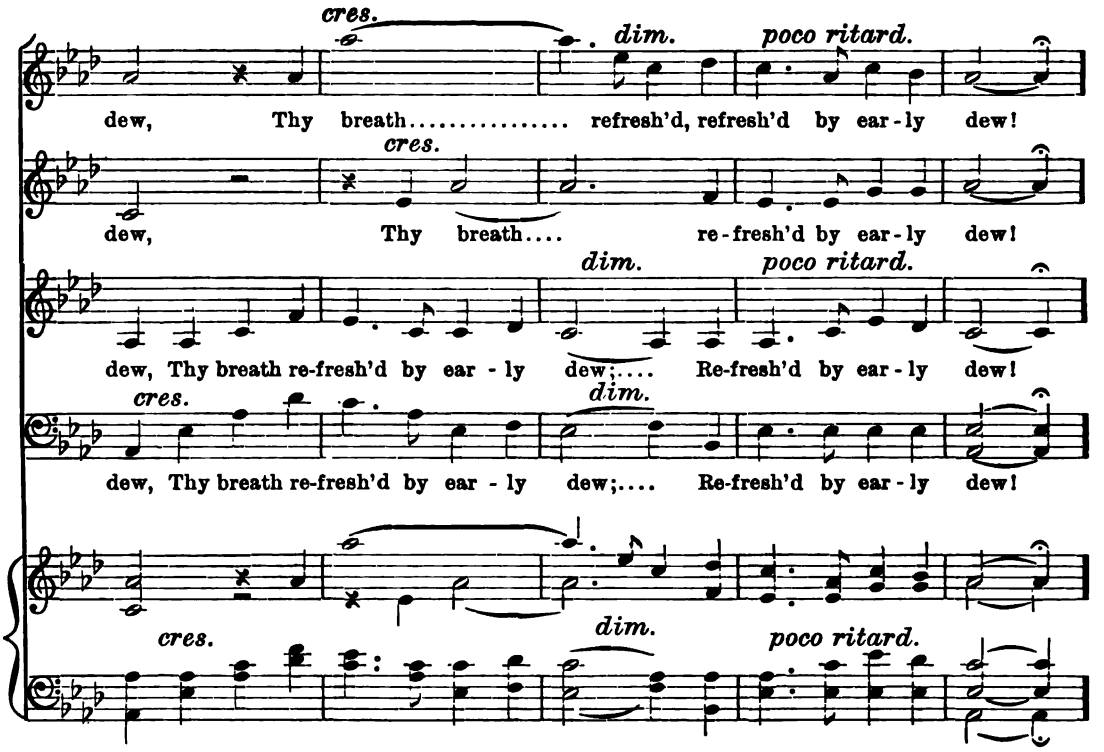
face,.... What joys calm, pure, en - dear - ing Thy smil - ing fea - tures

cres. *dim.*

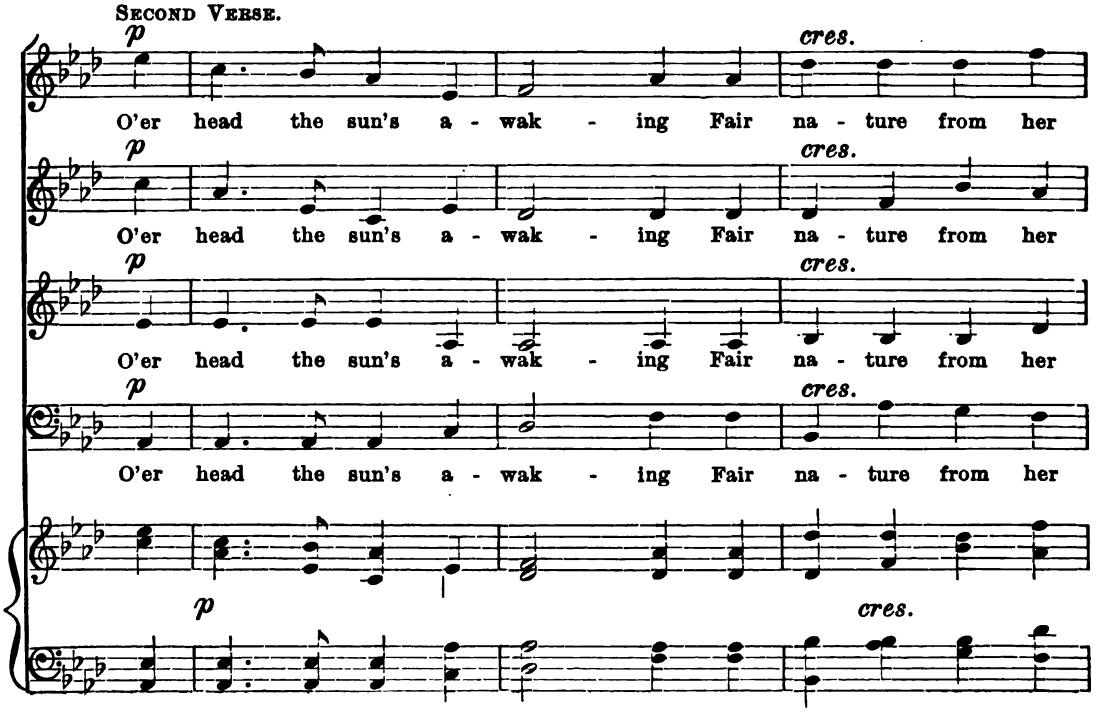
face,.... What joys calm, pure, en - dear - ing Thy smil - ing fea - tures

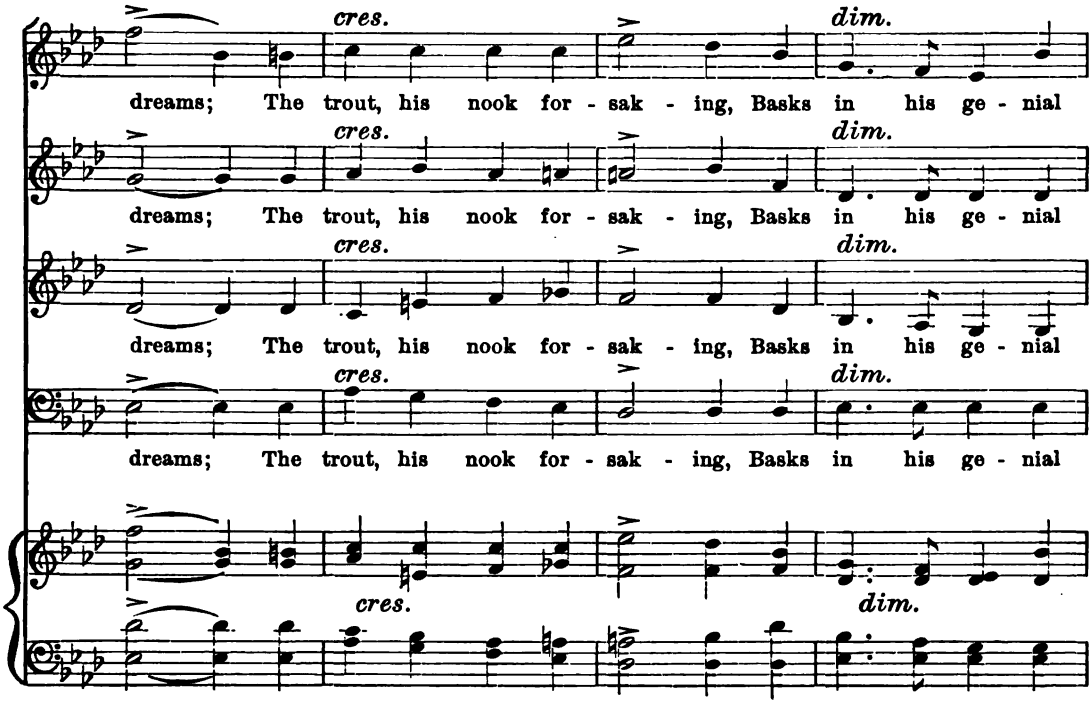
cres. *dim.*

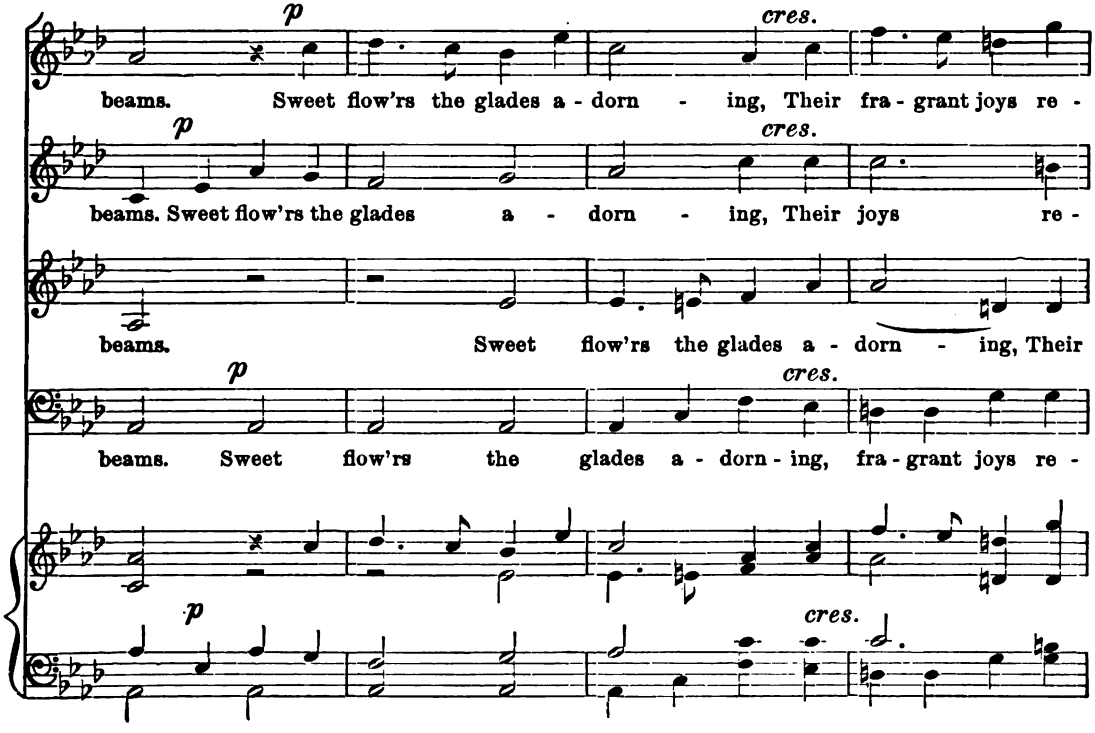

p
cres.
grace. How beau - teous thine a - dorn - ing, How fra - grant, fair, and
p
cres.
grace, How beau-teous thine a - dorn - ing, How fair and
grace, How beau - teous thine a - dorn - ing, How
p
cres.
grace, How beau - teous thine a - dorn - ing, fra - grant, fair, and
p
cres.
f
p
new, Thy breath, sweet sum - mer morn - ing, Re - fresh'd by ear - ly
f
p
new, how fair and new, Thy breath sweet morn - ing, Re - fresh'd by ear - ly
f
p
new, Thy breath, sweet sum - mer morn - ing, Re - fresh'd by ear - ly
f
p
new, Thy breath, sweet sum - mer morn - ing, Re - fresh'd by ear - ly
f
p

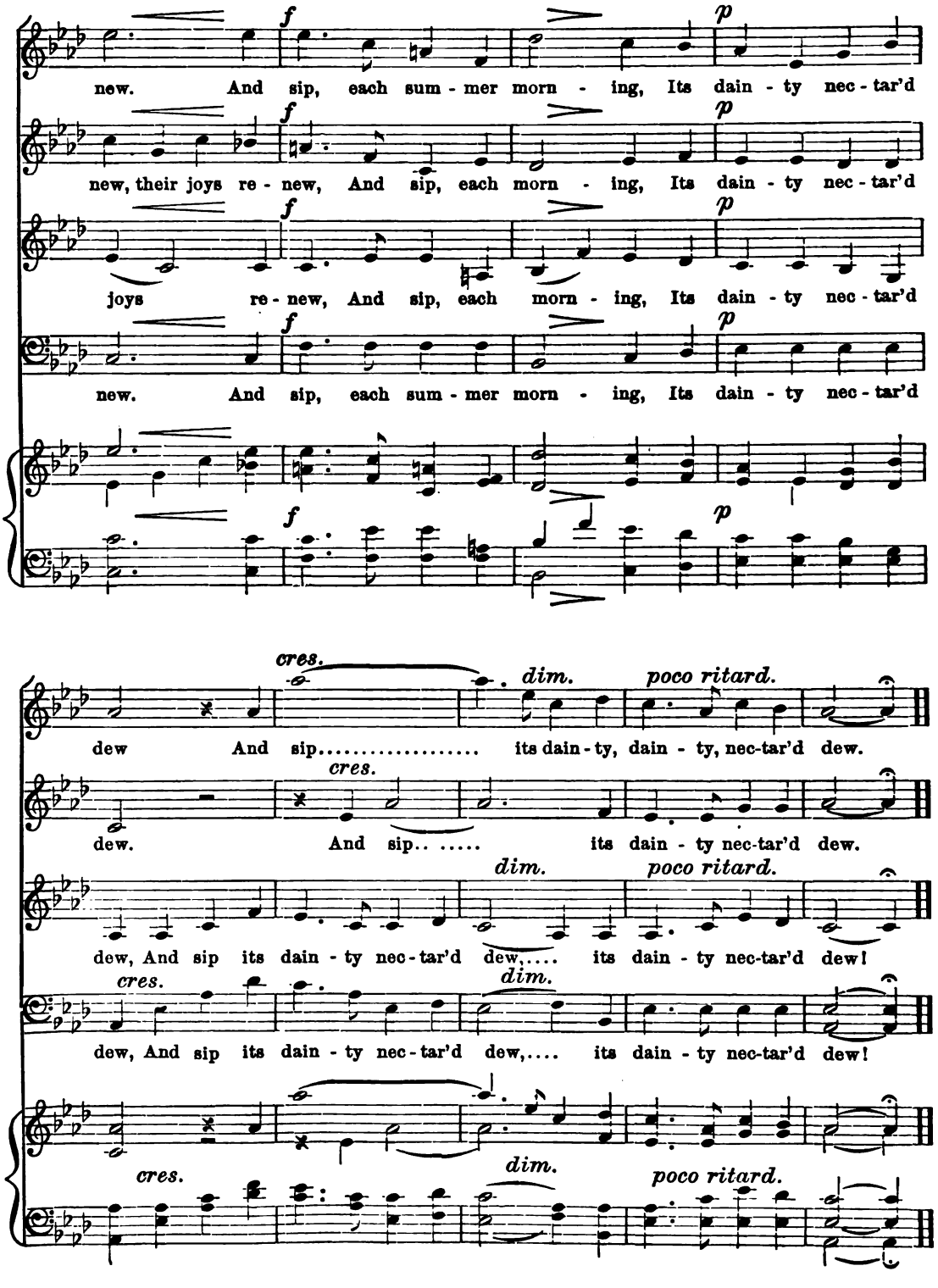


SECOND VERSE.




cres.
dim.
dreams; The trout, his nook for - sak - ing, Basks in his ge - nial
dreams; The trout, his nook for - sak - ing, Basks in his ge - nial
dreams; The trout, his nook for - sak - ing, Basks in his ge - nial
dreams; The trout, his nook for - sak - ing, Basks in his ge - nial


p
cres.
beams. Sweet flow'rs the glades a - dorn - ing, Their fra - grant joys re -
beams. Sweet flow'rs the glades a - dorn - ing, Their joys re -
beams. Sweet flow'rs the glades a - dorn - ing, Their
beams. Sweet flow'rs the glades a - dorn - ing, fra - grant joys re -


f
p
new. And sip, each sum - mer morn - ing, Its dain - ty nec - tar'd
new, their joys re - new, And sip, each morn - ing, Its dain - ty nec - tar'd
joys re - new, And sip, each morn - ing, Its dain - ty nec - tar'd
new. And sip, each sum - mer morn - ing, Its dain - ty nec - tar'd
cres.
dim.
poco ritard.
dew And sip..... its dain - ty, dain - ty, nec-tar'd dew.
dew. And sip.. ..... its dain - ty nec-tar'd dew.
dew, And sip its dain - ty nec - tar'd dew,.... its dain - ty nec-tar'd dew!
dew, And sip its dain - ty nec - tar'd dew,.... its dain - ty nec-tar'd dew!

No. 30. In the Forest.

Words from the French, by Ella F. Story. Mendelssohn.

Andante moderato.

cres. *f*

1. The sum-mer sun is shin - ing With daz - zling splen - dor bright, Each
2. Close on the steps of sum - mer The gor - geous au - tumn comes, And
3. Old win - ter is de - scend - ing With blasts of migh - ty cold, His

cres. *f*

1. The sum-mer sun is shin - ing With daz - zling splen - dor bright, Each
2. Close on the steps of sum - mer The gor - geous au - tumn comes, And
3. Old win - ter is de - scend - ing With blasts of migh - ty cold, His

cres. *f*

p *mf*

hill and val - ley cloth - ing In robes of gold - en light, We
all her fad - ing glo - ry With ra - diant star - light crowns, At
pranc - ing steeds ad - vanc - ing With cour - age stern and bold, The

p *mf*

hill and val - ley cloth - ing In robes of gold - en light, We hie us
all her fad - ing glo - ry With ra - diant star - light crowns, At ear - ly
pranc - ing steeds ad - vanc - ing With cour - age stern and bold, The hem - lock

p *mf*

cres. *f* *pp*

hie us from the mead - ow So rich with cloth of gold, And
ear - ly dawn the hun - ter With noi - sy blast and long, A -
hem - lock and the fir - tree With branch - es bend - ing low, With

cres. *f* *pp*

from the heat - ed mead - ow So rich with cloth of gold, And
dawn the hap - py hun - ter With noi - sy blast and long, A -
and the fra - grant fir - tree With branch - es bend - ing low With

cres. *f* *pp*

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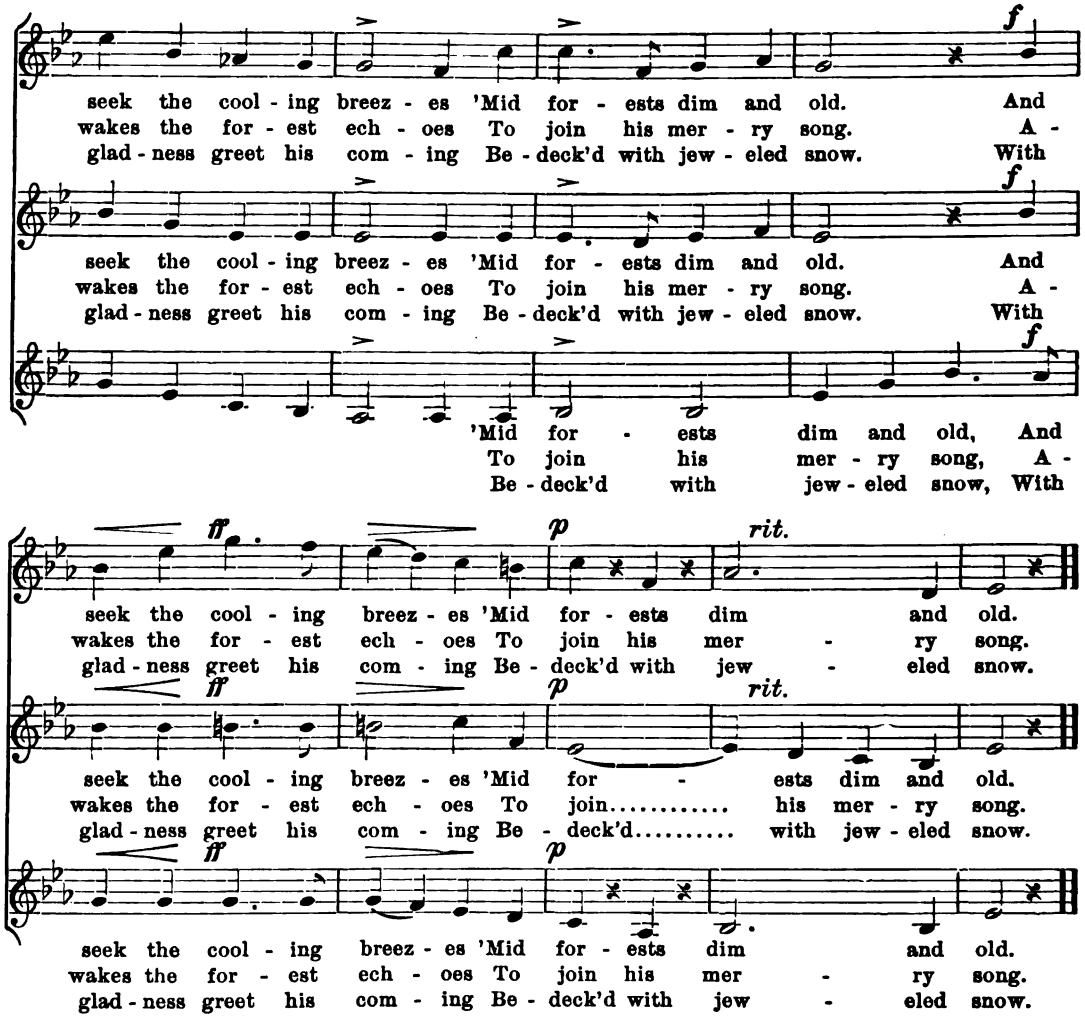
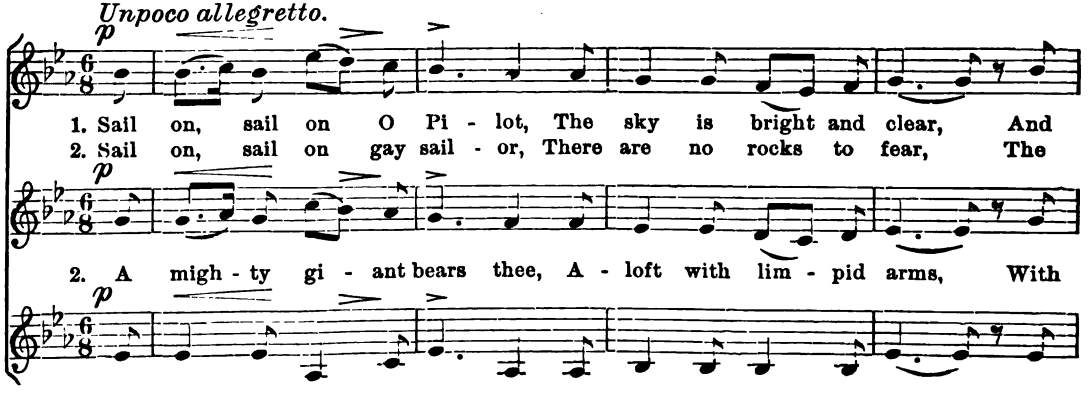


NO. 31. LORELEY.

Words from the French, by ELLA F. STORY. From German.



let the cur - rent guide thee, To home and loved ones dear, The
soft voiced wa - ters charm thee, A - bove the sky is clear, The

such a watch - ful guar - dian, No need of vain a - larms, Trust

mf

breez - es soft ca - ress thee The wa - ters smoothly glide,..... They
calm of all things woes thee, To rest thy soul in sleep,..... The

mf

him with all your treas - ures Nor think a watch to keep,..... To

mf

f

sooth thee with their chat - ter, As on their breast you ride.
faith - ful stream will bear thee, To slum - bers long and deep.

f

port he'll swift - ly bring thee, With steps so strong and fleet.

f

No. 32. SWISS BATTLE SONG.

W. W. CALDWELL.

"WILLIAM TELL," ROSSINI.
Arr. by L. B. MARSHALL.

Allegro vivace.

S. & A.

March a - long, march a - long, to the bu - gle's call, March a -

March a - long, march a - long, to the bu - gle's call, March a -

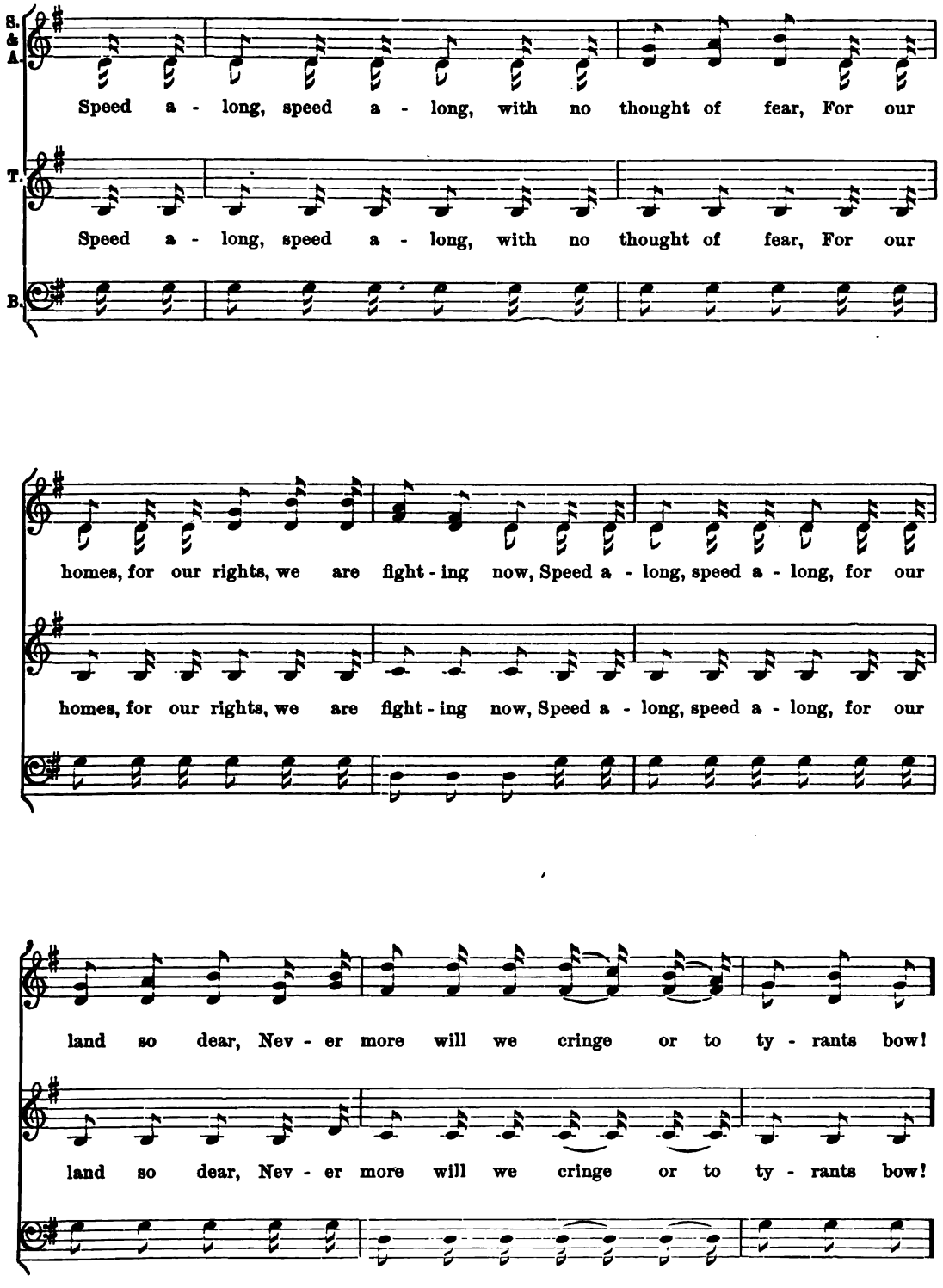
B.

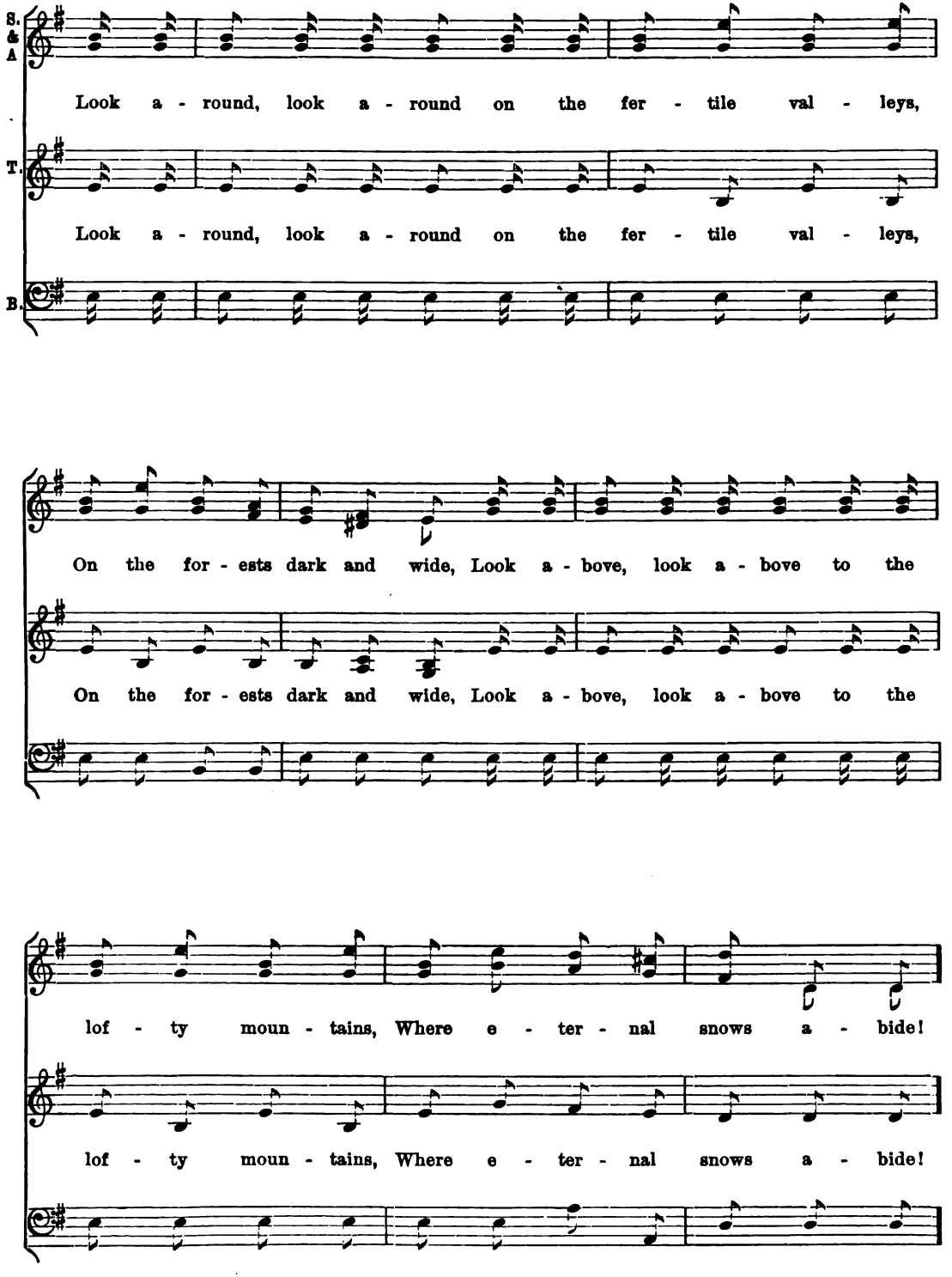
long to the front, where our foe - men be! March a - long, march a - long, 'till in

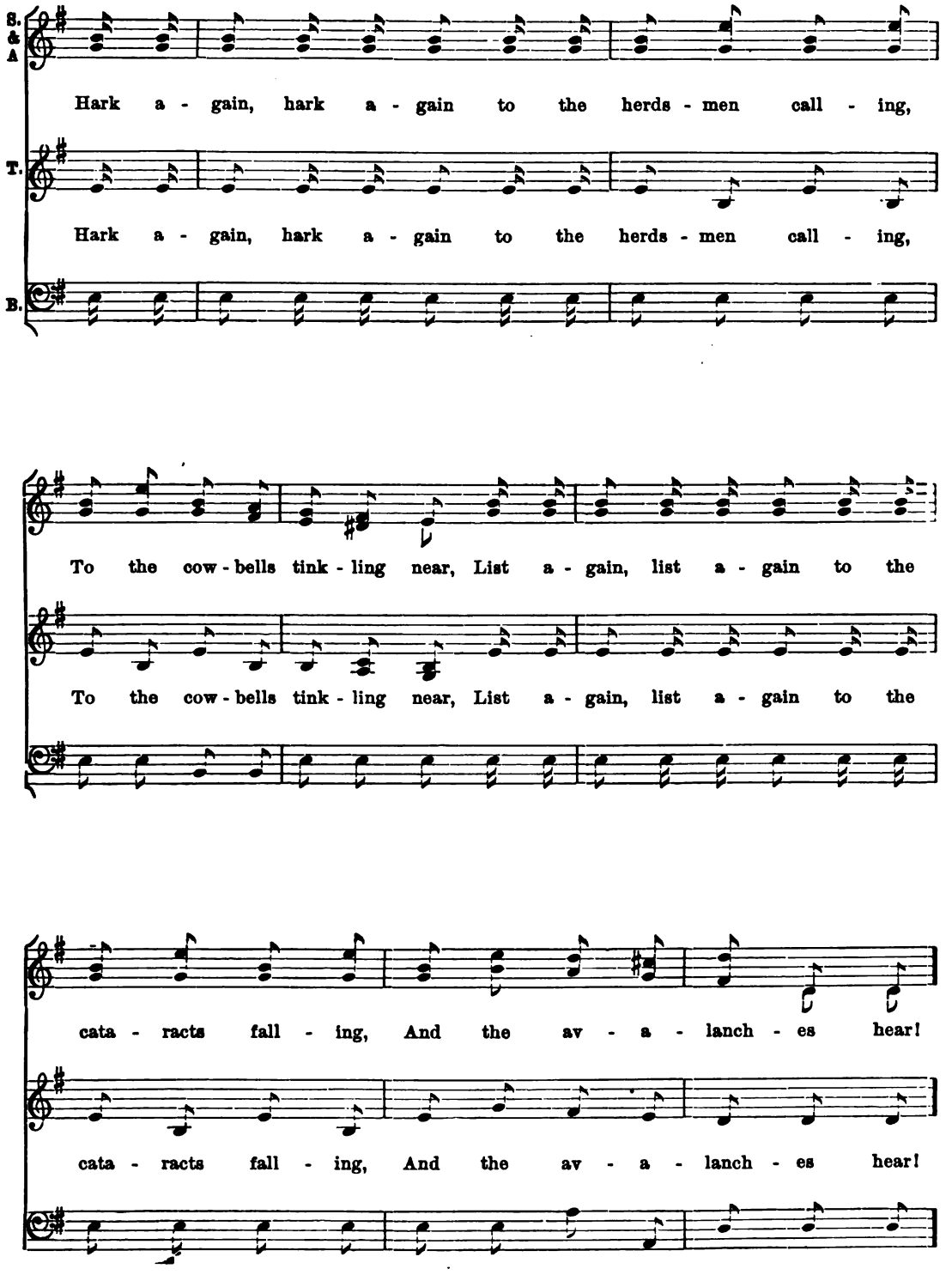
long to the front, where our foe - men be! March a - long, march a - long, 'till in

death they fall, March a - long, 'till their ranks be - fore us flee!

death they fall, March a - long, 'till their ranks be - fore us flee!


S. & A.
Speed a - long, speed a - long, with no thought of fear, For our
T.
Speed a - long, speed a - long, with no thought of fear, For our
B.
homes, for our rights, we are fight - ing now, Speed a - long, speed a - long, for our
homes, for our rights, we are fight - ing now, Speed a - long, speed a - long, for our
land so dear, Nev - er more will we cringe or to ty - rants bow!
land so dear, Nev - er more will we cringe or to ty - rants bow!


S. & A.
Look a - round, look a - round on the fer - tile val - leys,
T.
Look a - round, look a - round on the fer - tile val - leys,
B.
On the for - ests dark and wide, Look a - bove, look a - bove to the
On the for - ests dark and wide, Look a - bove, look a - bove to the
lof - ty moun - tains, Where e - ter - nal snows a - bide!
lof - ty moun - tains, Where e - ter - nal snows a - bide!


S. & A.
Hark a - gain, hark a - gain to the herds - men call - ing,
T.
Hark a - gain, hark a - gain to the herds - men call - ing,
B.
To the cow - bells tink - ling near, List a - gain, list a - gain to the
To the cow - bells tink - ling near, List a - gain, list a - gain to the
cata - racts fall - ing, And the av - a - lanch - es hear!
cata - racts fall - ing, And the av - a - lanch - es hear!

S. & A.

On - ward then, on - ward then, un - daunt - ed, Still on - ward in bat - tle ar - ray!

T.

On - ward then, on - ward then, un - daunt - ed, Still on - ward in bat - tle ar - ray!

B.

Step by step, heart to heart u - ni - ted, And sing, as we move on our way:

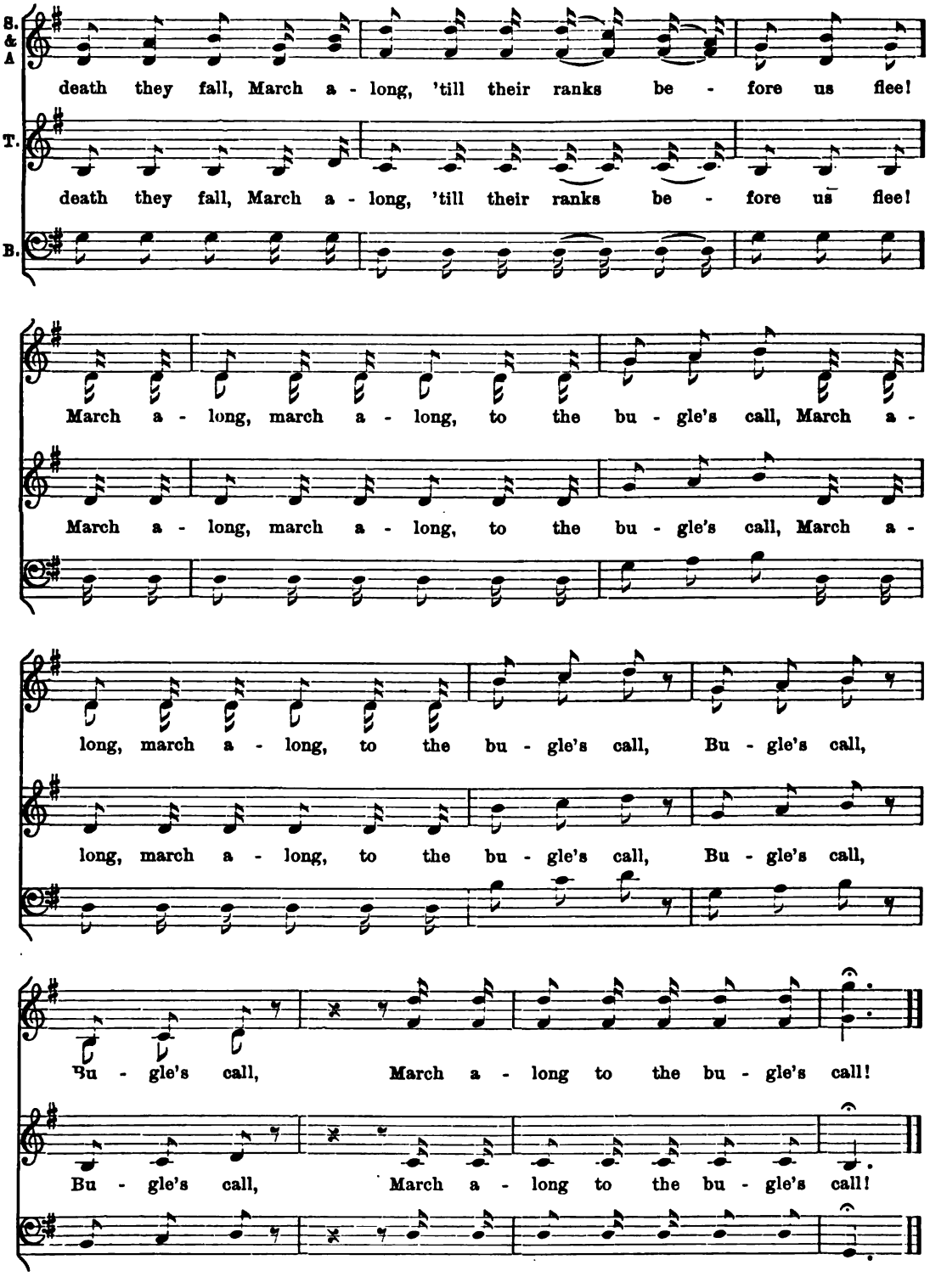
Step by step, heart to heart u - ni - ted, And sing, as we move on our way:

March a - long, march a - long, to the bu - gle's call, March a -

March a - long, march a - long, to the bu - gle's call, March a -

long to the front, where our foe - men be! March a - long, march a - long, 'till in

long to the front, where our foe - men be! March a - long, march a - long, 'till in


S. & A.
death they fall, March a - long, 'till their ranks be - fore us flee!
T.
death they fall, March a - long, 'till their ranks be - fore us flee!
B.
March a - long, march a - long, to the bu - gle's call, March a -
March a - long, march a - long, to the bu - gle's call, March a -
long, march a - long, to the bu - gle's call, Bu - gle's call,
long, march a - long, to the bu - gle's call, Bu - gle's call,
Bu - gle's call, March a - long to the bu - gle's call!
Bu - gle's call, March a - long to the bu - gle's call!

No. 33. MEMORIAL HYMN.

GEO. F. WILSON.

ARR. from BERTHOLD.
By GEO. F. WILSON.

1. We deck the sol-dier's graves to - day, With gar - lands fresh and fair,
2. We deck the sol-dier's graves to - day, And choic - est flow'rs we bring;
3. We deck the sol-dier's graves to - day, For those who slumb'ring lie,

With gar-lands fresh and fair,
And choic - est flow'rs we bring;
For those who slumb'ring lie,

And o'er the grassy mounds of clay, We lay our trib-ute there. And at each no-
While soft is heard the song-bird's lay, 'Mid balm - y breeze of spring. The ro - ses and
In graves unknown so far a - way, Be - neath the southern sky. They no-bly fought,

ble patriot's head, The stars and stripes doth wave, In mem-'ry of the honored
the lil - ies fair, And wreaths of ev - er - green, Sweet to-kens placed with lov - ing
like he - roes fell, Their lives they free - ly gave To save the land they loved so

dead, Who died their land to save, Who died their land to save.
care, On ev - 'ry grave is seen, On ev - 'ry grave is seen.
well, Like pa - triots true and brave, Like pa - triots true and brave.

Who died their land to save.
On ev - 'ry grave is seen.
Like pa - triots true and brave.

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SONG OF PEACE.

No. 34.

Words by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. G. F. WILSON.

mf Tempo di marcia. *ten.*

1. Sing, for - ev - er sing the he - roes, Who for men have died. Let the names of
2. Sing, for - ev - er sing the he - roes, Ours is their re - nown. Let the chil - dren
3. Sing the graves of he - roes glo - rious, 'Mid the flow'rs that lie,— While the free flag

p Slower.

he - roes glo - rious Be the na - tion's pride. When the hol - low bu-gles blow - ing,
know the na - tion By the men we crown. When the hol - low bu-gles blow - ing,
of the na - tions, Sen - ti - nels the sky. When the hol - low bu-gles blow - ing,

tempo.

On the red fields cease, And pros-per - i - ty stands glow - ing, As the years in -
On the red fields cease, And pros-per - i - ty stands glow - ing, As the years in -
On the war fields cease, And pros-per - i - ty stands glow - ing, As the years in -

f *rit.*

crease, Let the names of he - roes glo - rious Be the song, the song of peace.
crease, Let the fame of he - roes glo - rious Be our song, our song of peace.
crease, Let the green graves of our he - roes Be our song, our song of peace.

f *rit.*

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No. 35. A Day in the Country.

Words from the French, by Ella F. Story. Mendelssohn.

mf Moderato.

1. To - mor - row I am go - ing Up - on the moun - tain side, To

2. The wood - thrush and the chaf - finch To - geth - er join my song, While

see the white flocks stray - ing A - long the val - ley wide. The pret - ty prim-rose

deep with-in the for - est With birds and deers I'll throng. The fick - le A - pril

flow - ers A - broad their fra - grance fling, The lil - lies of the val - ley A -

com - eth With fresh'ning show'r and sun, The pear - ly dew-drops glist'ning Pro -

mid the heath - er spring. The lil - lies of the val - ley A - mid the heath-er spring.

claim the day be - gun. The pear - ly dew-drops glist'ning Pro - claim the day be - gun.

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No. 36. THE ECHO.

Words from the French, by ELLA F. STORY. MENDELSSOHN.

mf Moderato un poco sostenuoto.

1. Now glad and strong, now sad and long The for - est an - swers to our song; Out
2. Ech - o at - tends, and listening bends, To ev - ery word an an-swers sends, Of

3. In ac - cents choice, this still small voice, With cour-age make our hearts re - joice, Shield
4. A - gain, a - gain, sounds out the strain, This time the pa - triots grand re - frain, For

this still small voice.
sounds out the strain,

from the wood a voice is heard Re - ply - ing to our chant - ed word, Re -
gay and glad, or dull and sad Comes an - swer like - wise gay or sad; Comes

us from harm, keep us in calm, From fear of a - ny dread a - larm; From
na - tive lands in val - or stand, To her be - longs your heart and hand, To

ply - ing to our chant-ed word, 'Tis ech - o catch-ing up the strain the self-same strain.
an - swer like - wise gay or sad; Be brave and true and thus shall oth-ers be to you.

fear of a - ny dread a - larm; A faithful guar-dian may you be to watch o'er me.
her be - longs your heart and hand, My all is thine and e'en my life to count not mine.

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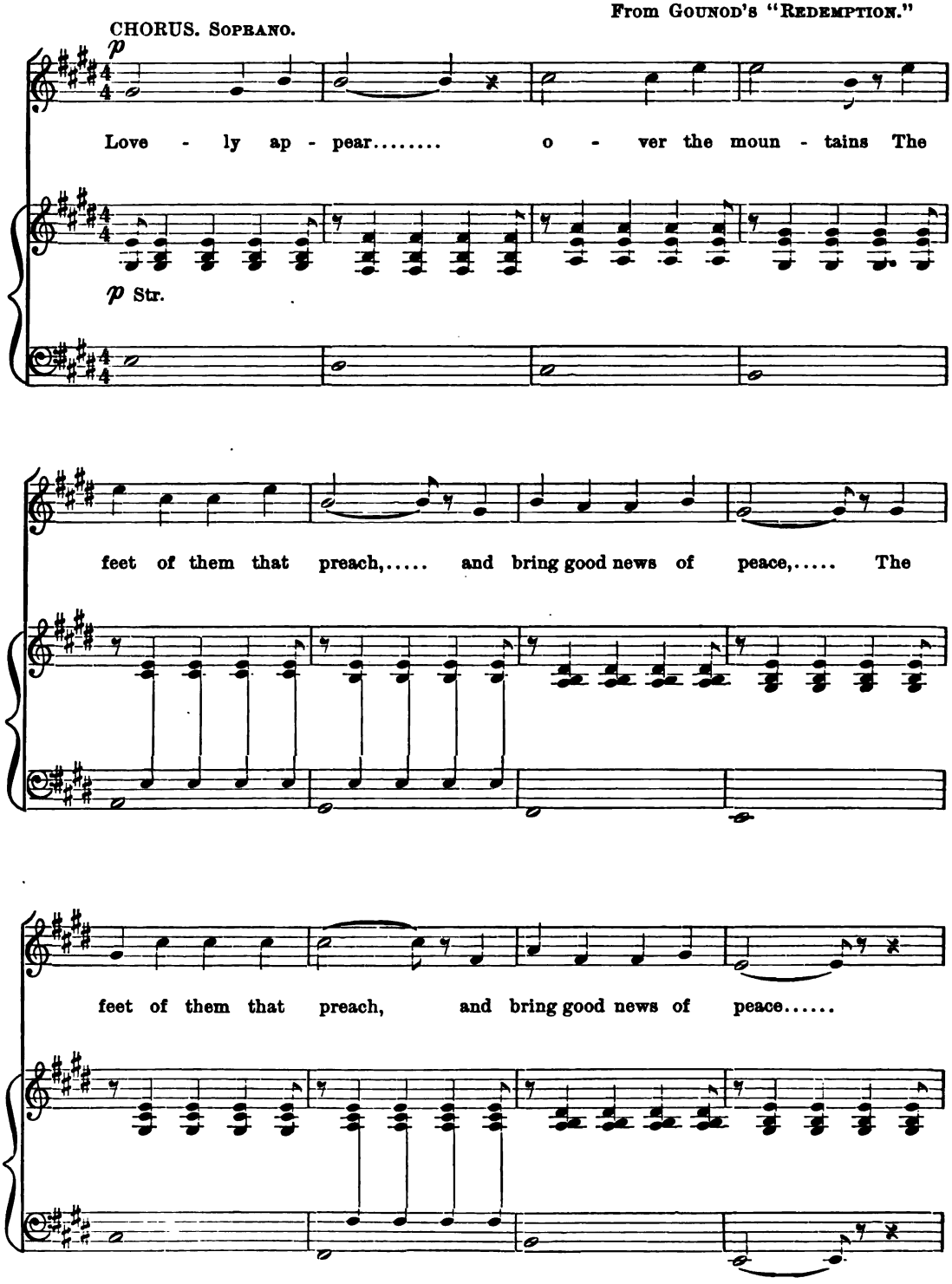
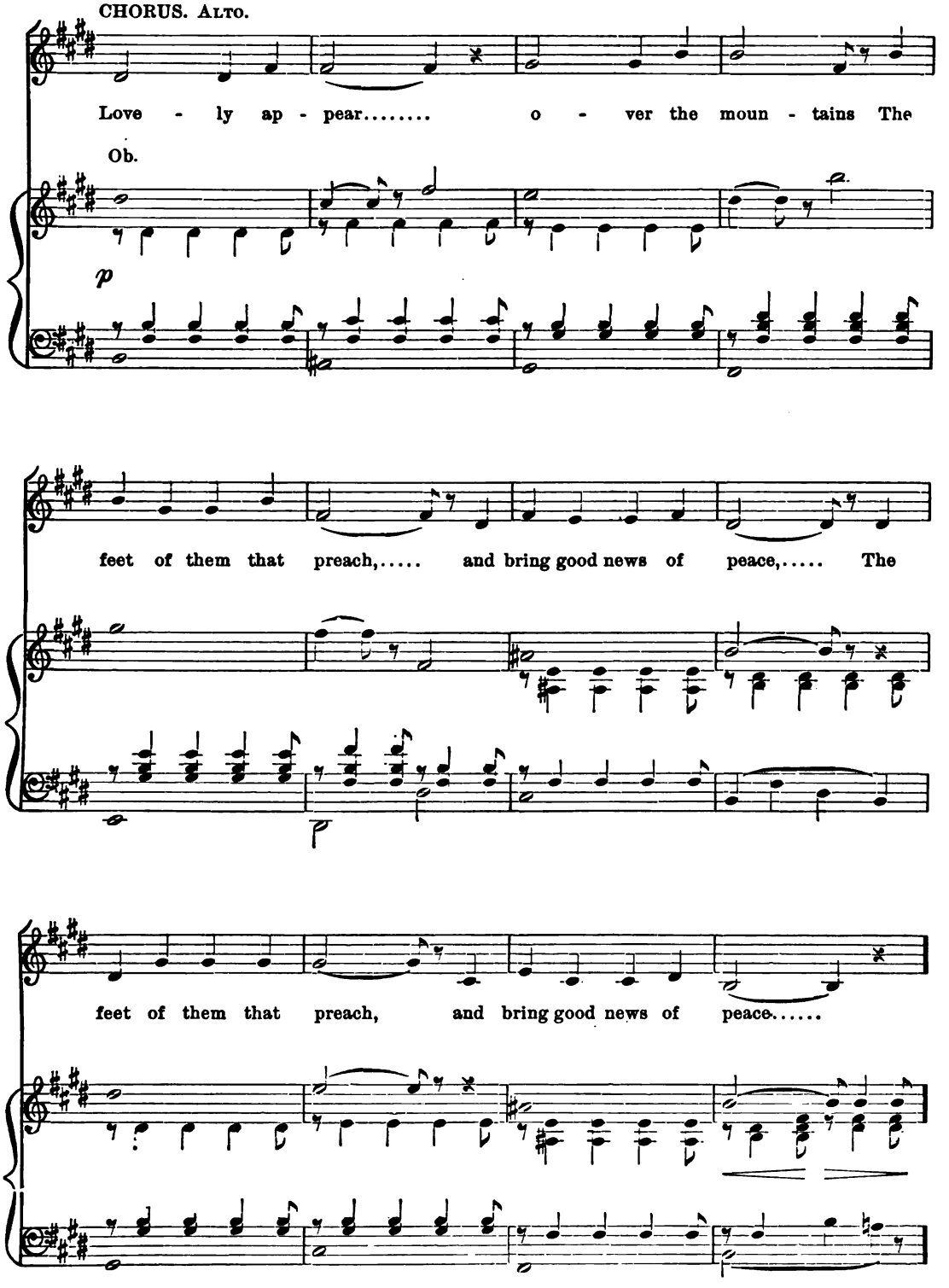
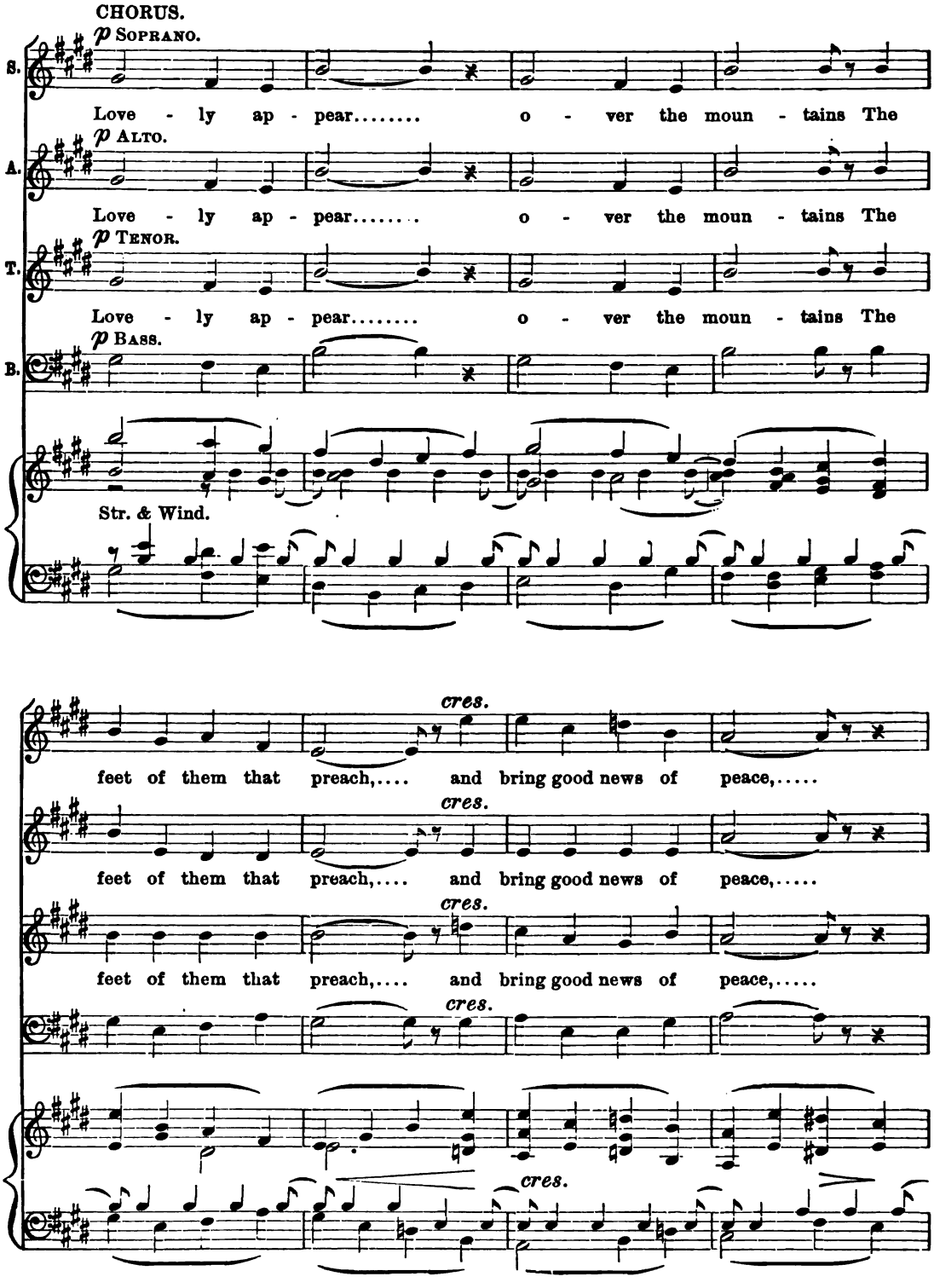
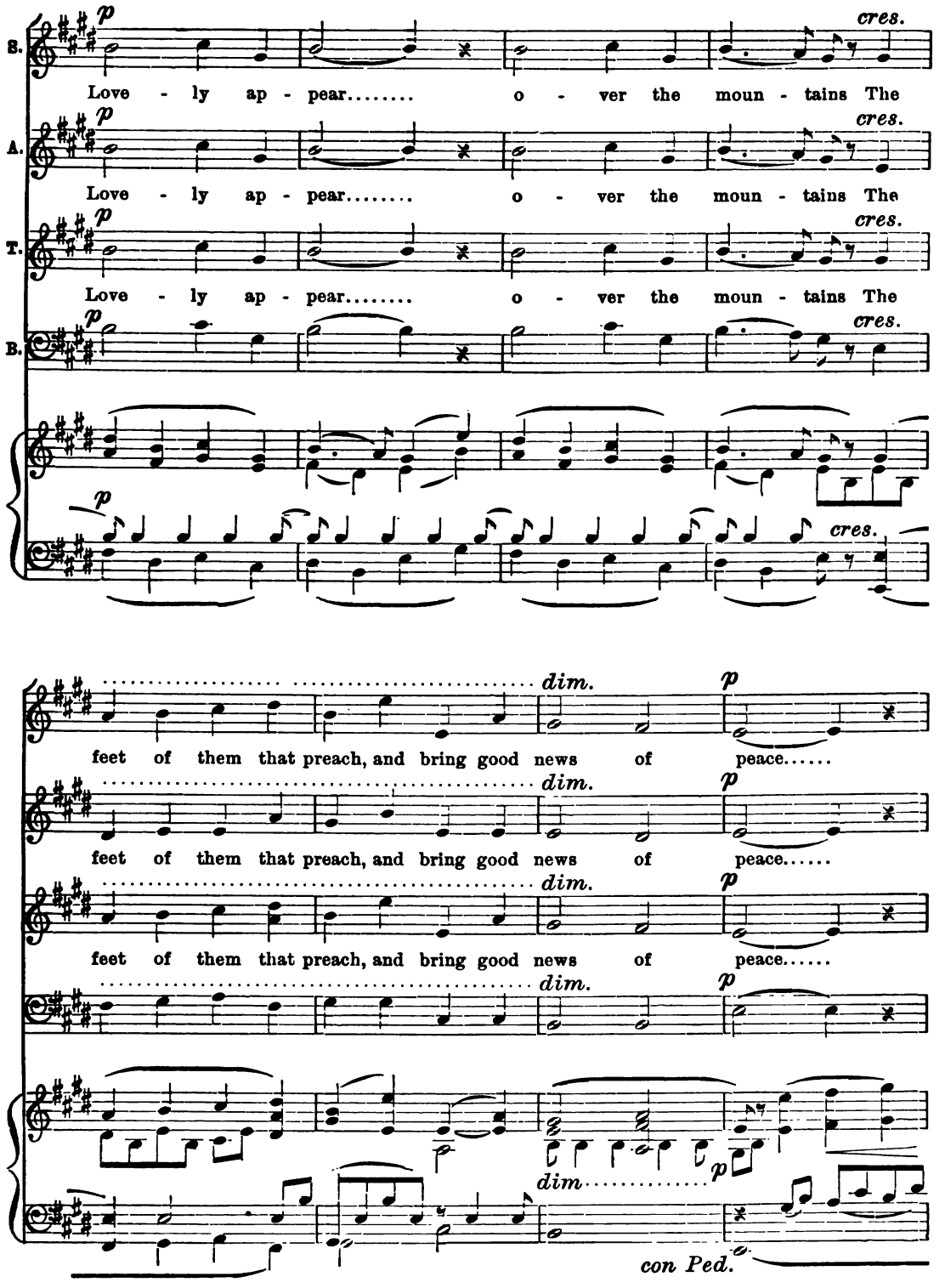
No. 37. "Lovely Appear."

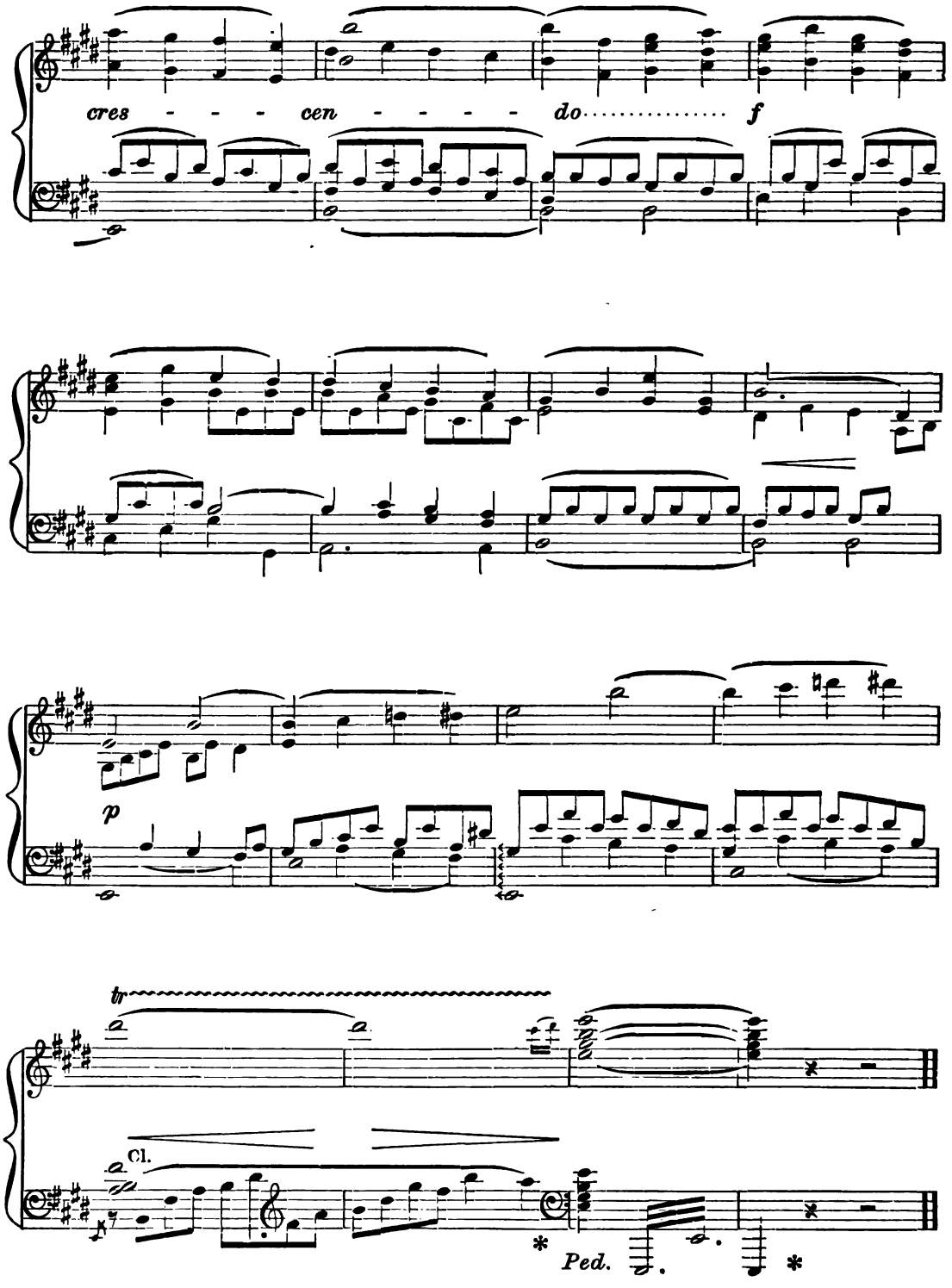
From Gounod's "Redemption."




CHORUS. ALTO.
Love - ly ap - pear..... o - ver the moun - tains The
Ob.
p
feet of them that preach,..... and bring good news of peace,..... The
feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.....


CHORUS.
p SOPRANO.
S.
Love - ly ap - pear..... o - ver the moun - tains The
p ALTO.
A.
Love - ly ap - pear..... o - ver the moun - tains The
p TENOR.
T.
Love - ly ap - pear..... o - ver the moun - tains The
p BASS.
B.
Str. & Wind.
cres.
feet of them that preach,.... and bring good news of peace,.....
cres.
feet of them that preach,.... and bring good news of peace,.....
cres.
feet of them that preach,.... and bring good news of peace,.....
cres.
cres.

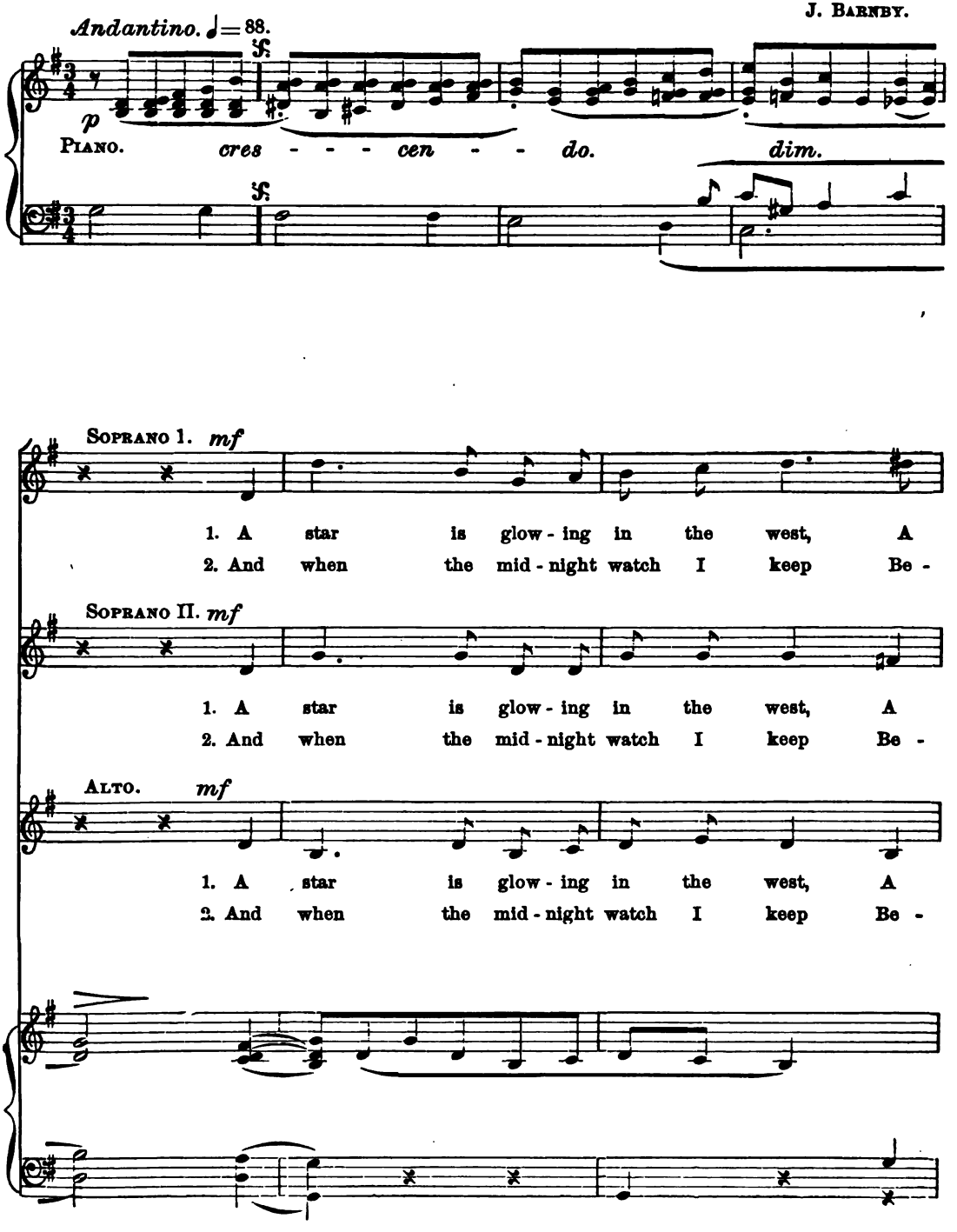

S.
A.
T.
B.
p
cres.
Love - ly ap - pear..... o - ver the moun - tains The
dim.
feet of them that preach, and bring good news of peace.....
con Ped.

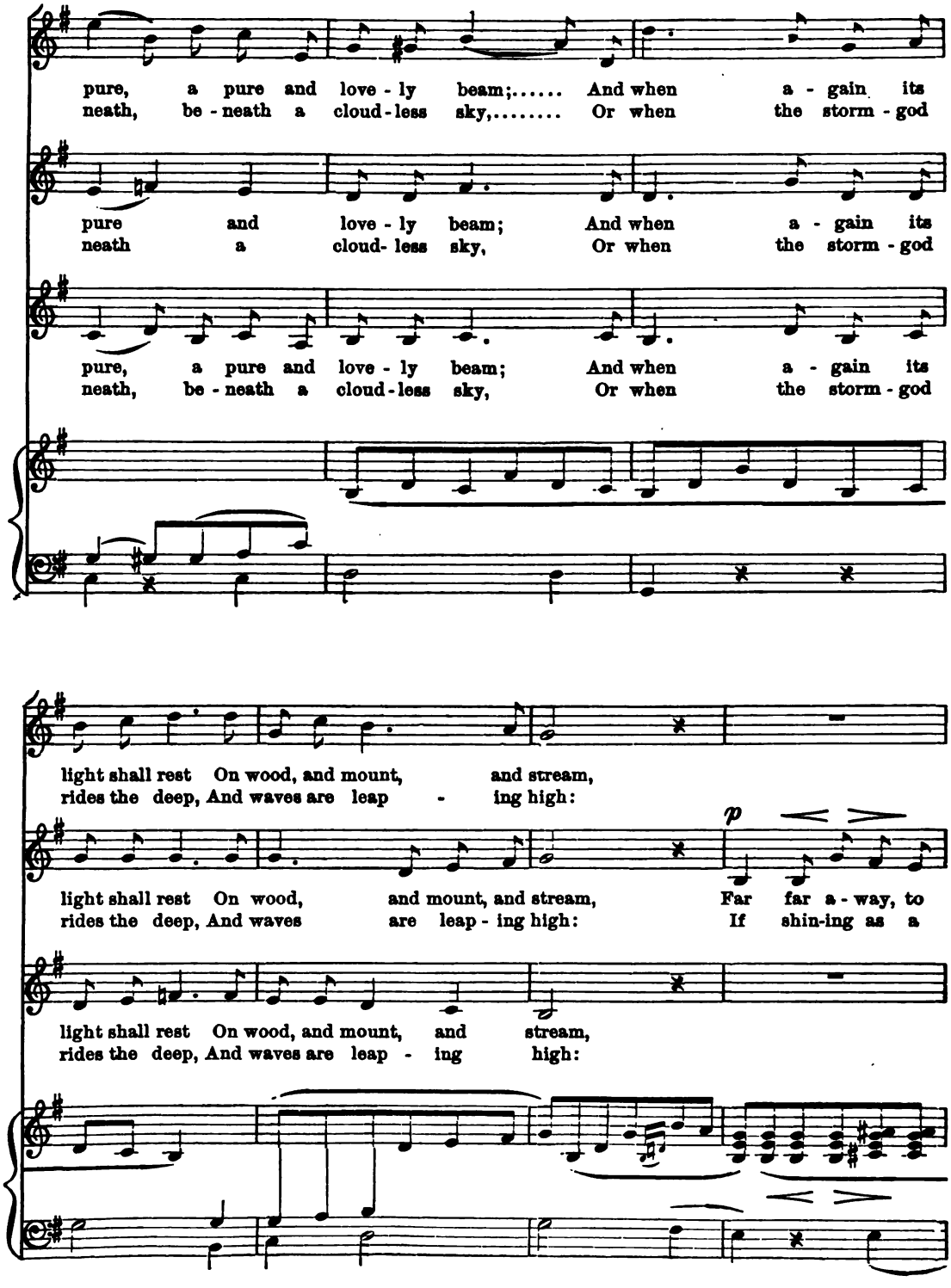

cres - - - cen - - - - - do..... f
p
tr
Cl.
Ped.

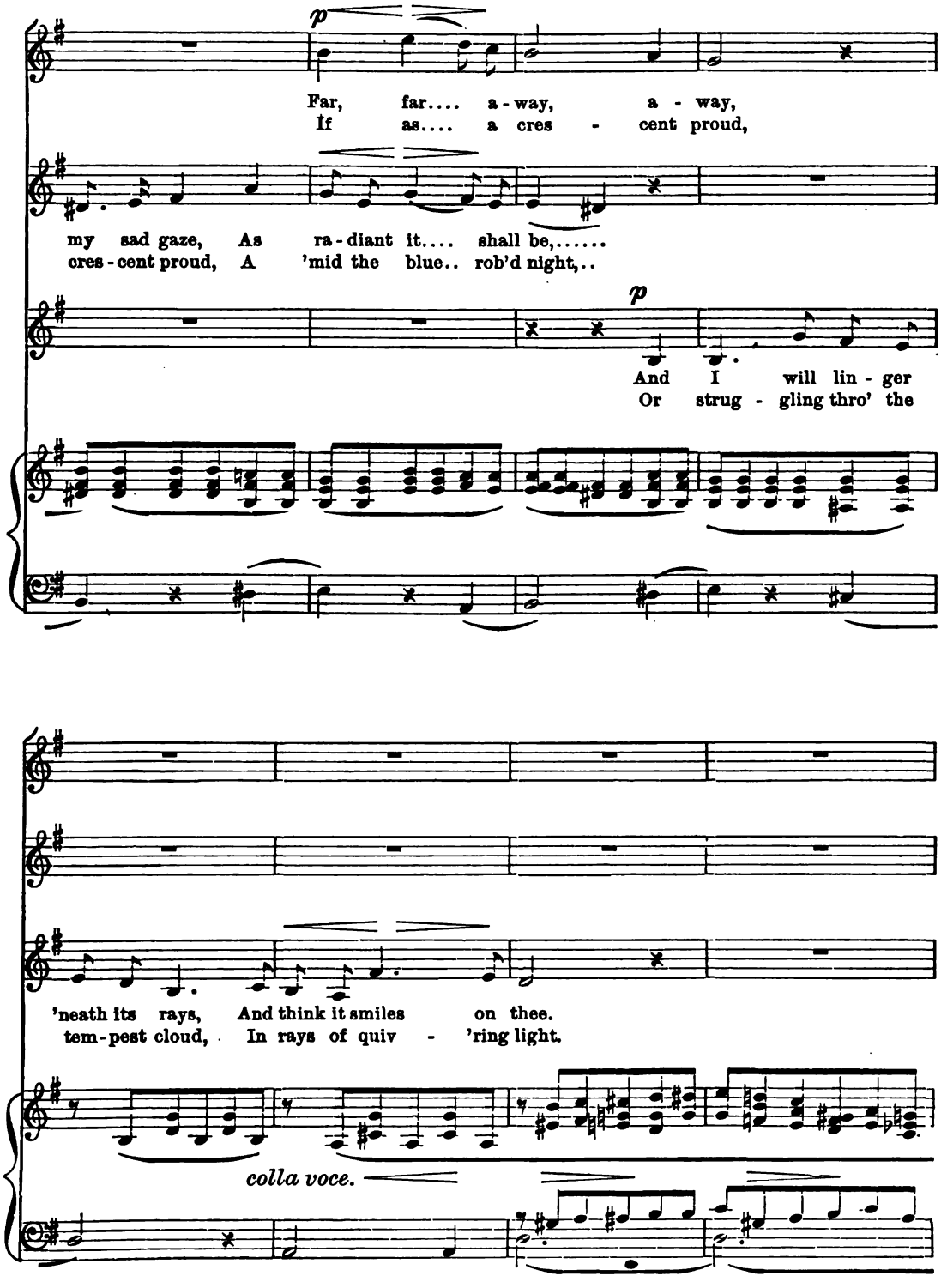
No. 38. THE TWILIGHT STAR.

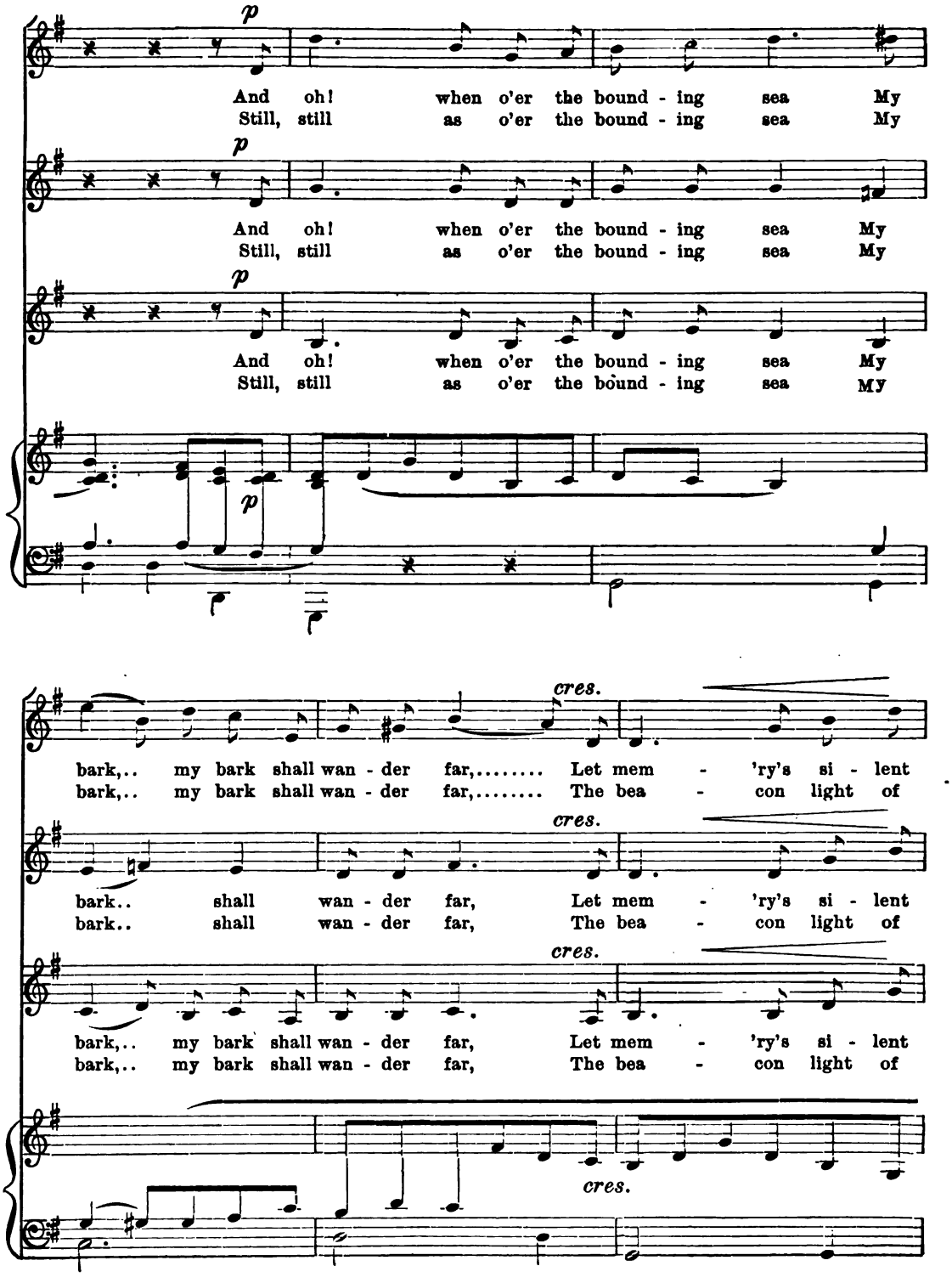
TRIO FOR FEMALE VOICES.

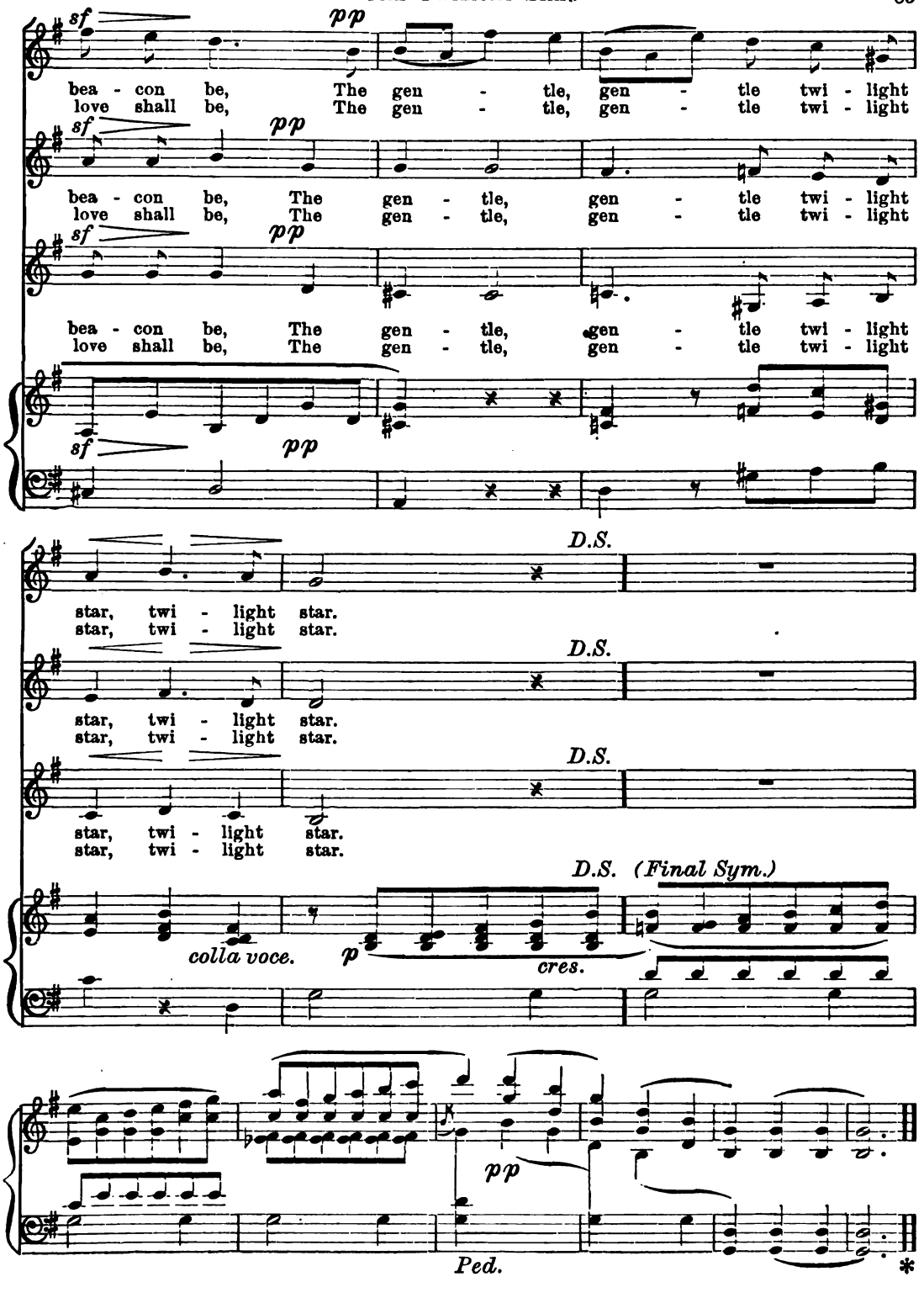
J. BARNBY.




pure, a pure and love - ly beam;..... And when a - gain its
neath, be - neath a cloud - less sky,..... Or when the storm - god
pure and love - ly beam; And when a - gain its
neath a cloud- less sky, Or when the storm - god
pure, a pure and love - ly beam; And when a - gain its
neath, be - neath a cloud - less sky, Or when the storm - god
light shall rest On wood, and mount, and stream,
rides the deep, And waves are leap - ing high:
p
light shall rest On wood, and mount, and stream, Far far a - way, to
rides the deep, And waves are leap - ing high: If shin-ing as a
light shall rest On wood, and mount, and stream,
rides the deep, And waves are leap - ing high:


p
Far, far.... a-way, a - way,
If as.... a cres - cent proud,
my sad gaze, As ra-diant it.... shall be,.....
cres-cent proud, A 'mid the blue.. rob'd night,..
p
And I will lin - ger
Or strug - gling thro' the
'neath its rays, And think it smiles on thee.
tem-pest cloud, In rays of quiv - 'ring light.
colla voce.


p
And oh! when o'er the bound - ing sea My
Still, still as o'er the bound - ing sea My
p
And oh! when o'er the bound - ing sea My
Still, still as o'er the bound - ing sea My
p
And oh! when o'er the bound - ing sea My
Still, still as o'er the bound - ing sea My
p
cres.
bark,.. my bark shall wan - der far,..... Let mem - 'ry's si - lent
bark,.. my bark shall wan - der far,..... The bea - con light of
cres.
bark.. shall wan - der far, Let mem - 'ry's si - lent
bark.. shall wan - der far, The bea - con light of
cres.
bark,.. my bark shall wan - der far, Let mem - 'ry's si - lent
bark,.. my bark shall wan - der far, The bea - con light of
cres.


sf
pp
bea - con be, The gen - tle, gen - tle twi - light
love shall be, The gen - tle, gen - tle twi - light
sf
pp
bea - con be, The gen - tle, gen - tle twi - light
love shall be, The gen - tle, gen - tle twi - light
sf
pp
bea - con be, The gen - tle, gen - tle twi - light
love shall be, The gen - tle, gen - tle twi - light
sf
pp
D.S.
star, twi - light star.
star, twi - light star.
D.S.
star, twi - light star.
star, twi - light star.
D.S.
star, twi - light star.
star, twi - light star.
D.S. (Final Sym.)
colla voce.
p
cres.
pp
Ped.
*

THE CHAPEL.

No. 39.

CONRADIN KREUTZER.

S. & A.

T. & B.

f

What ris - es fair on the dis - tant hill When the stars like gems the heav - ens fill? What ris - es fair on the dis - tant hill, When the dis - tant hill.....

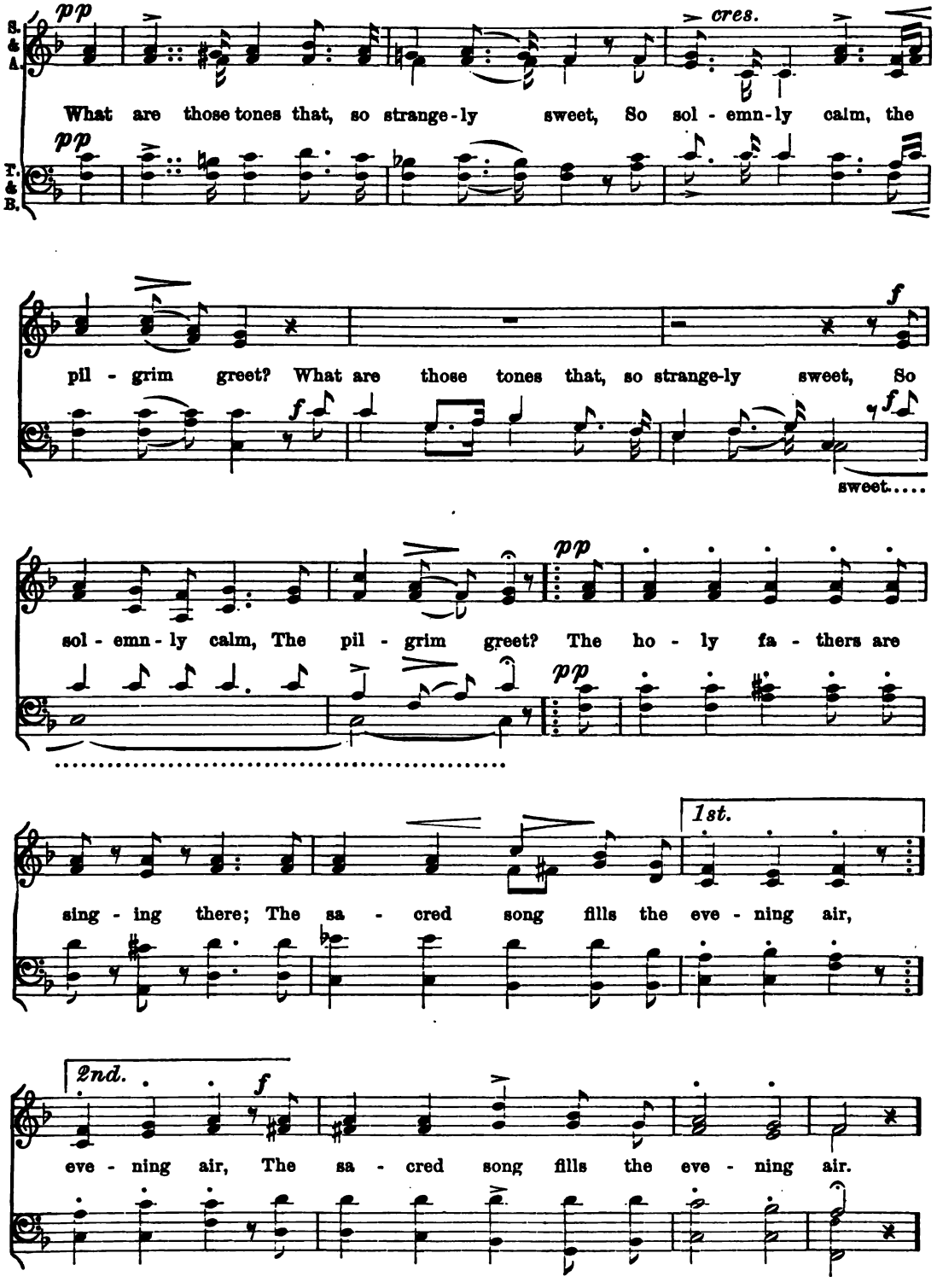
dim. *pp*

stars, like gems, the heav - ens fill? A chap - el there stands, so still and small, Whose al - tar is read - y to wel - come all.

1st.

2nd. *f*

wel - come all, Whose al - tar is read - y to wel - come all.


S. & A.
T. & B.
pp
cres.
What are those tones that, so strange-ly sweet, So sol - emn-ly calm, the
pil - grim greet? What are those tones that, so strange-ly sweet, So
f
sweet.....
sol - emn - ly calm, The pil - grim greet? The ho - ly fa - thers are
sing - ing there; The sa - cred song fills the eve - ning air,
1st.
2nd.
eve - ning air, The sa - cred song fills the eve - ning air.

S. & A.

T. & B.

f

What are the sounds that the zeph - yrs bear On pin - ions of light, thro'

earth and air? What are the sounds that the zeph - yrs bear On

bear?.....

pin - ions of light through earth and air? It is the bell which the

pp

pil - grims calls To per - fect rest in those sa - cred halls,

1st.

2nd.

sa - cred halls, To per - fect rest in those sa - cred halls.

No. 40.

Arranged from CONCONE'S "Mass in F."

Andantino.

p

S. & A.

O Lord most mer - ci-ful, we a - dore Thee; Hear our

T.

O Lord most mer - ci-ful, we a - dore Thee; Hear our

B.

O Lord most mer - ci-ful, we a - dore Thee; Hear.. our....

S. & A.

prayer, O Lord God of hosts. In Thy great mer - cy,

T.

prayer, O Lord God of hosts. In Thy great mer - cy,

B.

prayer, O Lord God of hosts. In Thy mer - cy,

dolce.

f *p*

tow'rds us draw nigh. Hear our prayer, O Lord most

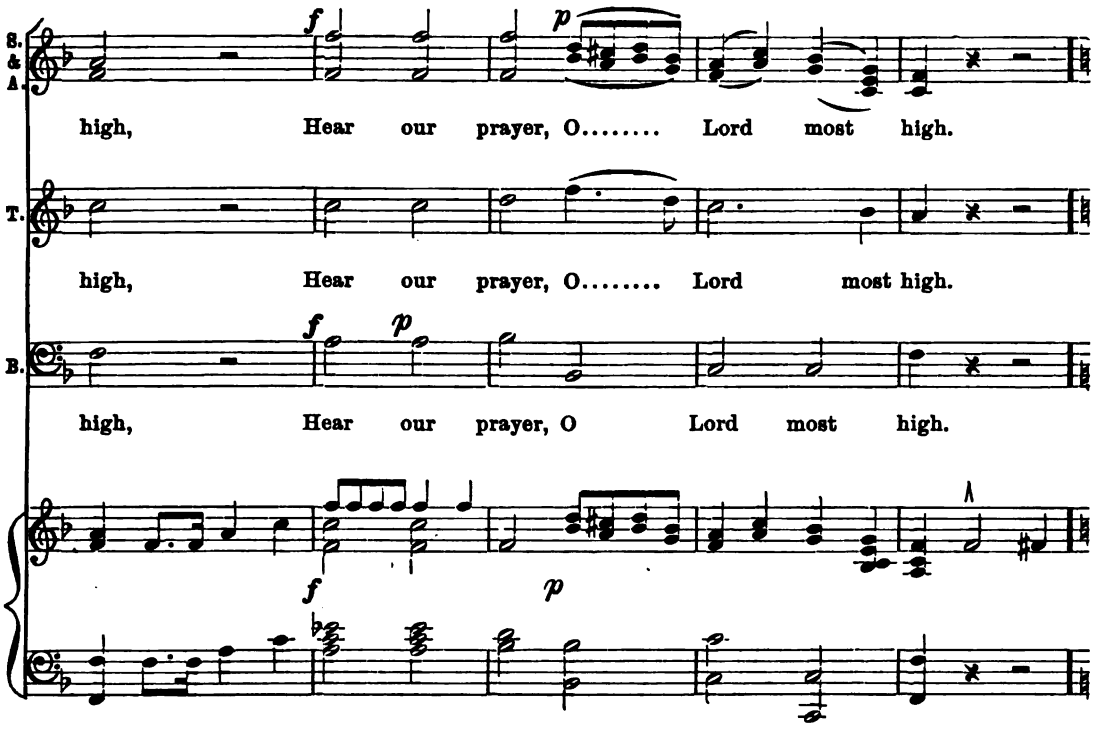
f *p*

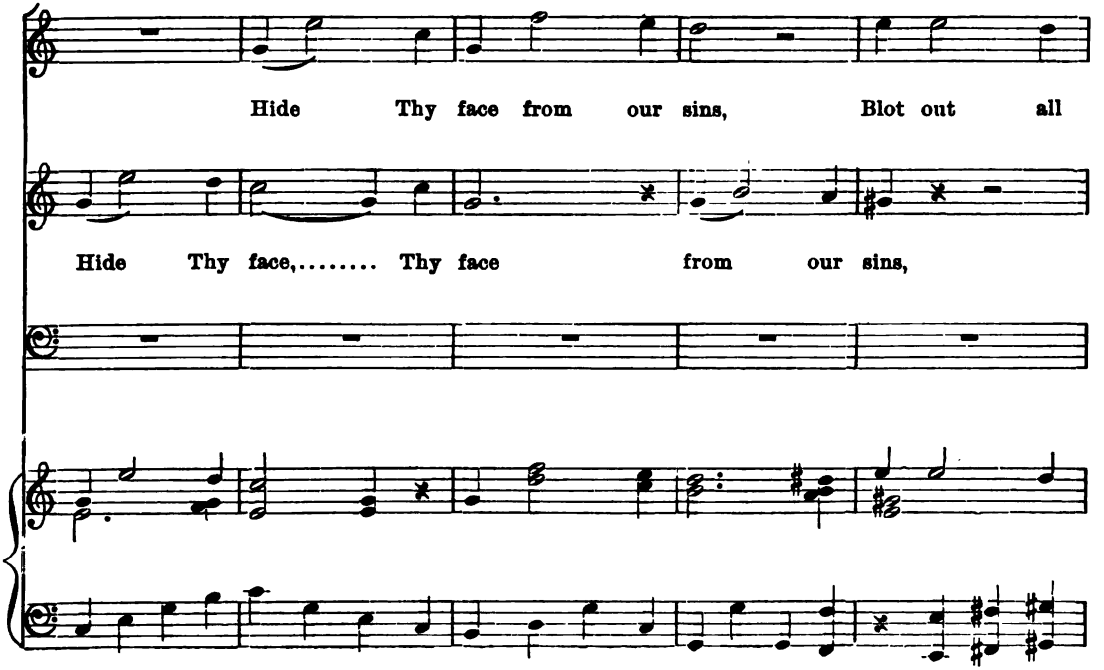
tow'rds us draw nigh. Hear our prayer, O Lord most

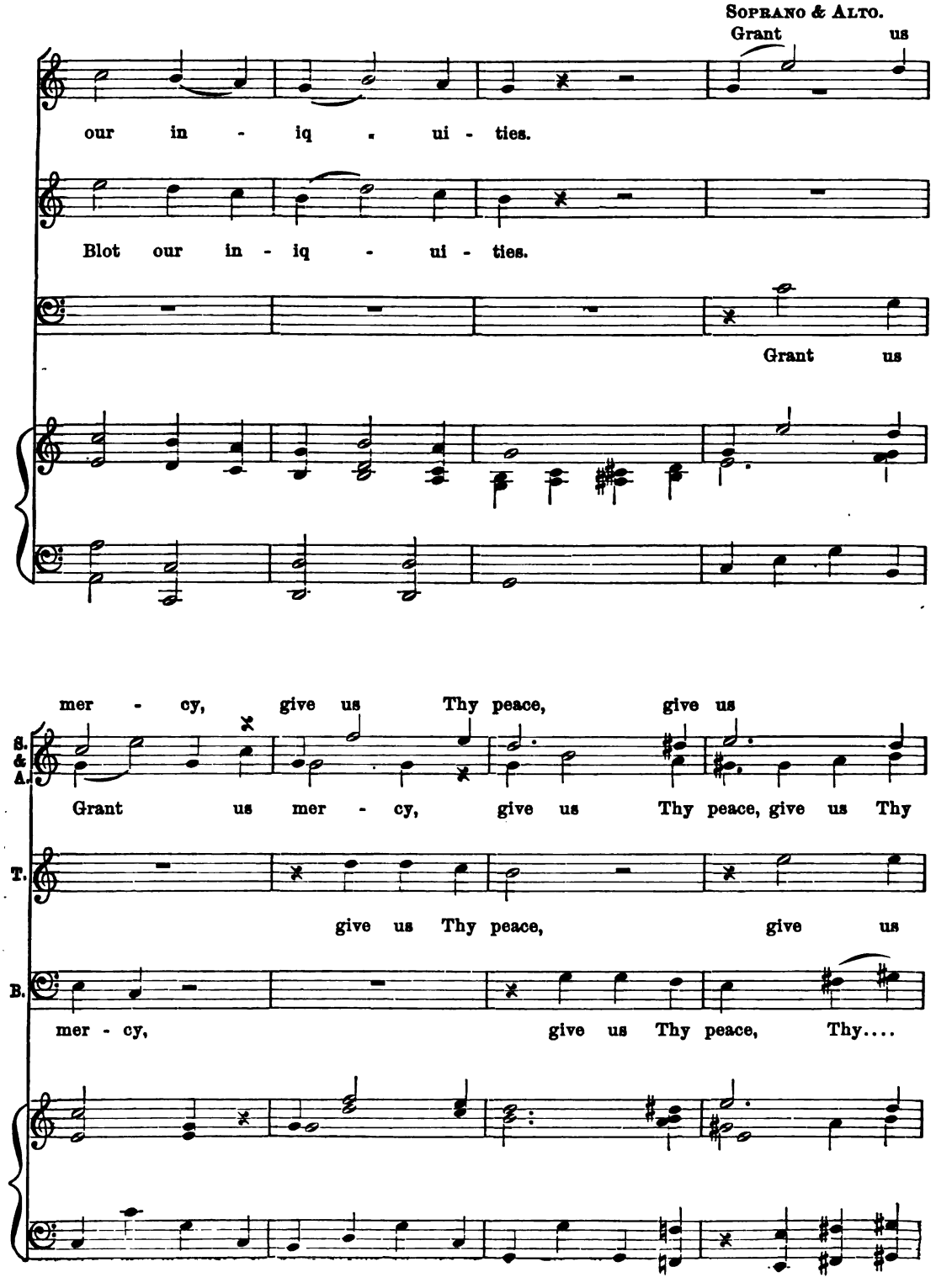
f *p*

draw.. Thou nigh. Hear our prayer, O Lord most

f *p dolce.*


S. & A.
high, Hear our prayer, O..... Lord most high.
T.
high, Hear our prayer, O..... Lord most high.
B.
high, Hear our prayer, O Lord most high.


Hide Thy face from our sins, Blot out all
Hide Thy face,..... Thy face from our sins,


SOPRANO & ALTO.
Grant us
our in - iq - ui - ties.
Blot our in - iq - ui - ties.
Grant us
mer - cy, give us Thy peace, give us
S. & A.
Grant us mer - cy, give us Thy peace, give us Thy
T.
give us Thy peace, give us
B.
mer - cy, give us Thy peace, Thy....

S. & A.

peace for ev - er - more.

T.

peace..... for ev - er - more.

B.

peace for.... ev - er - more.

p

Hear, we im - plore Thee, Hear, Lord, and save us; Hear our pe -

p

Hear us, and save us; hear us,

Hear us, and save us; hear us, and

S. & A.

ti - tion, O most high; In Thy great mer - cy,

T.

save us, O most..... high; In Thy great mer - cy,

B.

save us, O most high; In mer - cy, In

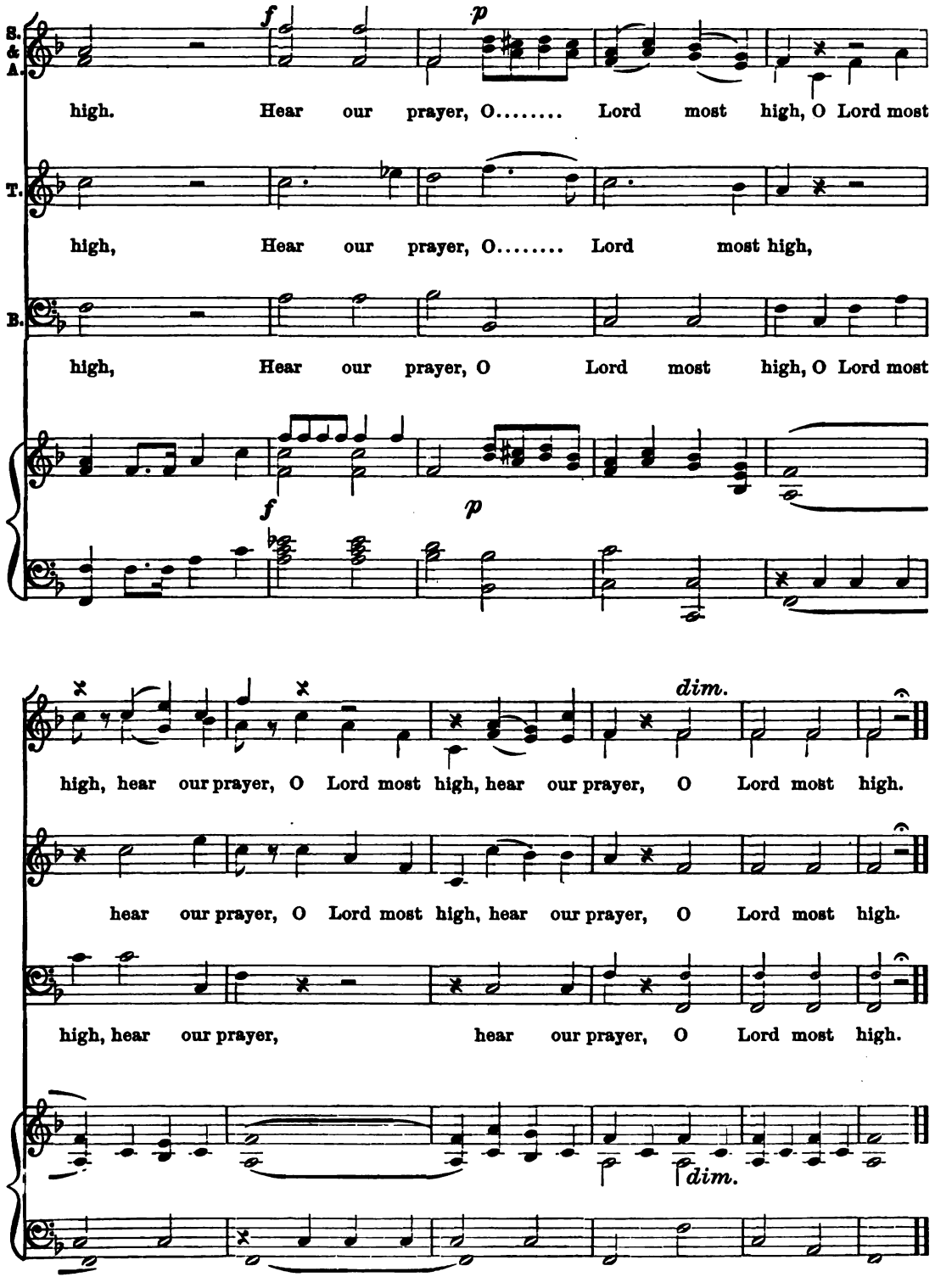
tow'rds us draw nigh. Hear our prayer, O Lord most

tow'rds us..... draw nigh. Hear our prayer, O Lord most

mer - cy tow'rds us draw nigh. Hear our prayer, O Lord most

p

f *p*


S. & A.
f
p
high. Hear our prayer, O..... Lord most high, O Lord most
T.
high, Hear our prayer, O..... Lord most high,
B.
high, Hear our prayer, O Lord most high, O Lord most
f
p
dim.
high, hear our prayer, O Lord most high, hear our prayer, O Lord most high.
hear our prayer, O Lord most high, hear our prayer, O Lord most high.
high, hear our prayer, hear our prayer, O Lord most high.
dim.

FAIR LUNA.

No. 41.

EDWIN RANSFORD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

S. 1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her
2. The night - in - gale is sing - ing Her

Con moto. *mf* *cres.* *dim.*

S. & A. *pp*

1. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the
2. The night - in - gale is sing - ing Her plain - tive eve - ning

T. & B.

beams up - on the sea,.....
plain - tive eve - ning song,.....

cres. *dim.* *f* *cres.* *p*

sea,..... the sea,..... And spreading sil - v'ry lus - tre O'er
song,..... her song,..... Whose war-blings now come wing - ing The

B. up - on the sea,
her plain - tive song,

f *mf*

moun - tain, grove, and lea,..... O'er moun - tain, grove, and lea; Then
gen - tle breeze a - long,..... The gen - tle breeze a - long; The

O'er moun - tain, grove, and lea;
The gen - tle breeze a - long;

dim. *p*

come, let us be stray - ing, While all a - round is bright, And
balm - y air is lad - en With per - fume from the brier, Then

S. & A.

breathe out notes of pleas - ure, To hail the queen of
with such charms in - vit - ing, We'll tune the gold - en

T. & B.

s. To hail..... the queen..... of
We'll tune..... the gold - - - en

cres - - - cen - - do.

night, To hail the queen of night, To hail the queen of
lyre, We'll tune the gold - en lyre, We'll tune the gold - en

B. To hail the queen of
We'll tune the gold - en

night..... .....
lyre..... Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her

f *pp* *mf* *cres.* *dim.*

night. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the
lyre. Fair Lu - na forth is shed - ding Her beams up - on the

beams up - on the sea,..... lus - tre

cres. *dim.* *f* *cres.* *dim.*

sea,..... the sea,..... And spreading sil - v'ry lus - tre O'er

B. up - on the sea,

f *rall.*

moun - tain, grove, and lea, O'er moun - tain, grove, and lea.....

No. 42. O Isis and Osiris.

From the "Magic Flute."
W. A. Mozart.

Adagio.

O I - sis and O - si - ris, lead ye in wis - dom's path this faith - ful pair!

Your blest pro - tec - tion now con - cede ye, Strengthen their hearts when dan - ger's near, Strengthen their hearts when dan - ger's

near. Grant that they brave - ly bear the tri - al, And to their

prayr's give not de - ni - al But have ye fat - ed they shall suc -

cumb, Oh, grant them life be - yond the tomb, Oh, grant them

life be - yond the tomb.

No. 43.

Boat Song.

Edward Oxenford. Frederic H. Cowen.

Andantino.

S & A.

p

1. Row, row, gen - tly row, On the wa - ter's sil - v'ry flow!
2. Row, row, gen - tly row, Blithe - ly sing - ing as we go;

T. & B.

p

Tim - ing all your blend - ing oars, As ye pass the smil - ing shores!
Ech - oes all re - peat your song, As ye urge the boat a - long!

poco cres. *dim.*

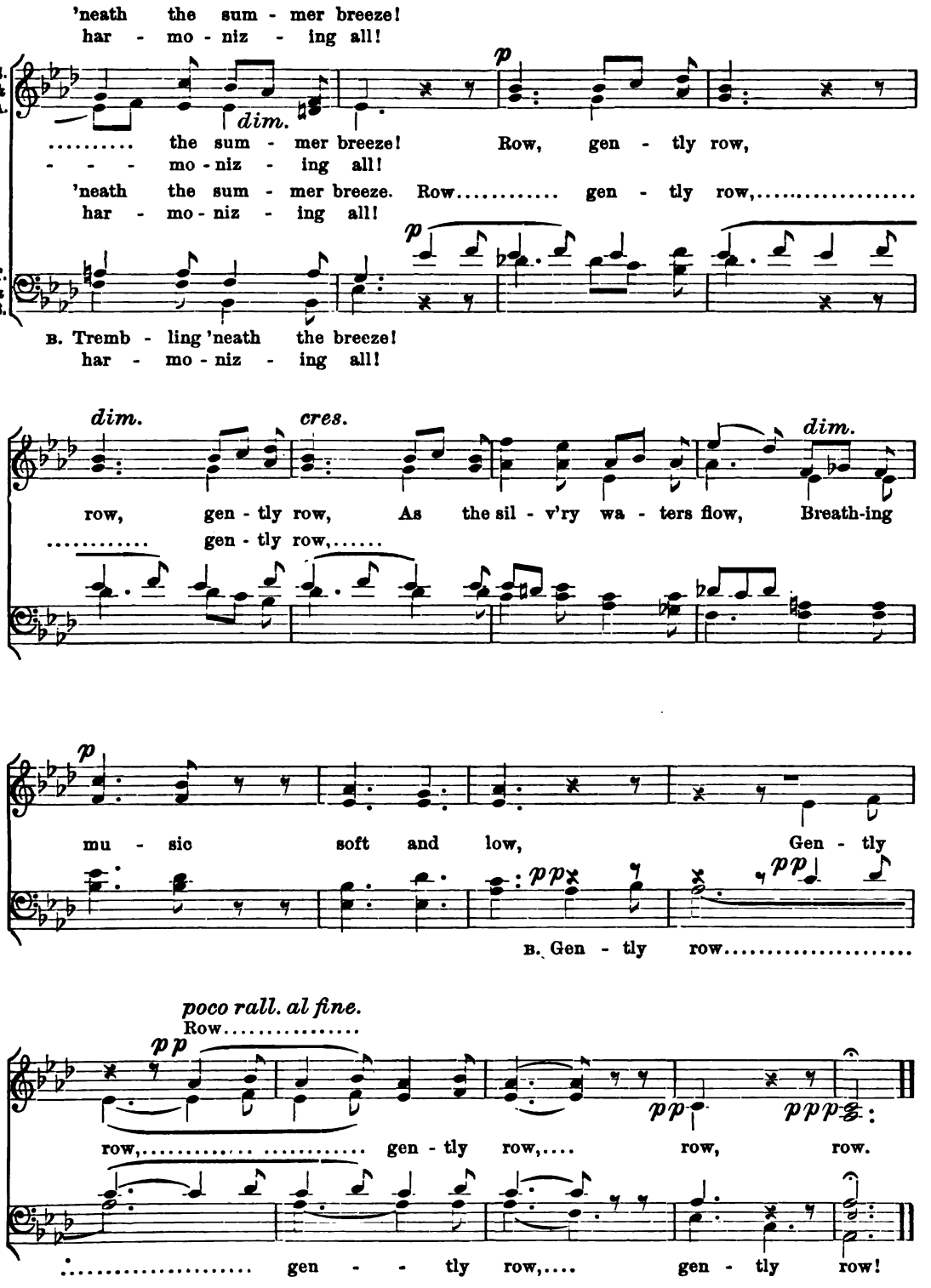
One by one new beau - ties rise, Charm - ing all your hearts and eyes,
Wa - ter - lil - ies, white and gold, Blos - som that ye may be - hold!

cres. *mf*

S. Tremb - - - - ling
Sweet - - - - - ly

Flow - 'rets fair and state - ly trees, Trem - bling 'neath
Rip - pling wave - lets rise and fall, Sweet - ly har -

T. state - - - - - ly trees,..... Trem - bling
rise..... and fall,..... Sweet - ly


'neath the sum - mer breeze!
har - mo - niz - ing all!
S. & A.
dim.
p
..... the sum - mer breeze! Row, gen - tly row,
- - - mo - niz - ing all!
'neath the sum - mer breeze. Row..... gen - tly row,.....
har - mo - niz - ing all!
T. & B.
B. Tremb - ling 'neath the breeze!
har - mo - niz - ing all!
dim.
cres.
dim.
row, gen - tly row, As the sil - v'ry wa - ters flow, Breath-ing
..... gen - tly row,.....
p
mu - sic soft and low, Gen - tly
pp
pp
B. Gen - tly row.....
poco rall. al fine.
Row.....
pp
pp
ppp
row,..... ..... gen - tly row,.... row, row.
..... gen - - tly row,.... gen - tly row!

No. 44. Death and the Youth.

Fr. Schubert. Op. 7. No. 3.

Moderato.

pp

The Youth.

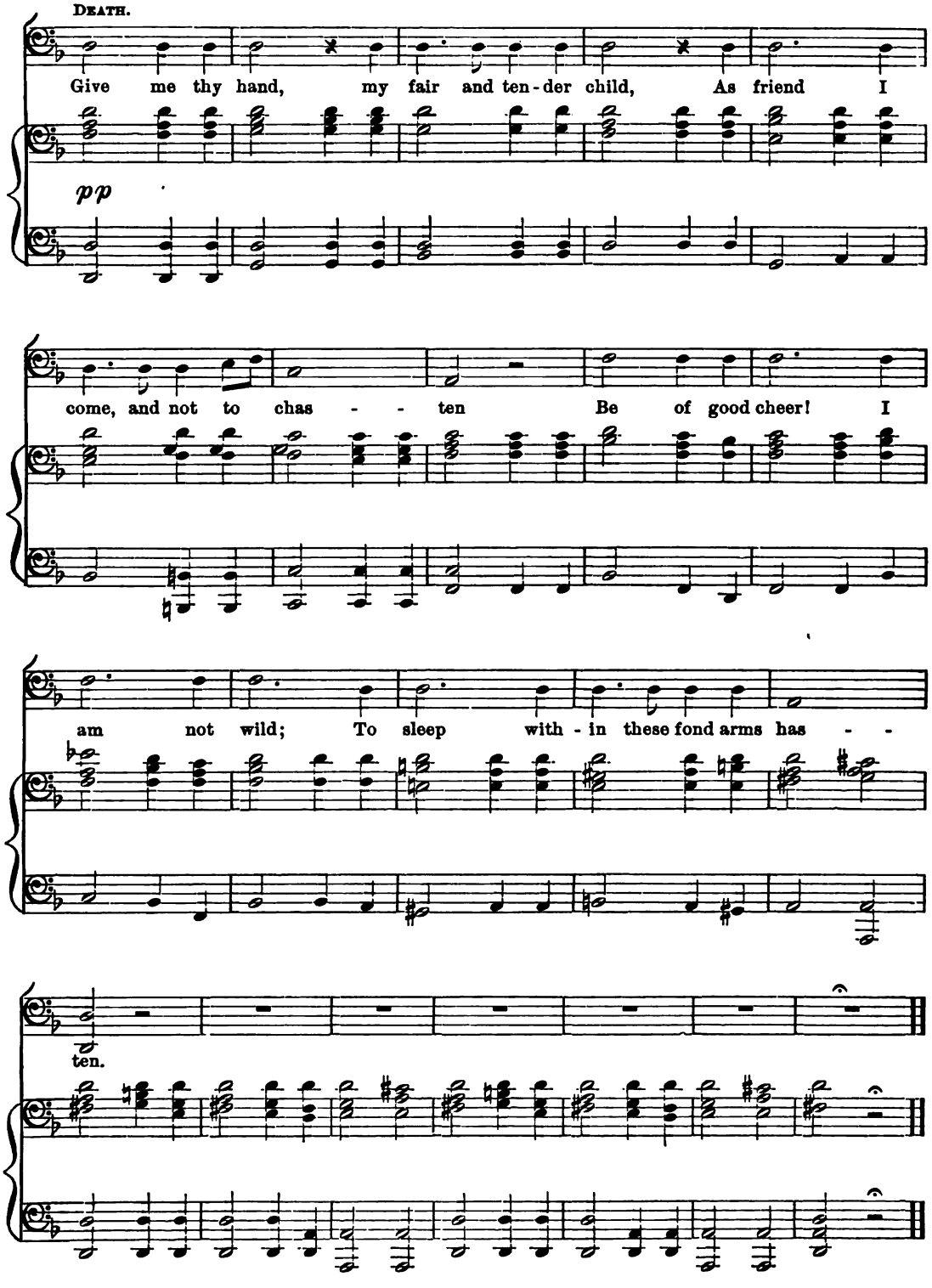
Pass on - ward, Oh, pass on - ward, Wild man with skin - less

p

bone! I'm but a youth, a-way then, And

leave the young a - lone, And leave the young a - lone.

pp


DEATH.
Give me thy hand, my fair and ten-der child, As friend I
pp
come, and not to chas - - ten Be of good cheer! I
am not wild; To sleep with - in these fond arms has - -
ten.

SONG OF THE VIKINGS.

No. 45.

Words by GIBNEY. FANING. Arr. by H. G.

1ST SOPRANO.

♩. = 100. *ff*

1. The wind... is blow - ing from
2. We've left.... our wives and our

2ND SOPRANO.

3. Our oars... we bend with a

ALTO.

1. The wind.... is blow - ing from
2. We've left... our wives and our

BASS.

ff

off the shore, And our sail has felt its force; . . . For our
sweet - hearts fair On the green - en - cir - cled strand, . . . To en -

right good will, And all sor - row leave be - hind; . . . . As the

off the shore, And our sail has felt its force; . . . . For our
sweet - hearts fair On the green - en - cir - cled strand, . . . To en -

bark . . . bounds forth o'er the crest - ed waves, As a wild and res - tive
- treat . . . the gods to watch o'er their lives, And to bring them back to

white - wing'd gulls which a - round us skim, We are rac - ing with the

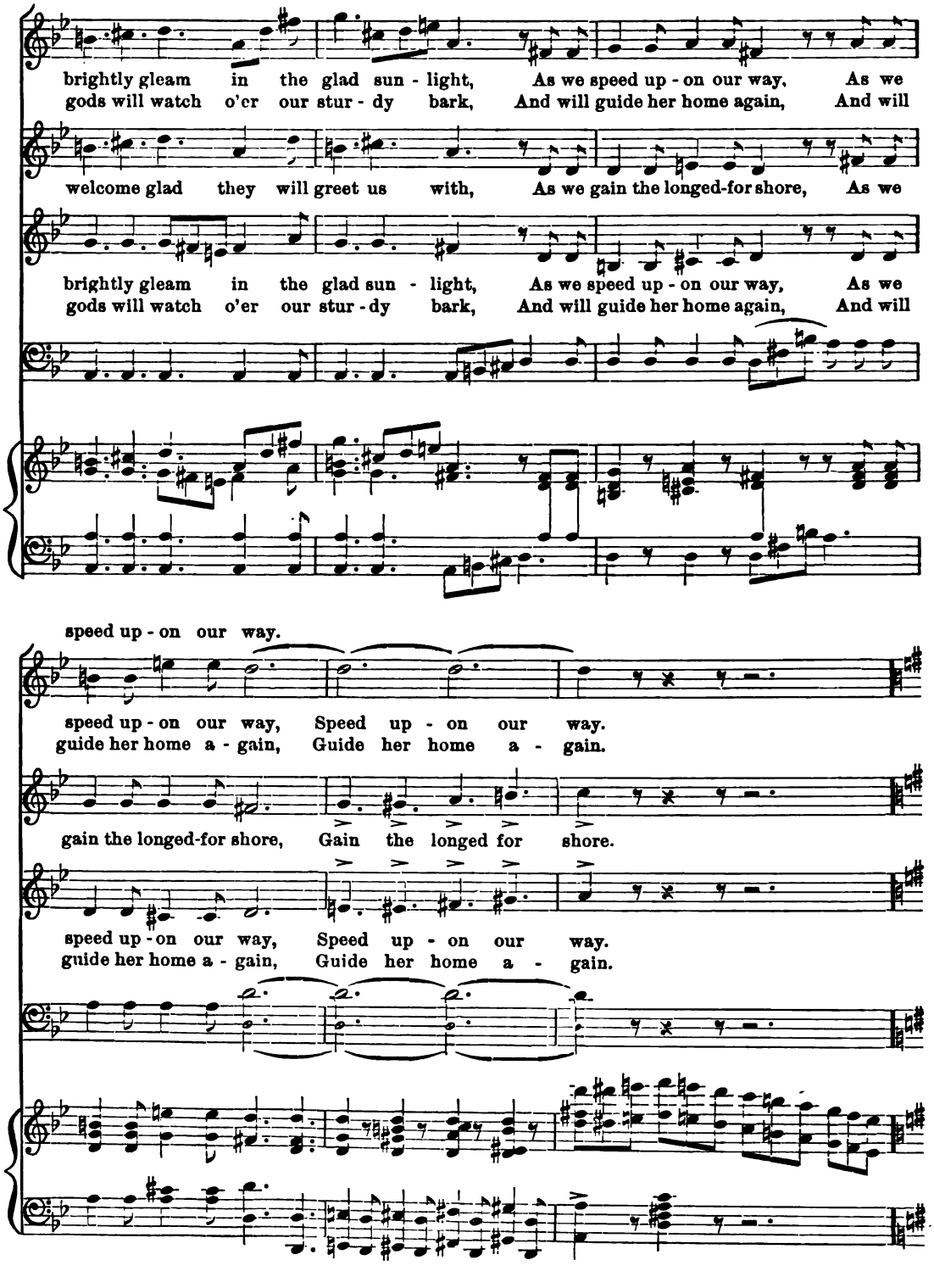
bark . . . bounds forth o'er the crest - ed waves, As a wild and res - tive
- treat . . . the gods to watch o'er their lives, And to bring them back to

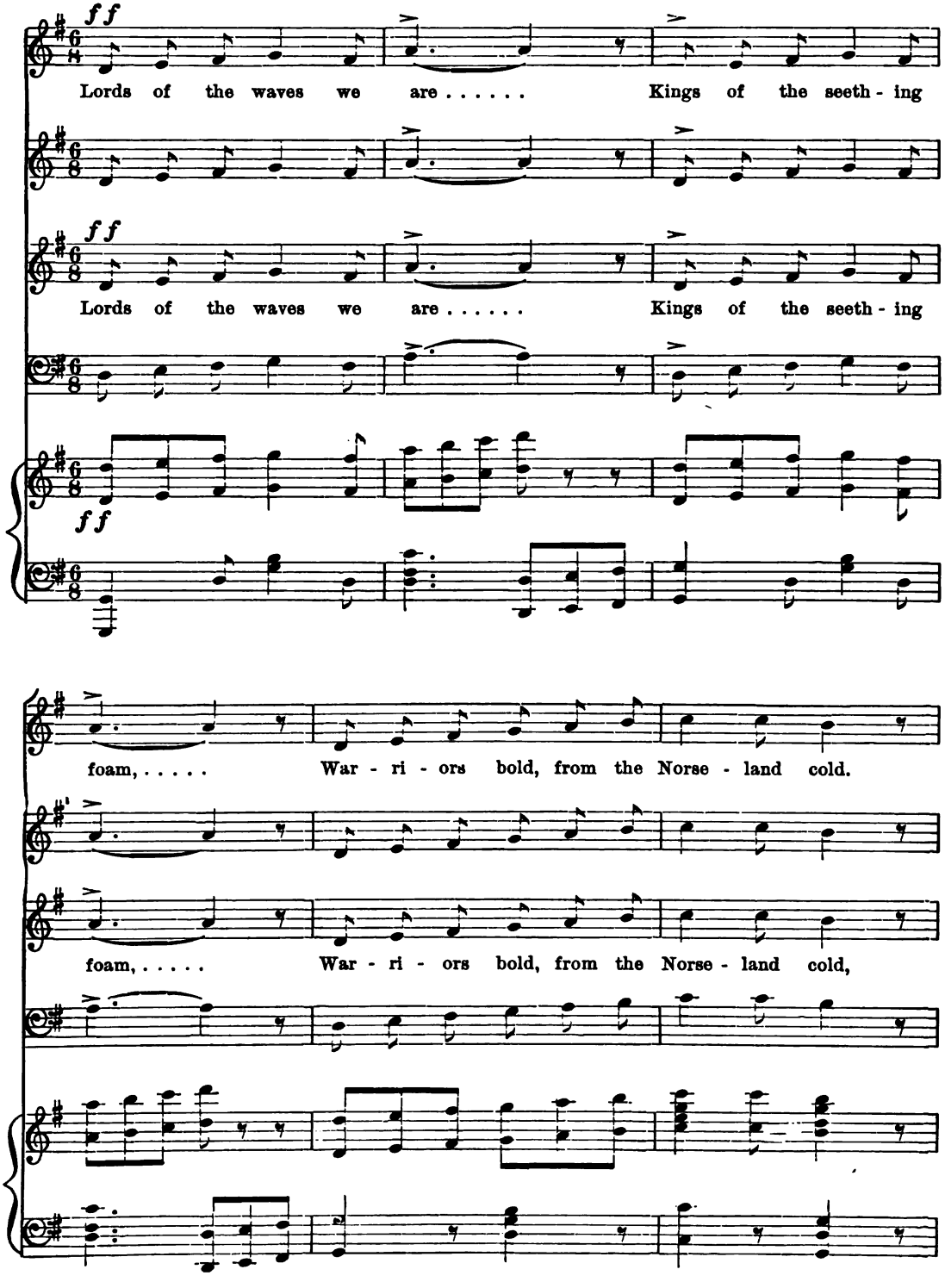
p

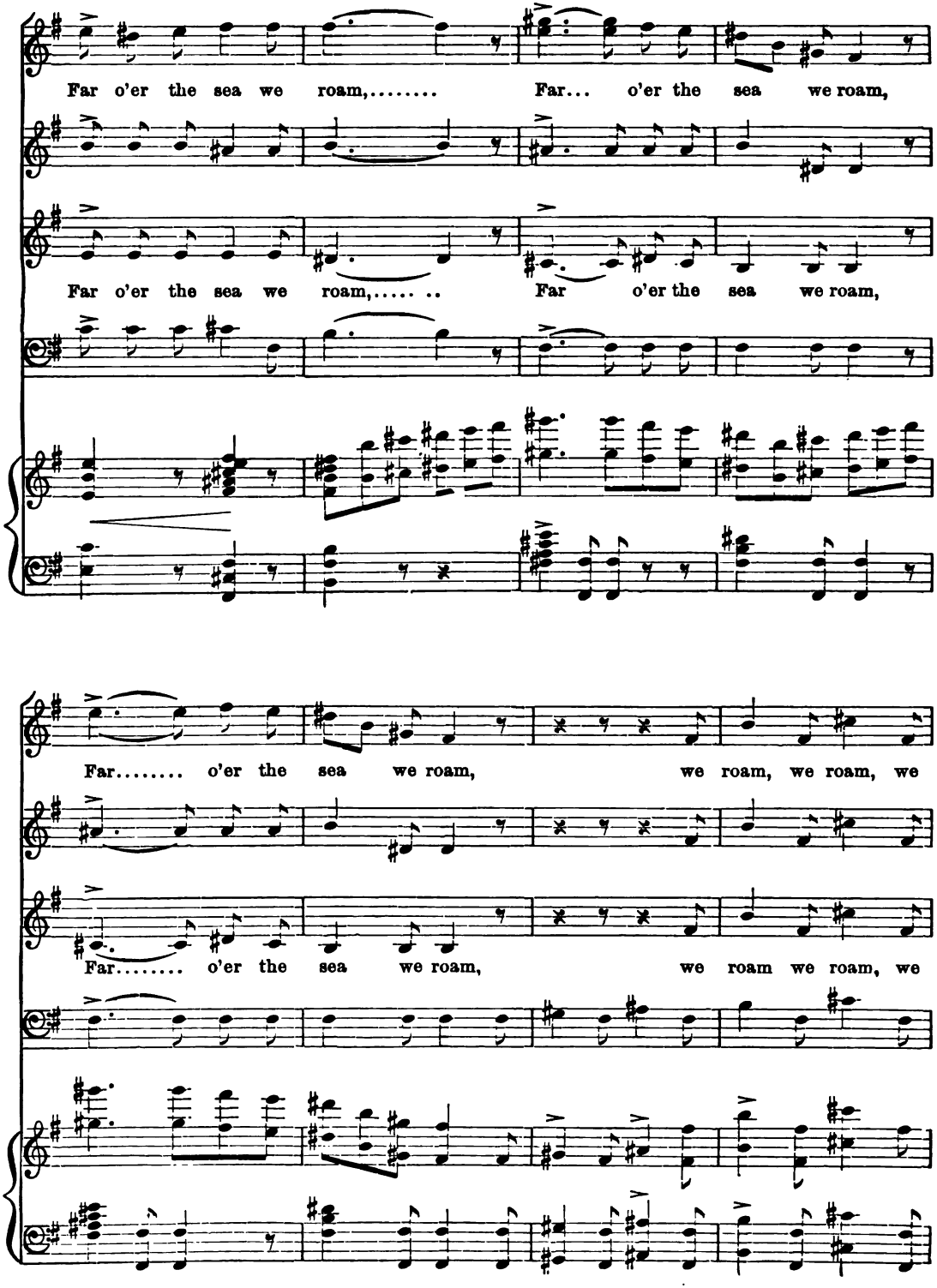
horse, ... Our sharp prow cleaves the billows, And breaks them into spray, And they
land, ... Each day they'll pray to heav- en, Nor will they pray in vain, For the

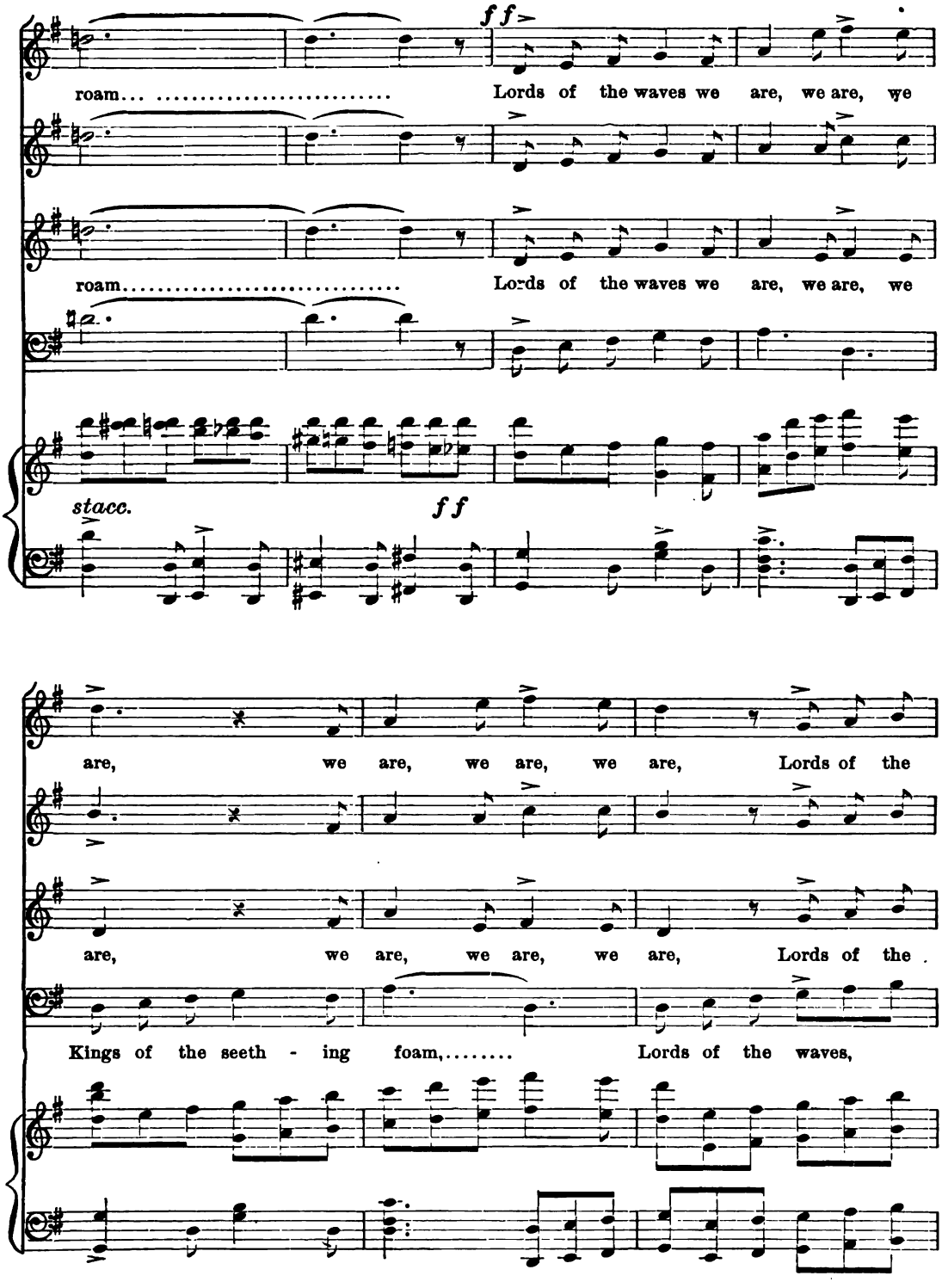
land, ... And when our foes are vanquished, And we return once more, Oh, the

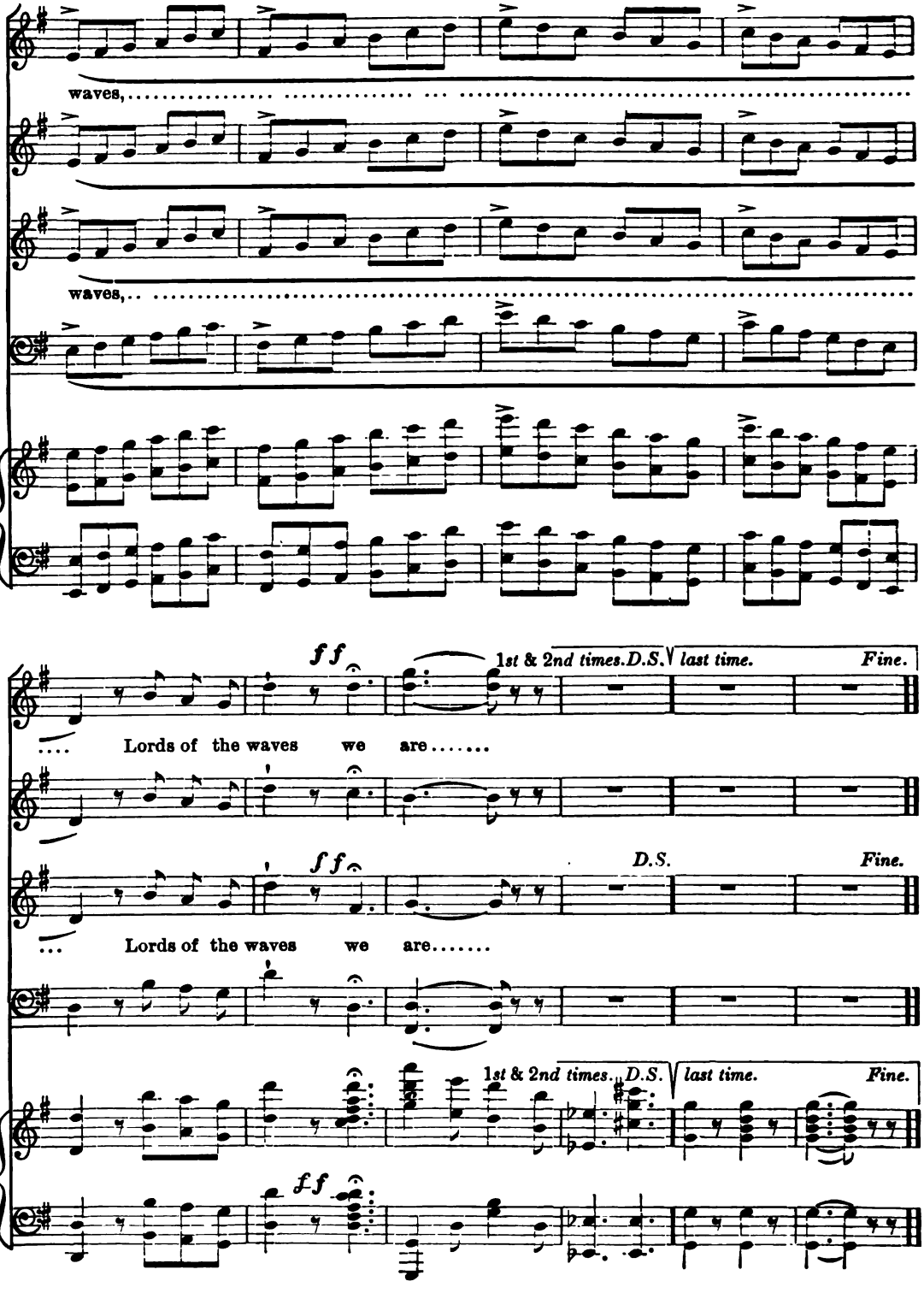
horse, ... Our sharp prow cleaves the billows, And breaks them into spray, And they
land, ... Each day they'll pray to heav- en, Nor will they pray in vain, For the


brightly gleam in the glad sun - light, As we speed up - on our way, As we
gods will watch o'er our stur - dy bark, And will guide her home again, And will
welcome glad they will greet us with, As we gain the longed-for shore, As we
brightly gleam in the glad sun - light, As we speed up - on our way, As we
gods will watch o'er our stur - dy bark, And will guide her home again, And will
speed up - on our way.
speed up - on our way, Speed up - on our way.
guide her home a - gain, Guide her home a - gain.
gain the longed-for shore, Gain the longed for shore.
speed up - on our way, Speed up - on our way.
guide her home a - gain, Guide her home a - gain.


ff
Lords of the waves we are . . . . . Kings of the seeth - ing
ff
Lords of the waves we are . . . . . Kings of the seeth - ing
ff
foam, ... War - ri - ors bold, from the Norse - land cold.
foam, ... War - ri - ors bold, from the Norse - land cold,


Far o'er the sea we roam,..... Far... o'er the sea we roam,
Far o'er the sea we roam,..... .. Far o'er the sea we roam,
Far..... o'er the sea we roam, we roam, we roam, we
Far..... o'er the sea we roam, we roam we roam, we

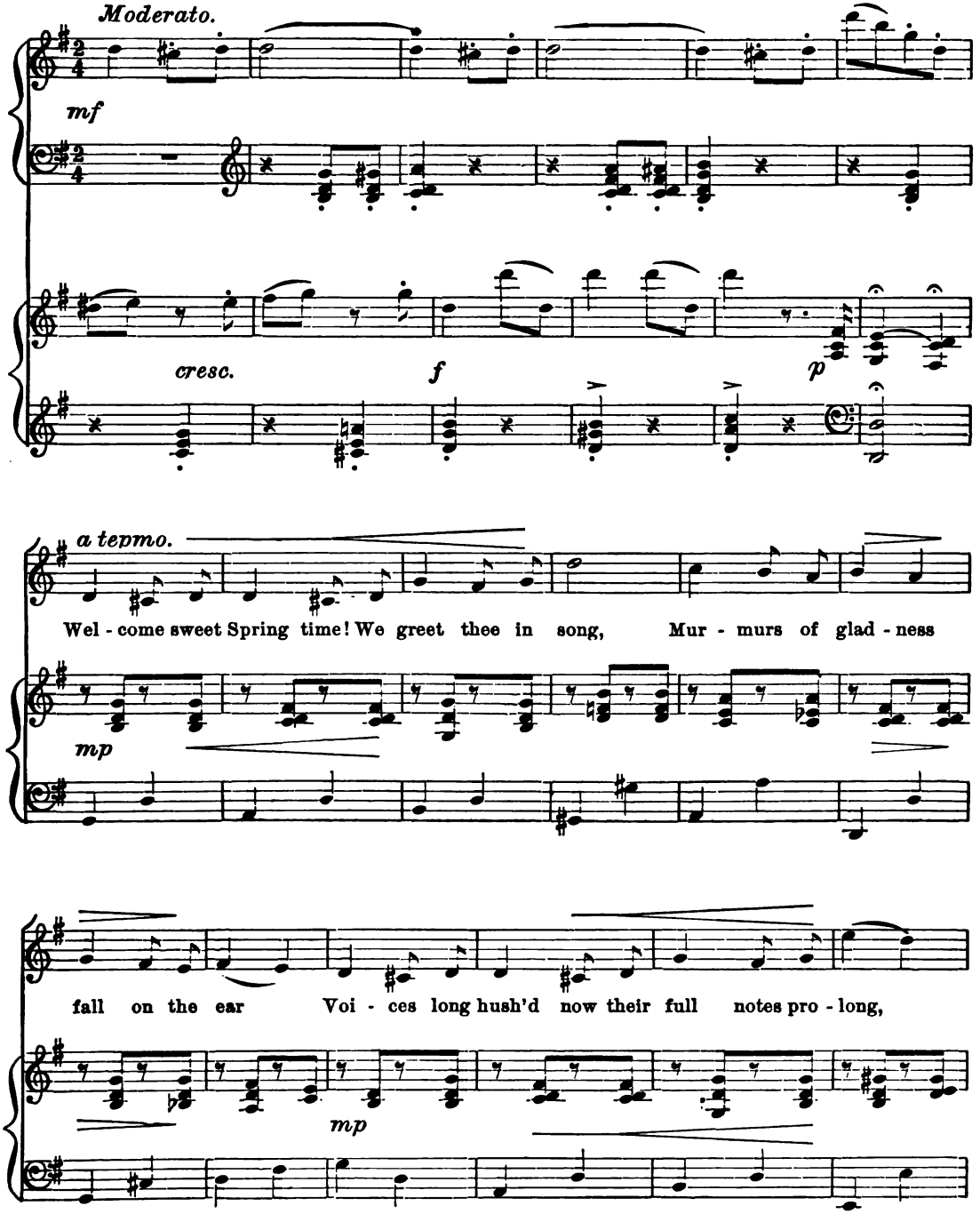

ff
roam... ..... Lords of the waves we are, we are, we
roam..... Lords of the waves we are, we are, we
stacc.
ff
are, we are, we are, we are, Lords of the
are, we are, we are, we are, Lords of the
Kings of the seeth - ing foam,..... Lords of the waves,


waves,
waves,
ff
1st & 2nd times. D.S. last time.
Fine.
Lords of the waves we are.....
ff
D.S.
Fine.
Lords of the waves we are.....
1st & 2nd times. D.S. last time.
Fine.
ff

No. 46.

SOPRANOS IN UNISON.

From melody in F by A. RUBINSTEIN.
Arr. by MICHAEL WATSON.



poco rit. *p*

Ech - o - ing far and near, Sun - shine now wakes all the

a tempo.

poco rit. *p* *delicato.*

flow - 'rets from sleep, Joy - giv-ing in - cense floats on the air,....

rit.

rit.

a tempo. *cresc.* *poco rit.*

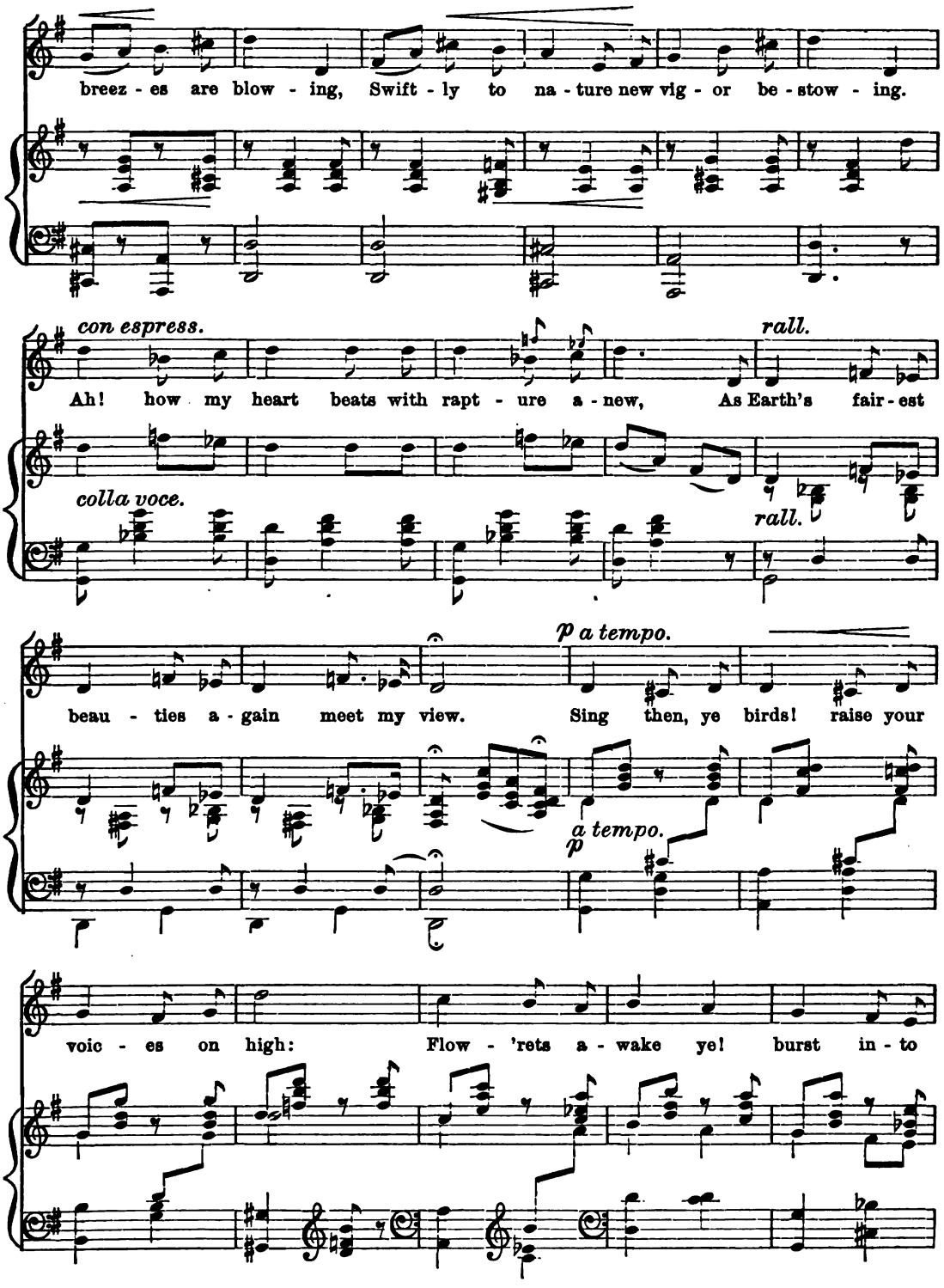
Snow - drop and prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep,..... Hail - ing the

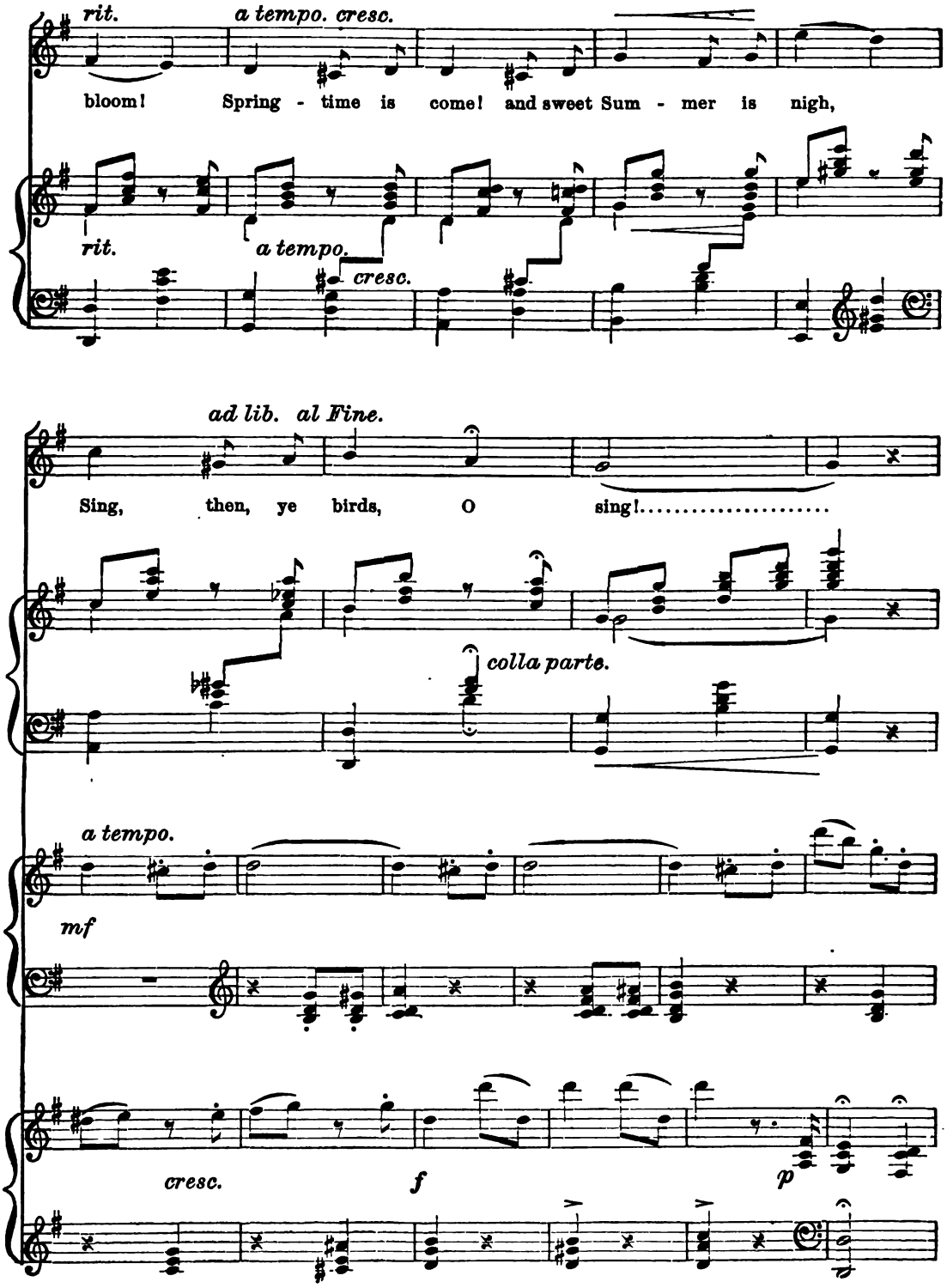
a tempo. *cresc.* *colla voce.*

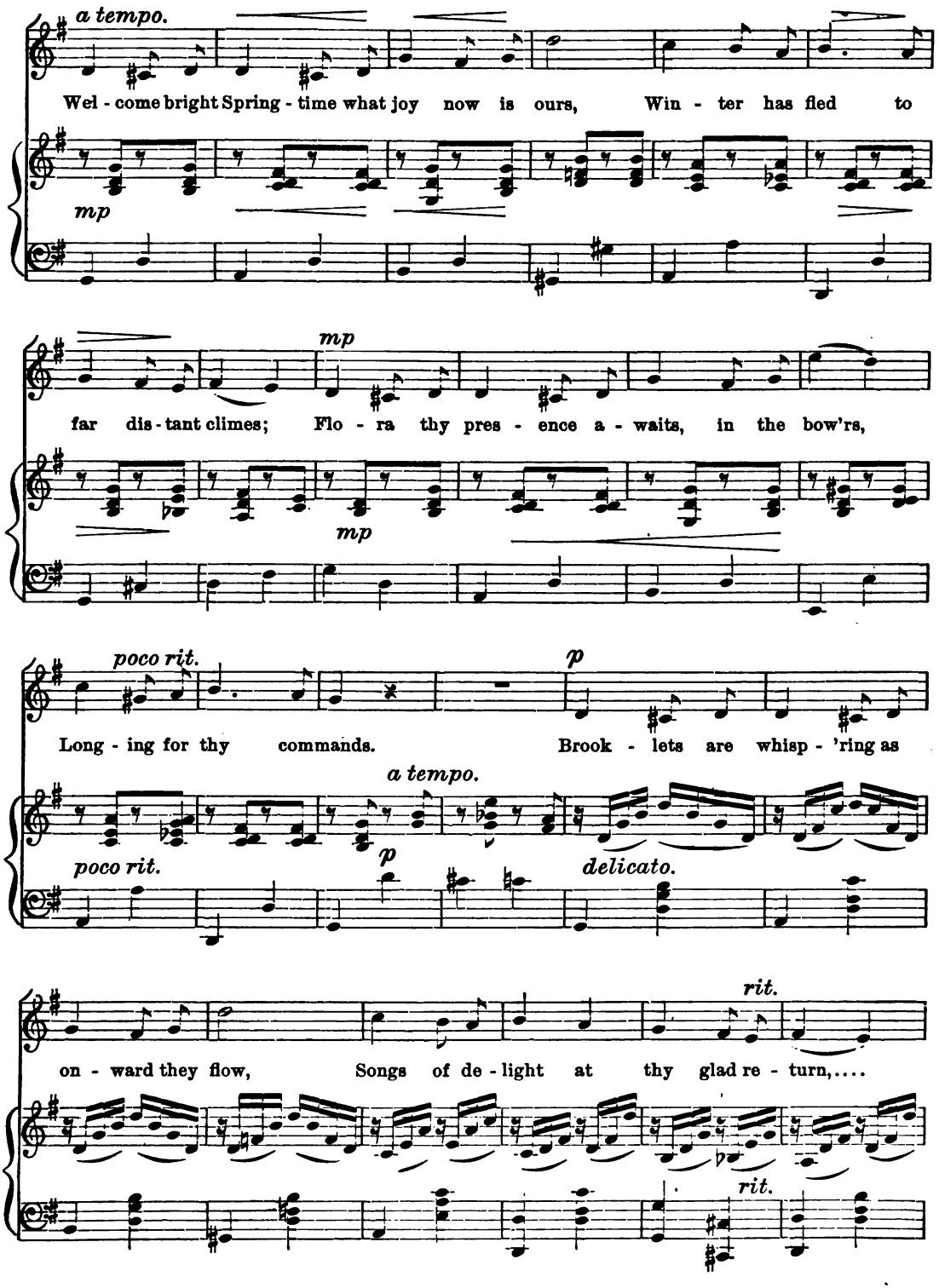
p a tempo.

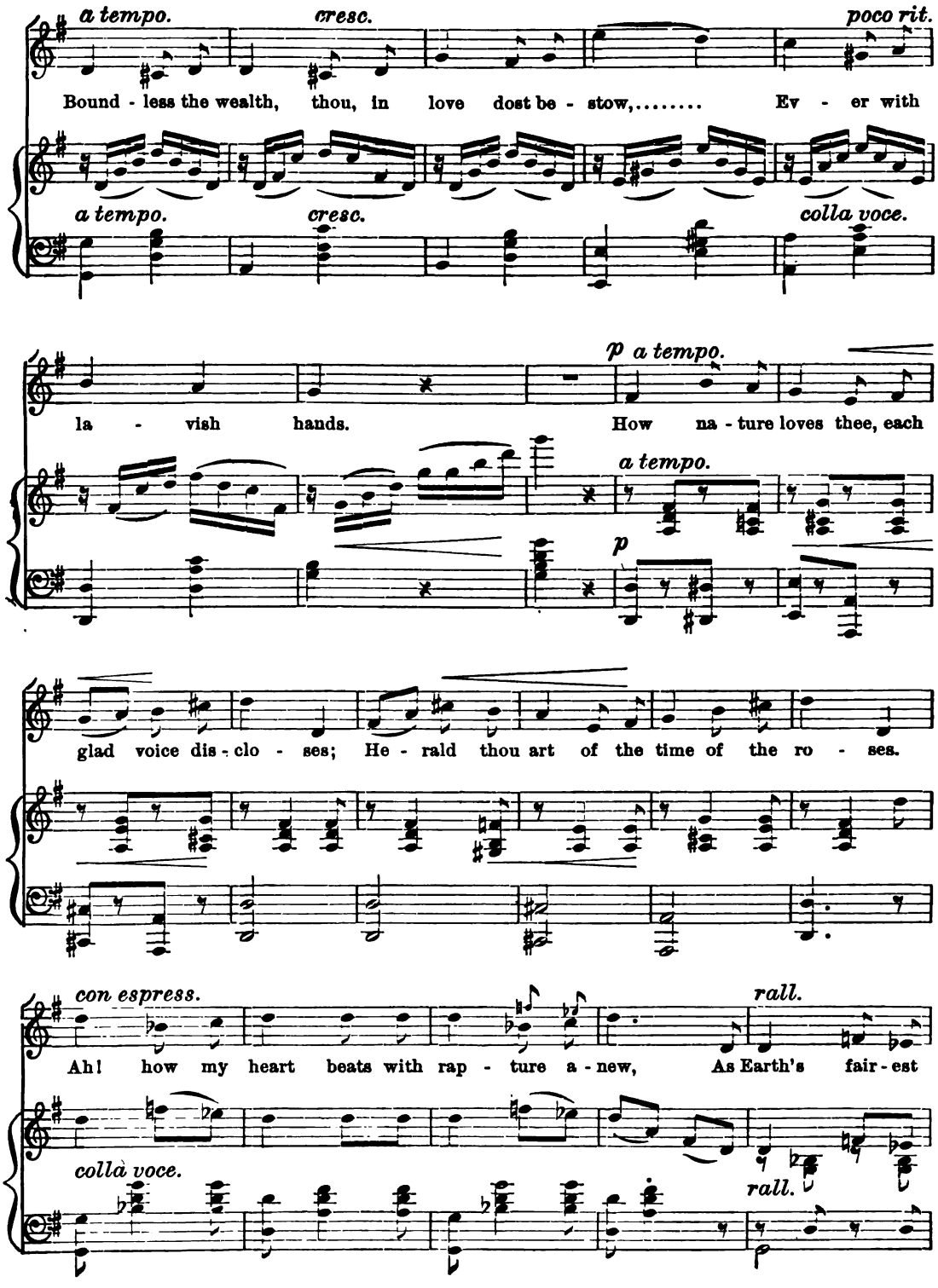
glad new year Balm - y and life - breathing

a tempo. *p*


breez - es are blow - ing, Swift - ly to na - ture new vig - or be - stow - ing.
con espress.
rall.
Ah! how my heart beats with rapt - ure a - new, As Earth's fair - est
colla voce.
rall.
p a tempo.
beau - ties a - gain meet my view. Sing then, ye birds! raise your
a tempo.
p
voic - es on high: Flow - 'rets a - wake ye! burst in - to


rit.
a tempo. cresc.
bloom! Spring - time is come! and sweet Sum - mer is nigh,
rit.
a tempo.
cresc.
ad lib. al Fine.
Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!.....
colla parte.
a tempo.
mf
cresc.
f
p


a tempo.
Wel - come bright Spring - time what joy now is ours, Win - ter has fled to
mp
far dis - tant climes; Flo - ra thy pres - ence a - waits, in the bow'rs,
mp
mp
poco rit.
p
Long - ing for thy commands. Brook - lets are whisp - 'ring as
a tempo.
poco rit.
p
delicato.
rit.
on - ward they flow, Songs of de - light at thy glad re - turn,....
rit.


a tempo.
cresc.
poco rit.
Bound - less the wealth, thou, in love dost be - stow,..... Ev - er with
a tempo.
cresc.
colla voce.
la - vish hands. How na - ture loves thee, each
p a tempo.
a tempo.
p
glad voice dis - clo - ses; He - rald thou art of the time of the ro - ses.
con espress.
rall.
Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a - new, As Earth's fair - est
colla voce.
rall.

a tempo.

beau - ties a - gain meet my view. Sing then, ye birds! raise your

a tempo.

voic - es on high. Flow - 'rets a - wake ye! burst in - to

rit. *a tempo.* *cresc.*

bloom! Spring - time is come! and sweet Sum - mer is nigh.....

rit. *a tempo.* *cresc.*

ad lib. *al Fine.*

Sing, then ye birds O sing!.....

colla parte.

As Pants the Hart.

No. 47.

ANTHEM FOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

Solo. From Spohr's "Crucifixion."

Andan.

As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the

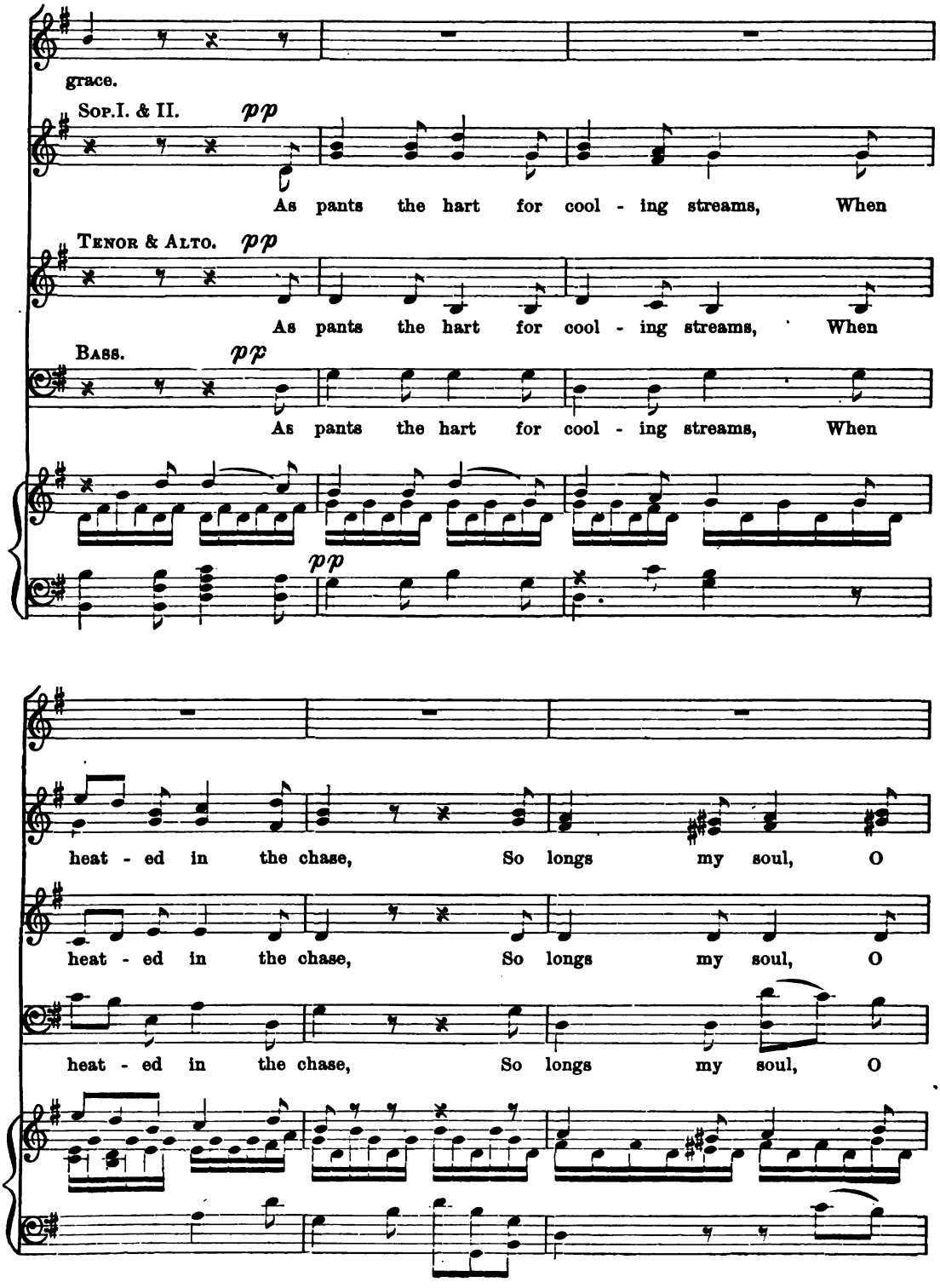
p

chase, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And

cres. *p*

cres. *p*

Thy re - fresh - ing grace, And Thy re - fresh - ing


grace.
Sop. I. & II.
pp
As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When
Tenor & Alto.
pp
As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When
Bass.
pp
As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When
pp
heat - ed in the chase, So longs my soul, O
heat - ed in the chase, So longs my soul, O
heat - ed in the chase, So longs my soul, O

So longs my soul for Thee,

cres. *p*

God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace, O

cres. *p*

God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace. O

cres. *p*

God, for Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace, O

cres. *p*

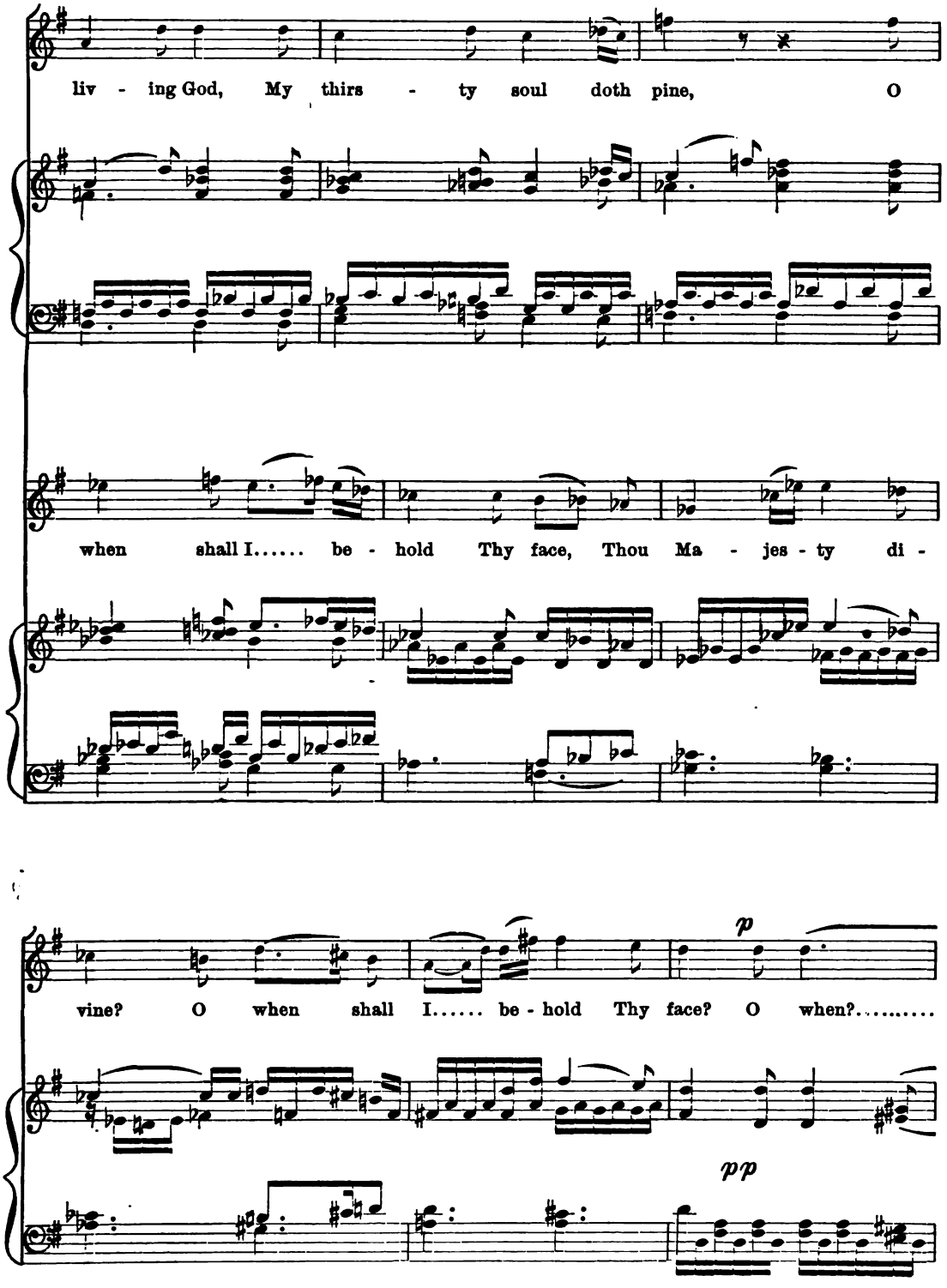
SOLO.

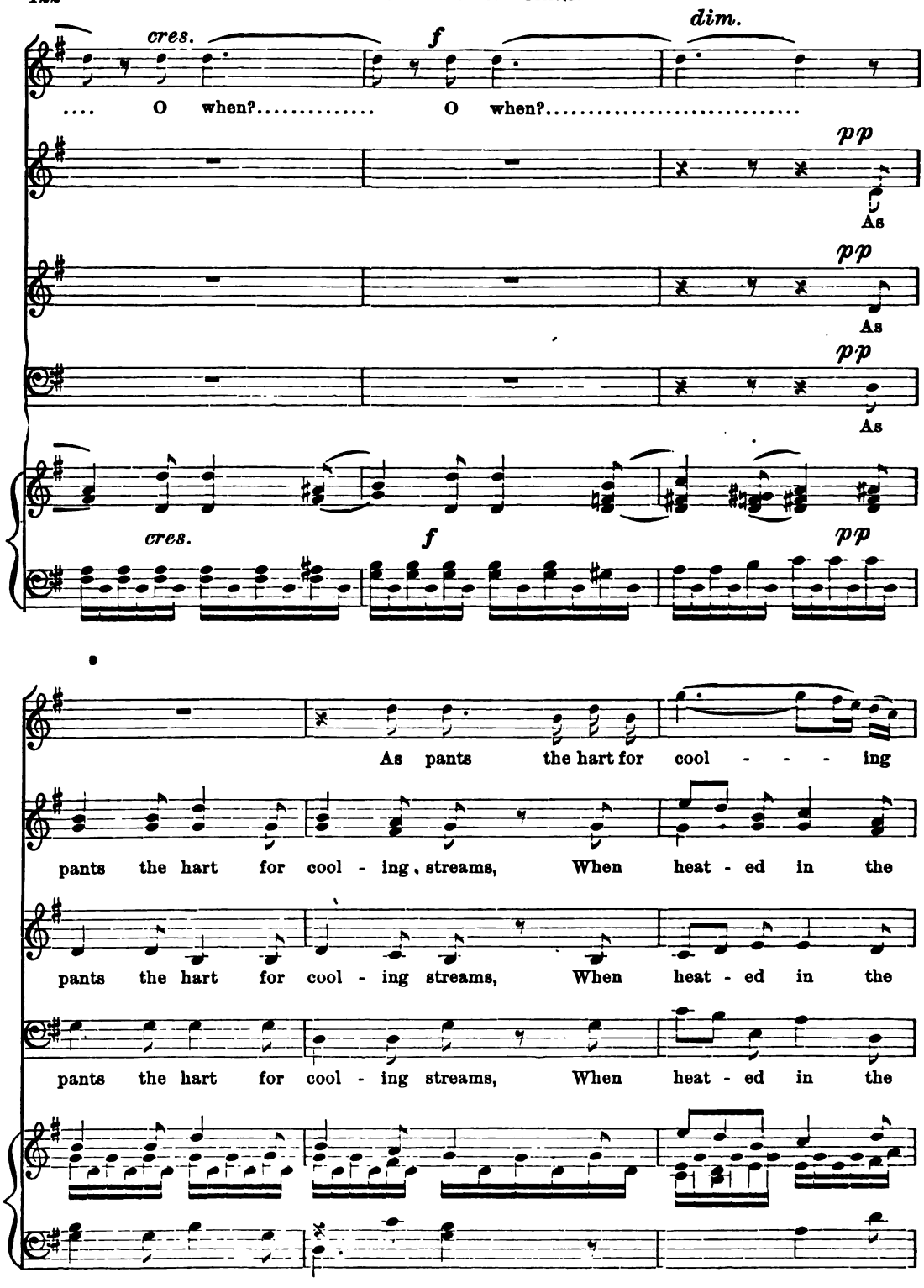
for Thee, For Thee, my God, the

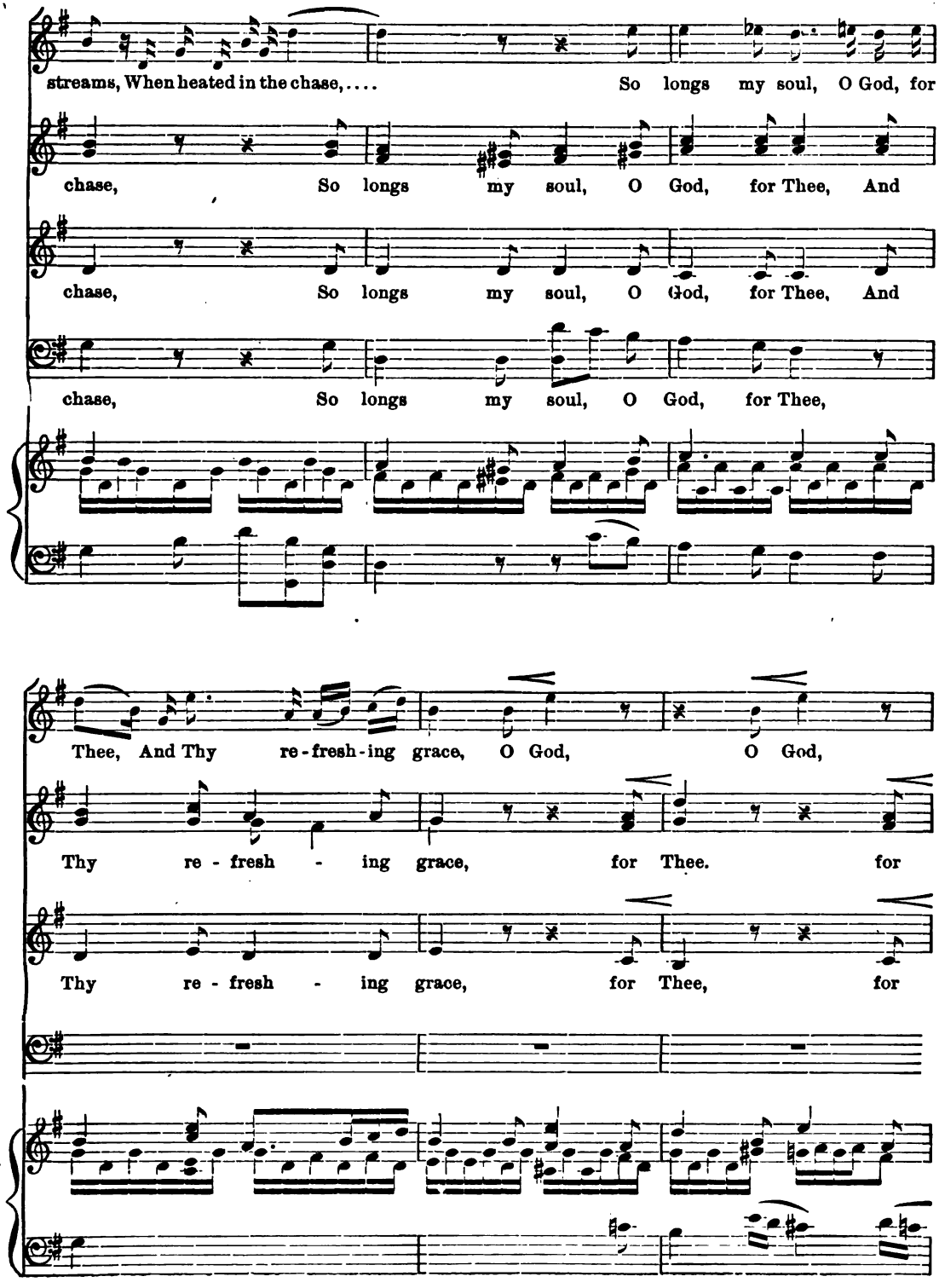
God, O God.

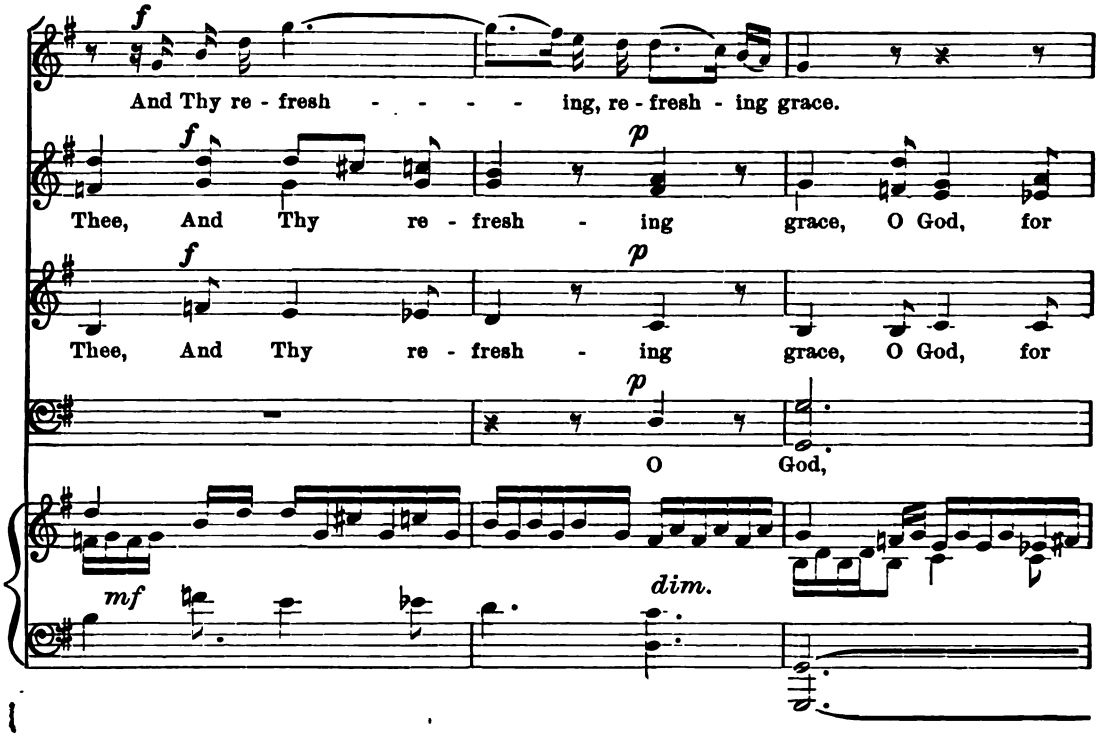
God, O God.

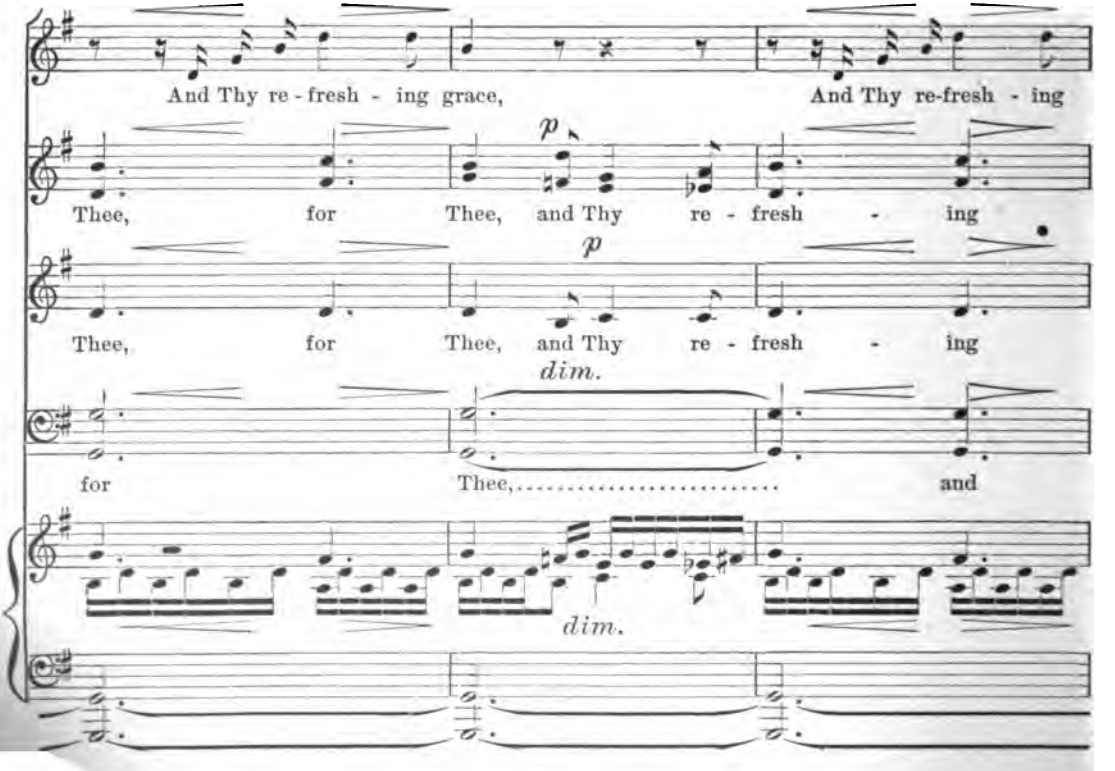
God, O God.

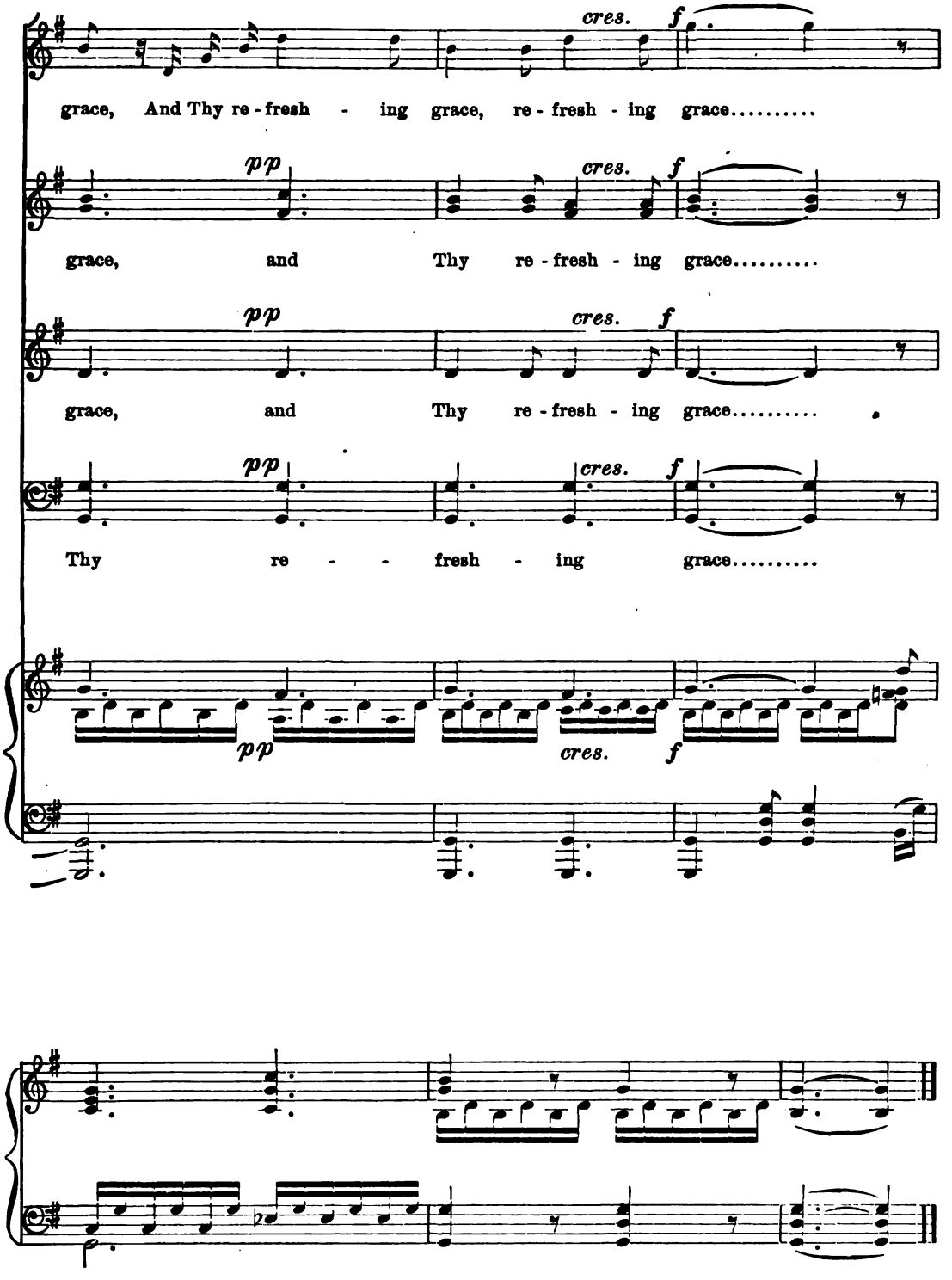

liv - ing God, My thirs - ty soul doth pine, O
when shall I..... be - hold Thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty di -
vine? O when shall I..... be - hold Thy face? O when?.....
p
pp


cres.
f
dim.
.... O when?..... O when?.....
pp
As
pp
As
pp
As
cres.
f
pp
As pants the hart for cool - - - ing
pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the
pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the
pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the


streams, When heated in the chase, ... So longs my soul, O God, for
chase, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And
chase, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And
chase, So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
Thee, And Thy re-fresh-ing grace, O God, O God,
Thy re - fresh - ing grace, for Thee. for
Thy re - fresh - ing grace, for Thee, for


f
And Thy re - fresh - - - - ing, re - fresh - ing grace.
f
p
Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace, O God, for
f
p
Thee, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace, O God, for
p
O God,
mf
dim.


And Thy re - fresh - ing grace, And Thy re-fresh - ing
p
Thee, for Thee, and Thy re - fresh - ing
p
Thee, for Thee, and Thy re - fresh - ing
dim.
for Thee, and
dim.


cres.
f
grace, And Thy re - fresh - ing grace, re - fresh - ing grace.....
pp
cres.
f
grace, and Thy re - fresh - ing grace.....
pp
cres.
f
grace, and Thy re - fresh - ing grace.....
pp
cres.
f
Thy re - - fresh - ing grace.....
pp
cres.
f

PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

No. 48.

GOUNOD.

S. *f* Praise ye..... the Fath - er!.... Let

A. *f*

T. *f* Praise ye..... the Fath - er!.... Let

B.

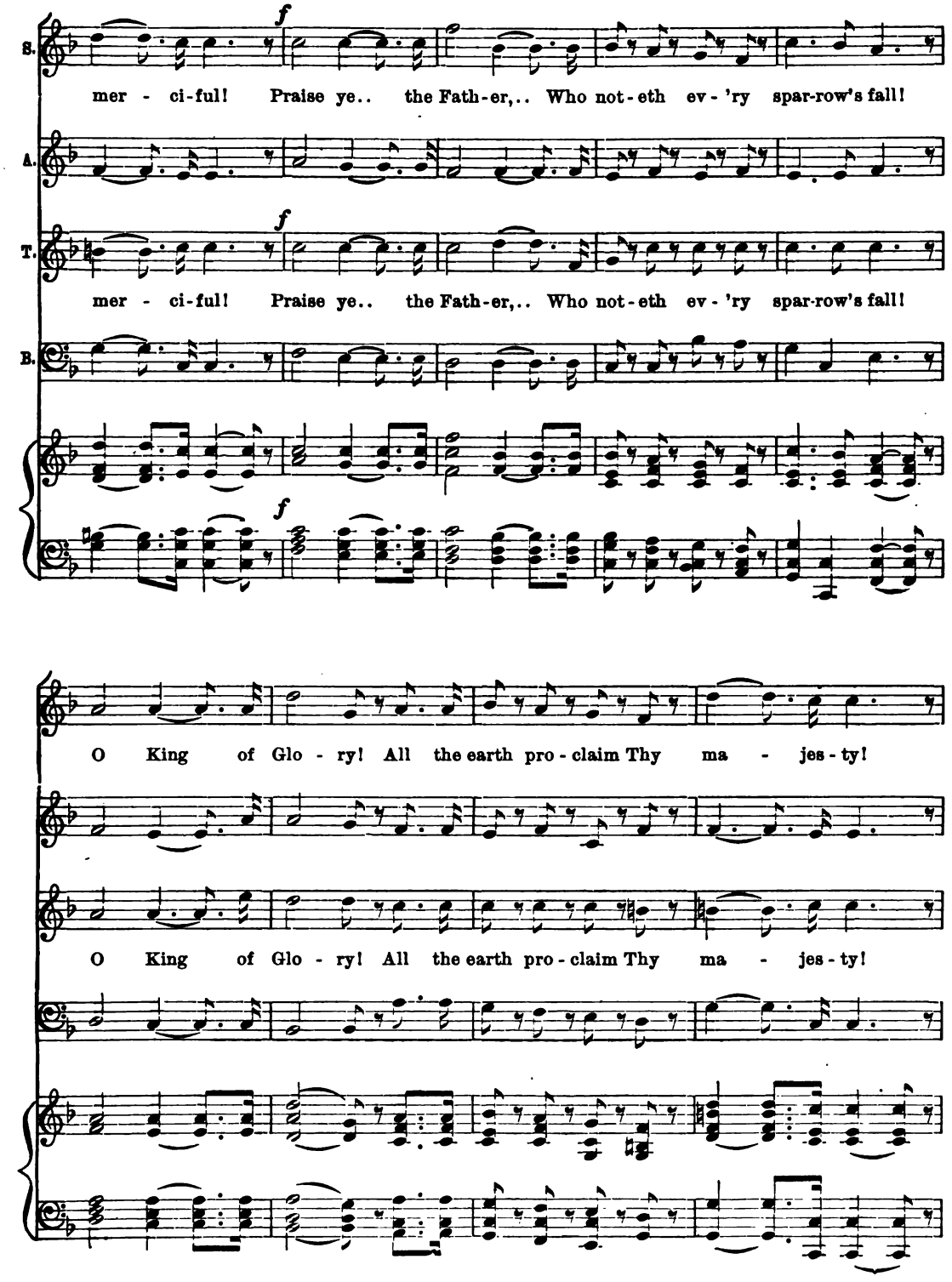
Allegretto maestoso. ♩ = 100.

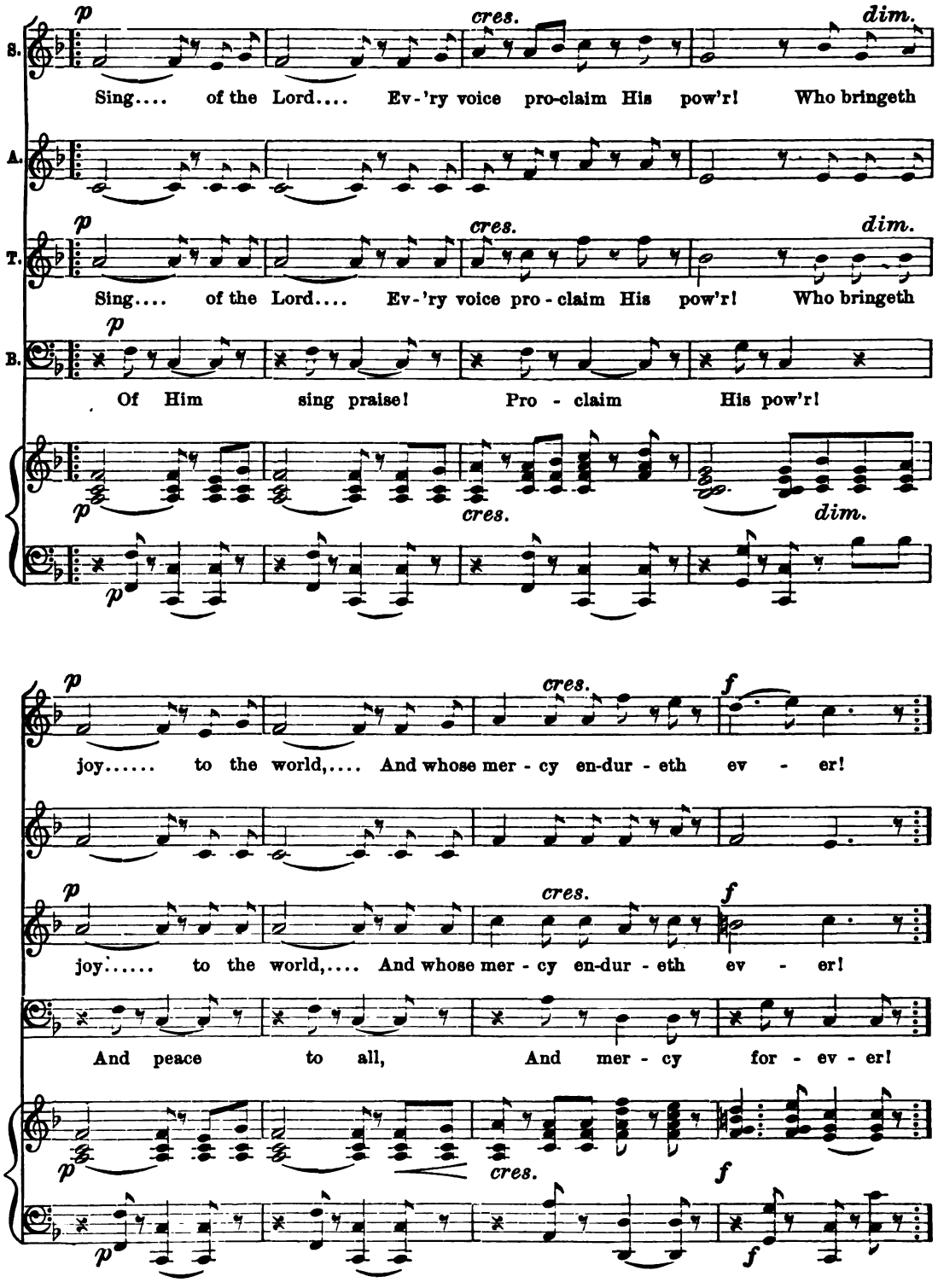
f *f*

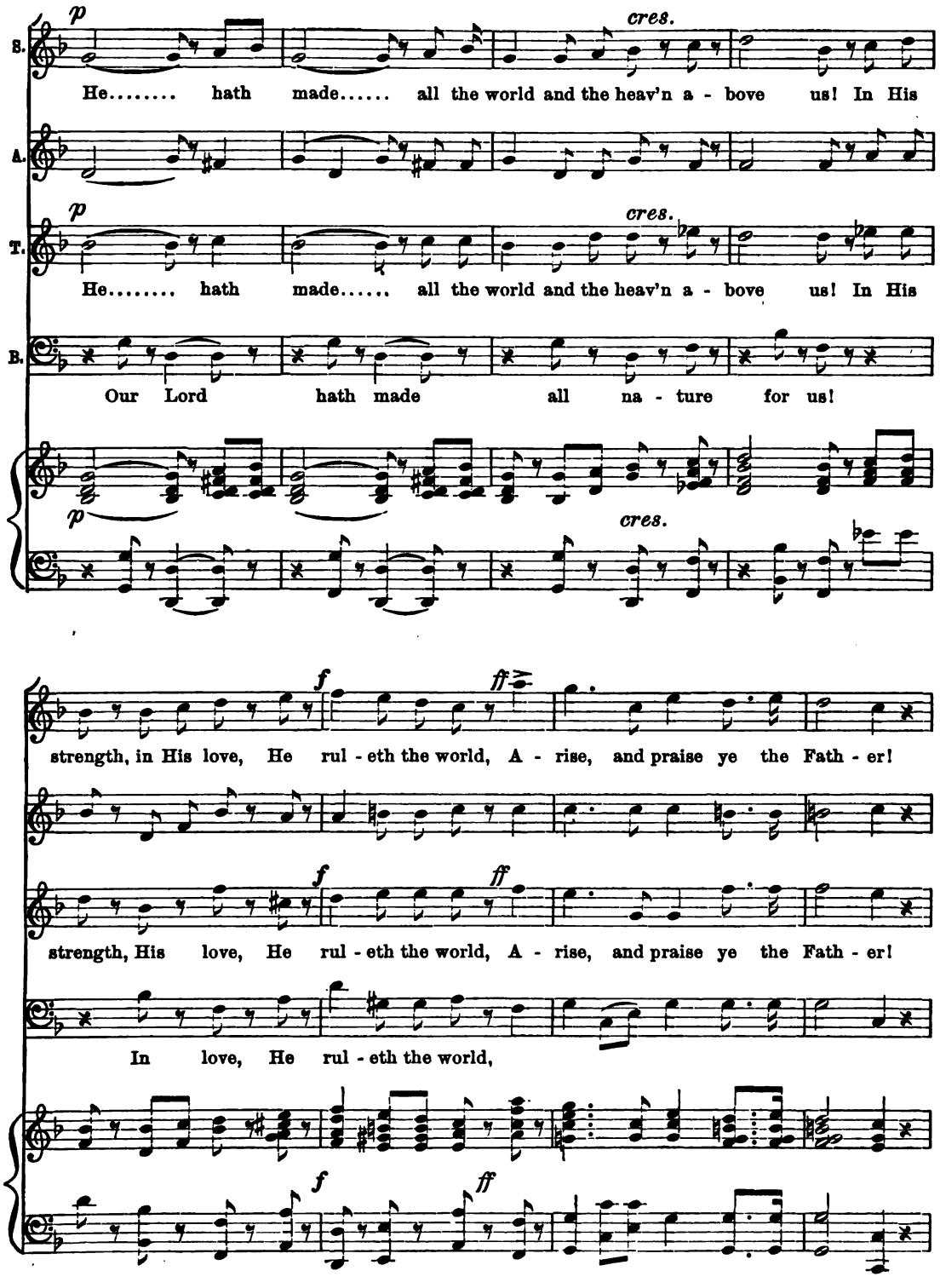
ev - 'ry heart give thanks to Him! Praise ye.. the Fa-ther, Who is ev - er kind and

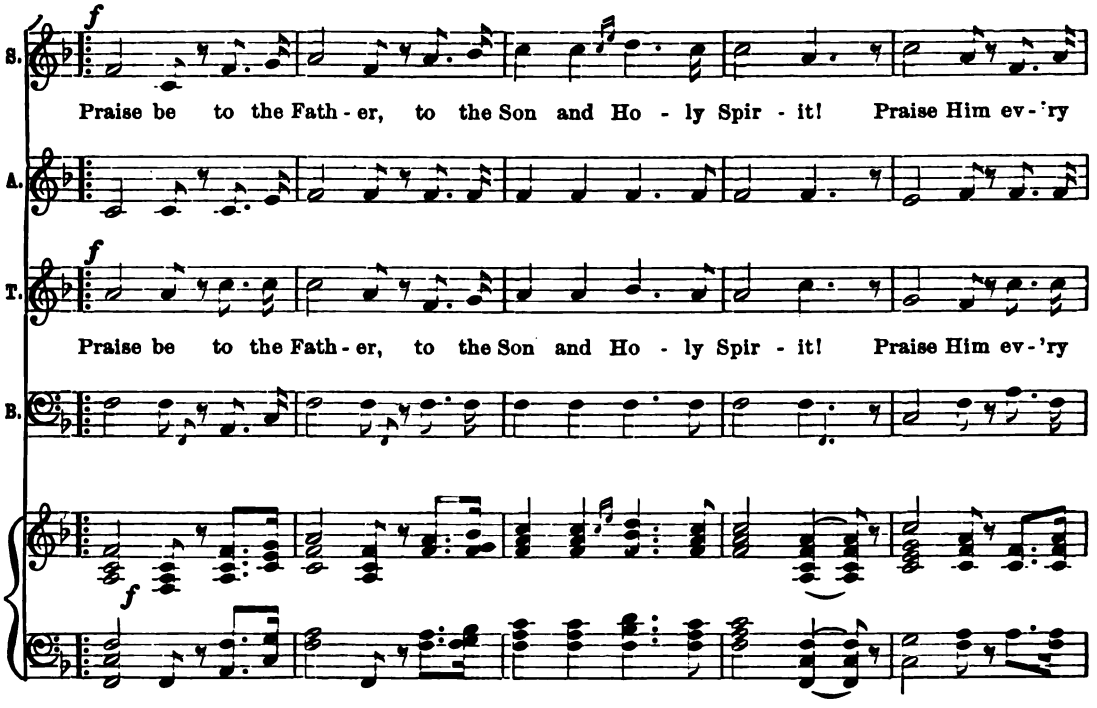
ev - 'ry heart give thanks to Him! Praise ye.. the Fa-ther, Who is ev - er kind and

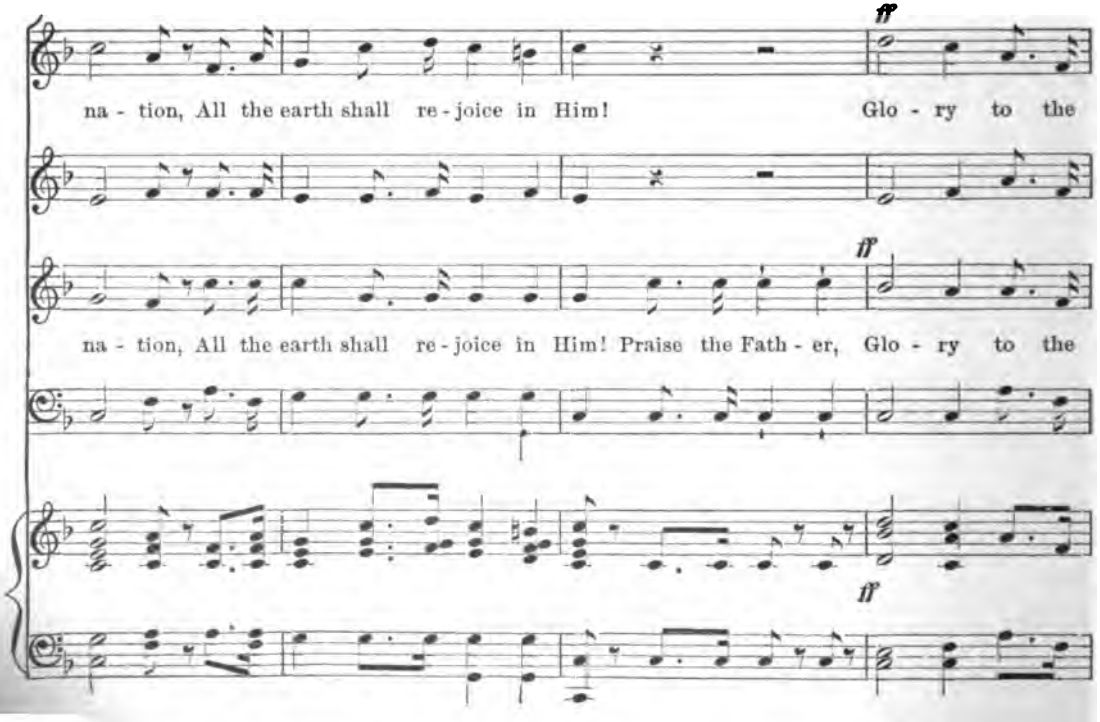
f Ev'ry heart give thanks to Him!

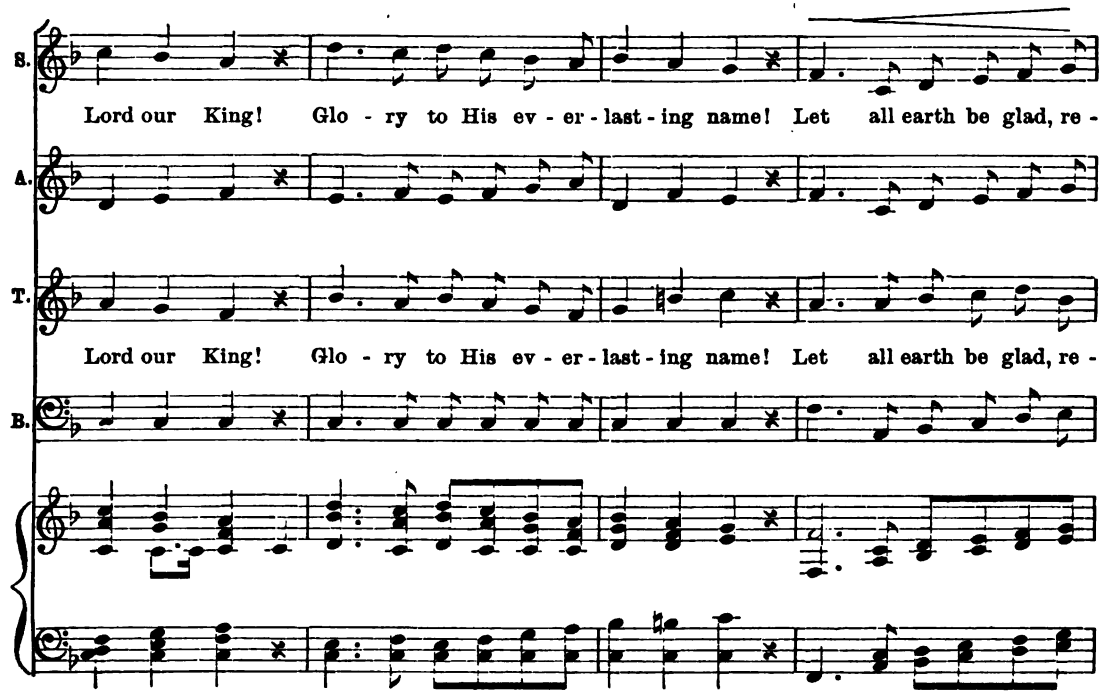

S.
f
mer - ci-ful! Praise ye.. the Fath-er,.. Who not-eth ev-'ry spar-row's fall!
A.
T.
f
mer - ci-ful! Praise ye.. the Fath-er,.. Who not-eth ev-'ry spar-row's fall!
B.
f
O King of Glo - ry! All the earth pro-claim Thy ma - jes-ty!
O King of Glo - ry! All the earth pro-claim Thy ma - jes-ty!

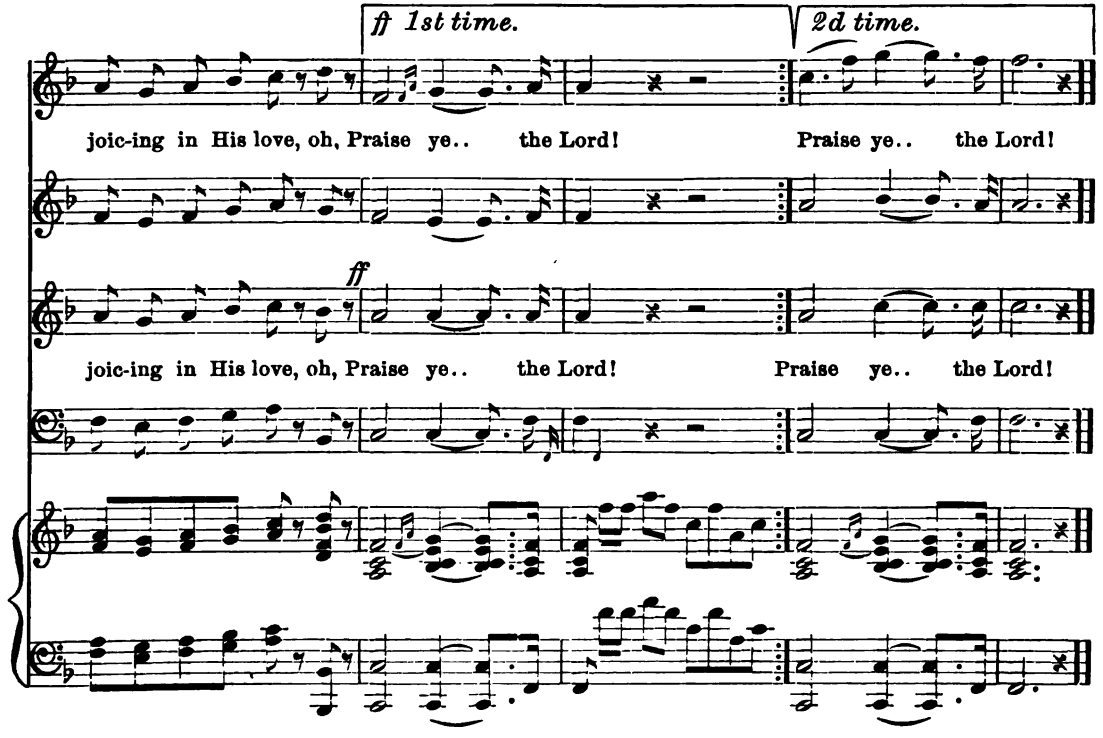

S.
A.
T.
B.
p
cres.
dim.
Sing.... of the Lord.... Ev-'ry voice pro-claim His pow'r! Who bringeth
Sing.... of the Lord.... Ev-'ry voice pro-claim His pow'r! Who bringeth
Of Him sing praise! Pro - claim His pow'r!
joy..... to the world,.... And whose mer - cy en-dur - eth ev - er!
joy..... to the world,.... And whose mer - cy en-dur - eth ev - er!
And peace to all, And mer - cy for - ev - er!
f


S.
p
cres.
He..... hath made..... all the world and the heav'n a - bove us! In His
A.
T.
p
cres.
He..... hath made..... all the world and the heav'n a - bove us! In His
B.
Our Lord hath made all na - ture for us!
p
cres.
f
ff
strength, in His love, He rul - eth the world, A - rise, and praise ye the Fath - er!
f
ff
strength, His love, He rul - eth the world, A - rise, and praise ye the Fath - er!
In love, He rul - eth the world,
f
ff


S.
f
Praise be to the Fath - er, to the Son and Ho - ly Spir - it! Praise Him ev - 'ry
A.
T.
f
Praise be to the Fath - er, to the Son and Ho - ly Spir - it! Praise Him ev - 'ry
B.
f


ff
na - tion, All the earth shall re - joice in Him! Glo - ry to the
ff
na - tion, All the earth shall re - joice in Him! Praise the Fath - er, Glo - ry to the
ff


S.
Lord our King! Glo - ry to His ev - er - last - ing name! Let all earth be glad, re -
A.
T.
Lord our King! Glo - ry to His ev - er - last - ing name! Let all earth be glad, re -
B.


ff 1st time.
2d time.
joic-ing in His love, oh, Praise ye.. the Lord! Praise ye.. the Lord!
ff
joic-ing in His love, oh, Praise ye.. the Lord! Praise ye.. the Lord!

NO. 49.

J. BARNBY.

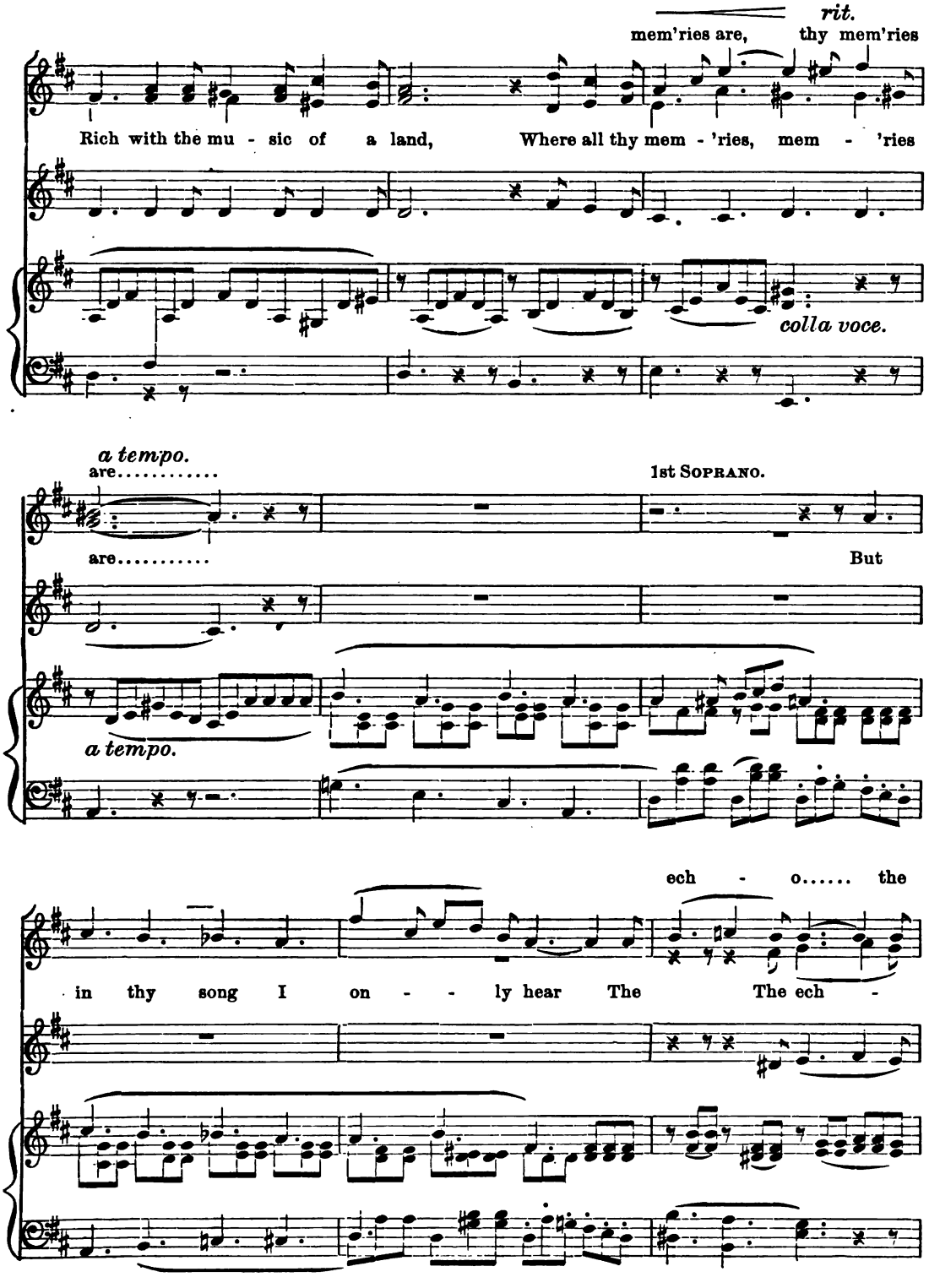
Andante grazioso. ♩= 69.

Voice..... of the west - ern

rall. tempo. *dim.* *p*

sf

wind, Thou sing - est from a - far,.....


rit.
mem'ries are, thy mem'ries
Rich with the mu - sic of a land, Where all thy mem - 'ries, mem - 'ries
colla voce.
a tempo.
are.....
are.....
1st SOPRANO.
But
a tempo.
ech - o..... the
in thy song I on - - ly hear The The ech -

ech - - o,..... the ech - o of a

o,..... the ech - o, the ech - o of a tone,..... That

pp

f

fell.... di-vine-ly on my ear..... In days for ev - er, ev - er

f

pp

f

flown.

Star..... of the western

rall. tempo. *dim.* *p*

sky, Thou beam - est from a - far,..... With

sf

rit.

each a star,.... were each a

lus - tre caught from eyes I knew, Whose orbs were each, were each a

colla voce.

a tempo.

star.....

1st SOPRANO.

star.....

But

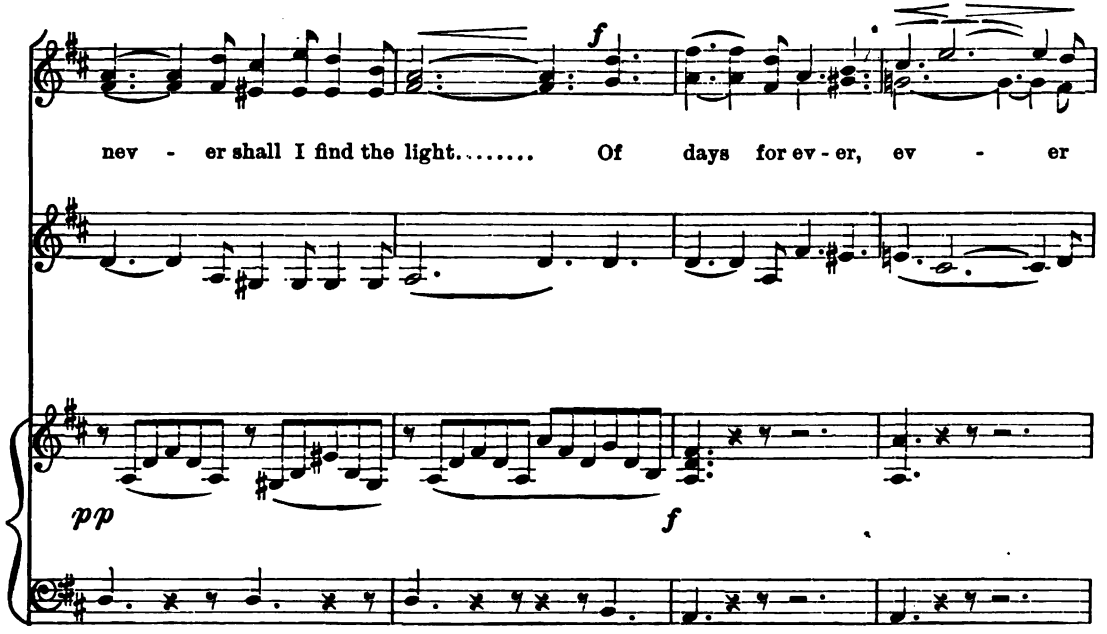
a tempo.

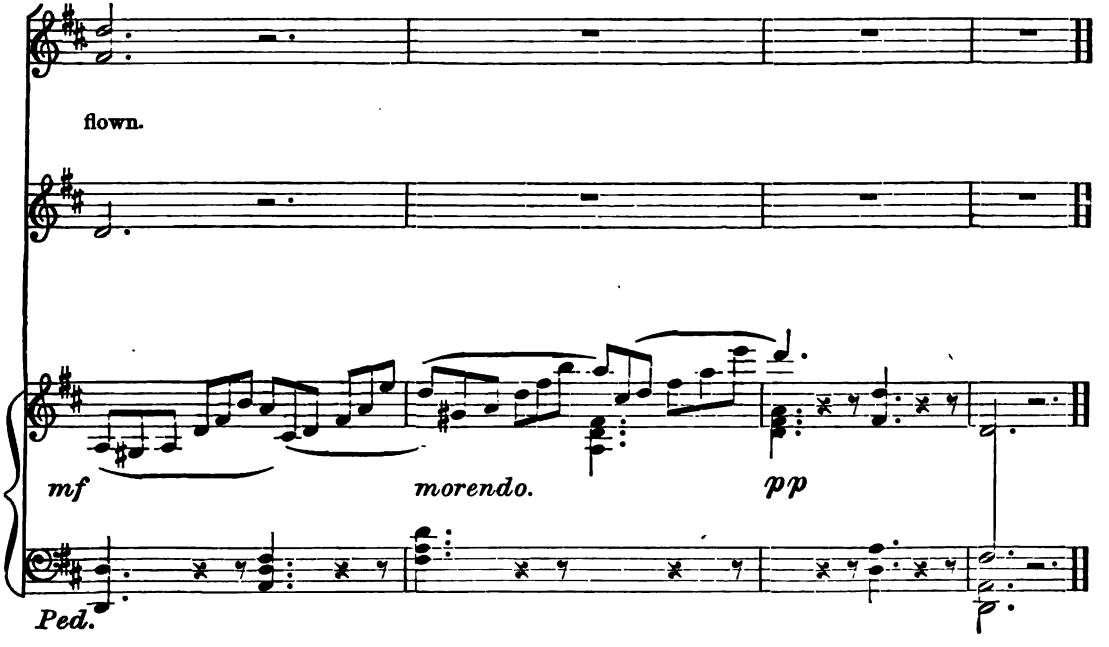
oh, those eyes too wild - ly bright, No more,.. no more,.. no

more,.... no more,..... no more e - clipse thine own;..... And

pp

f


f
nev - er shall I find the light..... Of days for ev - er, ev - er
pp
f


flown.
mf
morendo.
pp
Ped.

"EYE HATH NOT SEEN."

NO. 50.

From "HOLY CITY," GAUL.

Largo religioso.

rall.

Reeds.

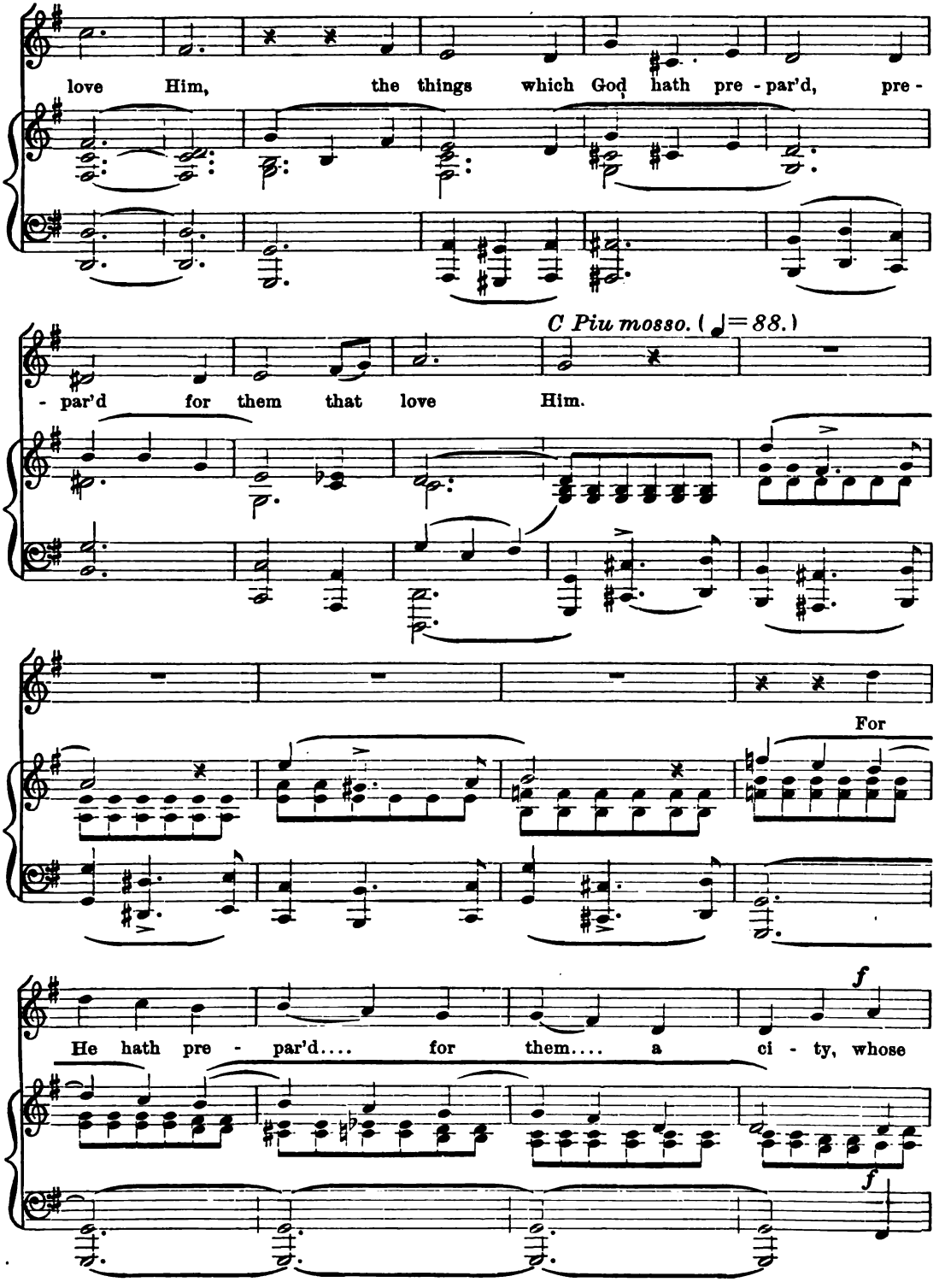
Andantino religioso.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nei - ther have

Andantino religioso. ♩= 60.

en - ter'd in - to the heart of man the things which God, which

God hath pre - par'd for them that love Him, for them that


love Him, the things which God hath pre - par'd, pre -
C Piu mosso. (♩= 88.)
- par'd for them that love Him.
For
He hath pre - par'd.... for them.... a ci - ty, whose
f
f

build - er and Mak - er is God, He hath pre-

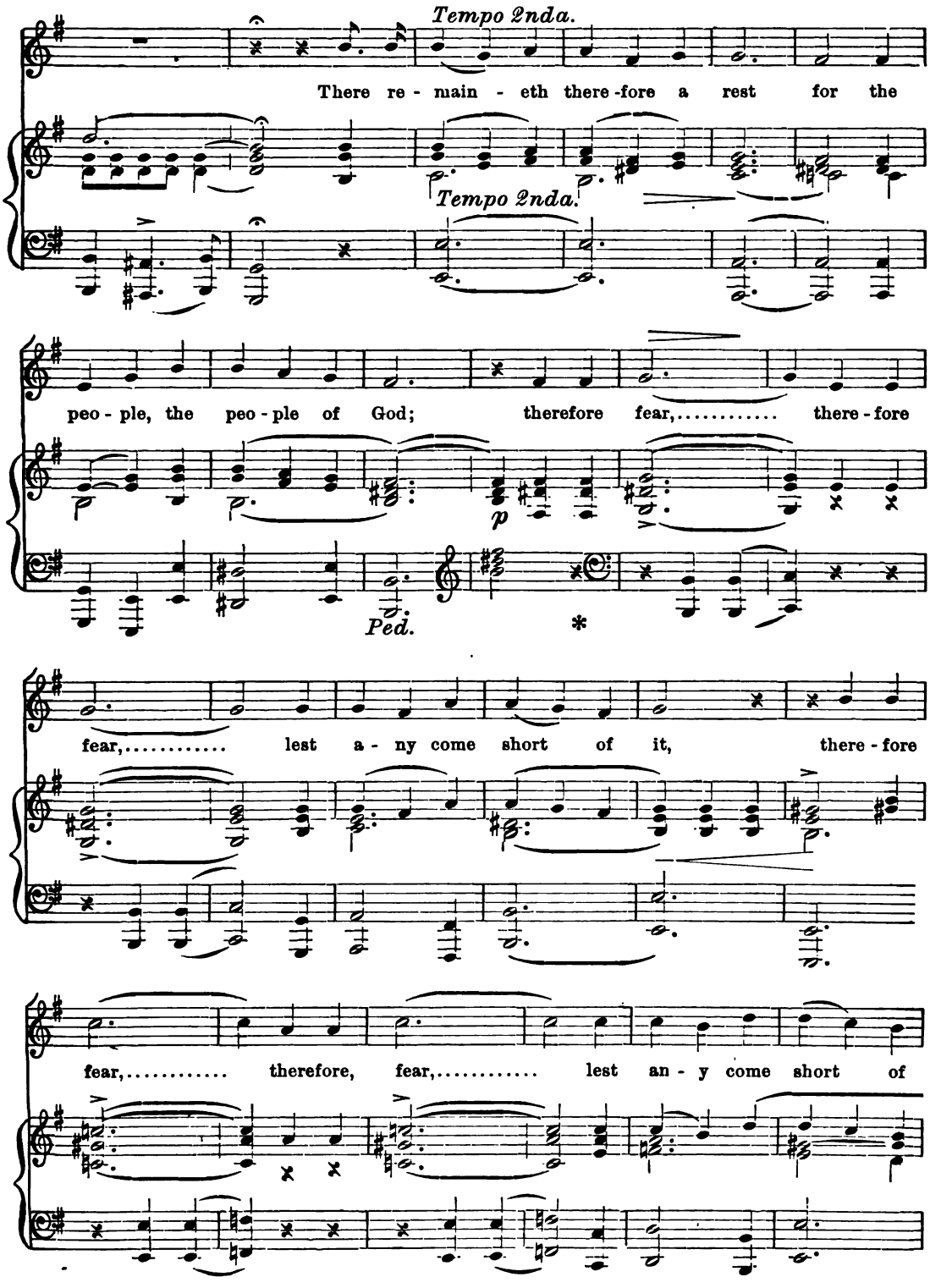
- par'd,— pre - par'd,— for them a ci - ty whose

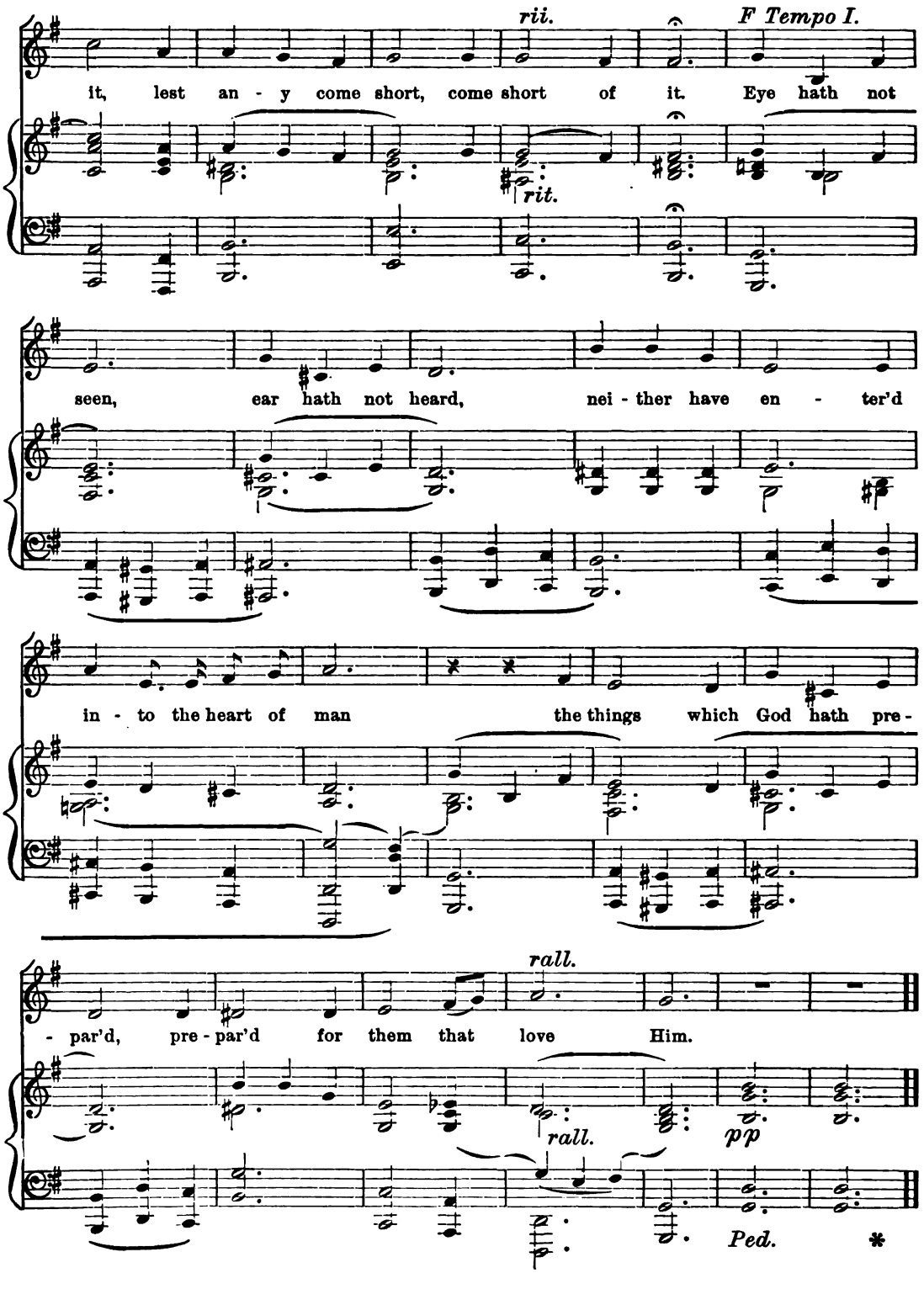
rall. *Tempo 1mo.*

build - er and mak - er is God. Eye hath not seen,

rall. *Tempo 1mo.*

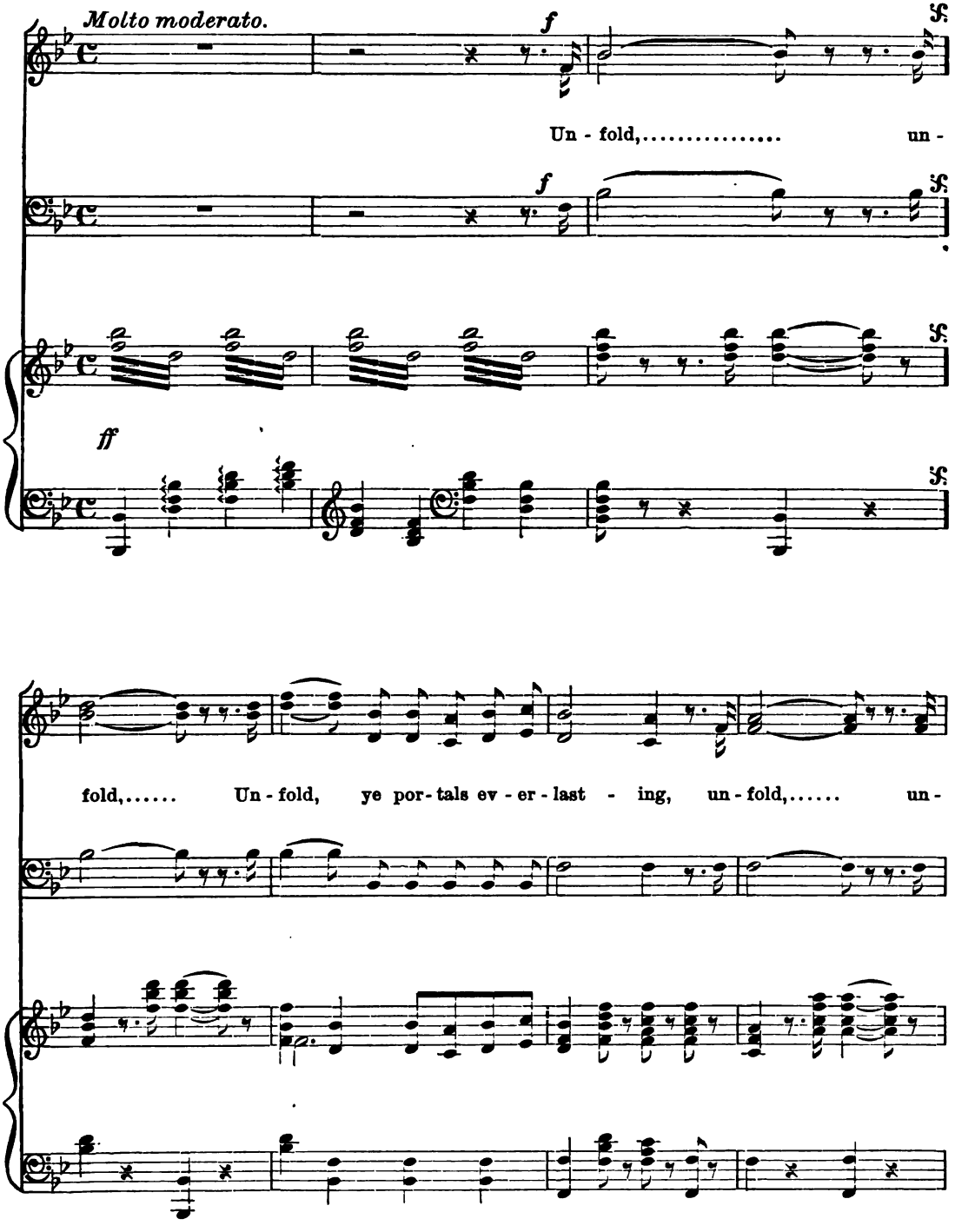
hath.... not seen the things prepar'd for them that love Him.

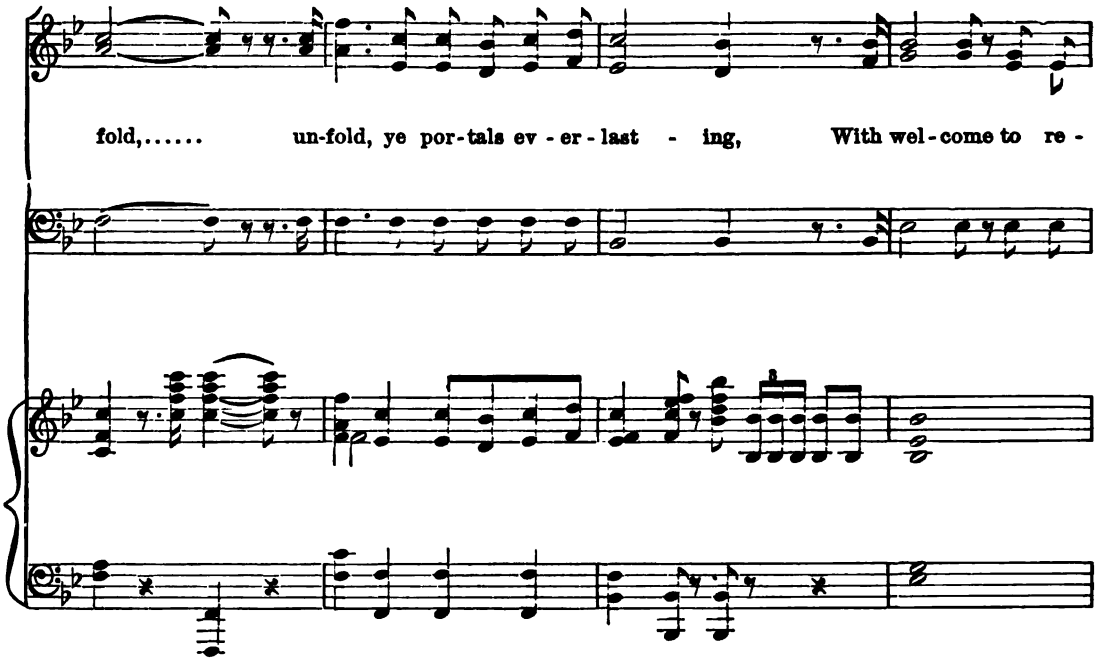

Tempo 2nda.
There re - main - eth there - fore a rest for the
Tempo 2nda.
peo - ple, the peo - ple of God; therefore fear,..... there - fore
p
Ped.
*
fear,..... lest a - ny come short of it, there - fore
fear,..... therefore, fear,..... lest an - y come short of

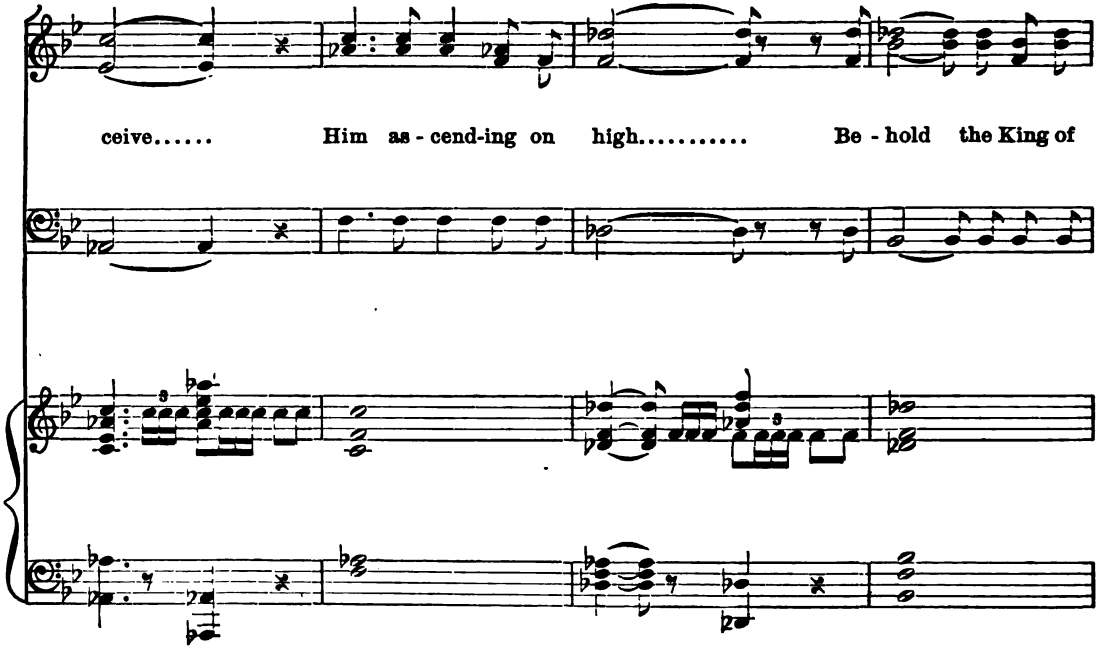

rii.
F Tempo I.
it, lest an - y come short, come short of it. Eye hath not
rit.
seen, ear hath not heard, nei - ther have en - ter'd
in - to the heart of man the things which God hath pre -
rall.
- par'd, pre - par'd for them that love Him.
rall.
pp
Ped.
*

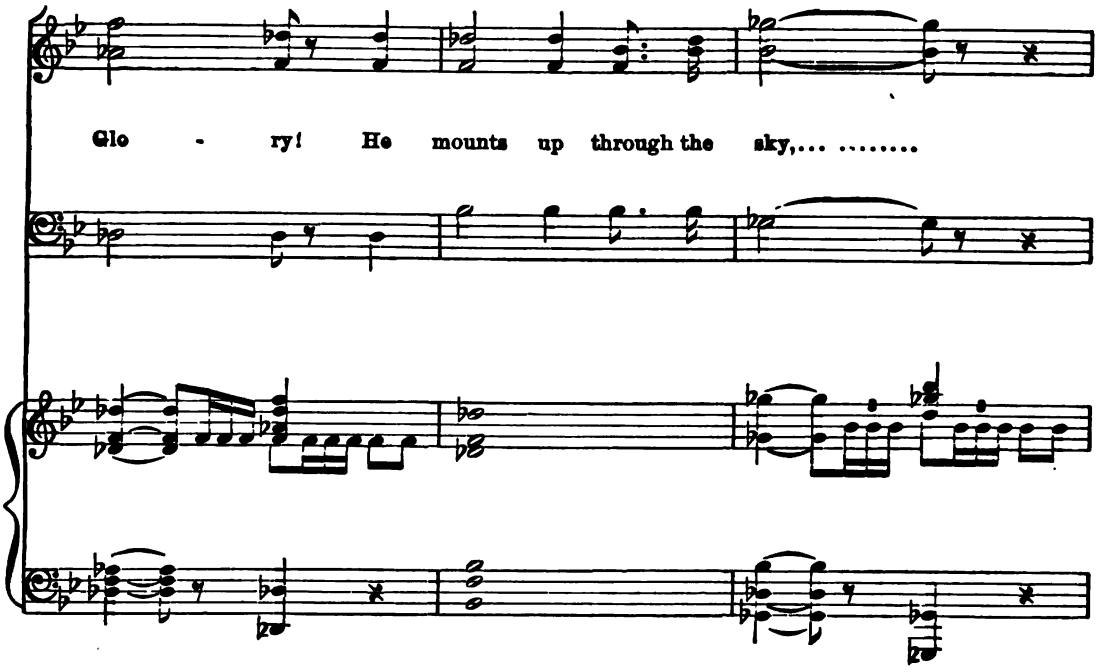
NO. 51.

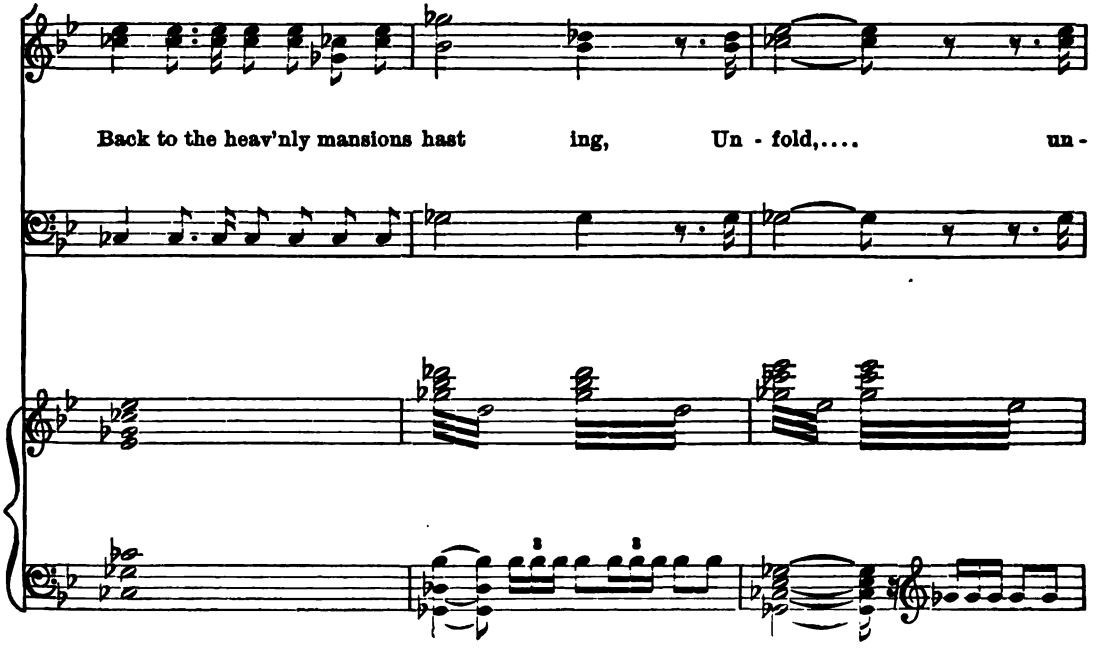
GOUNOD'S, "Redemption."

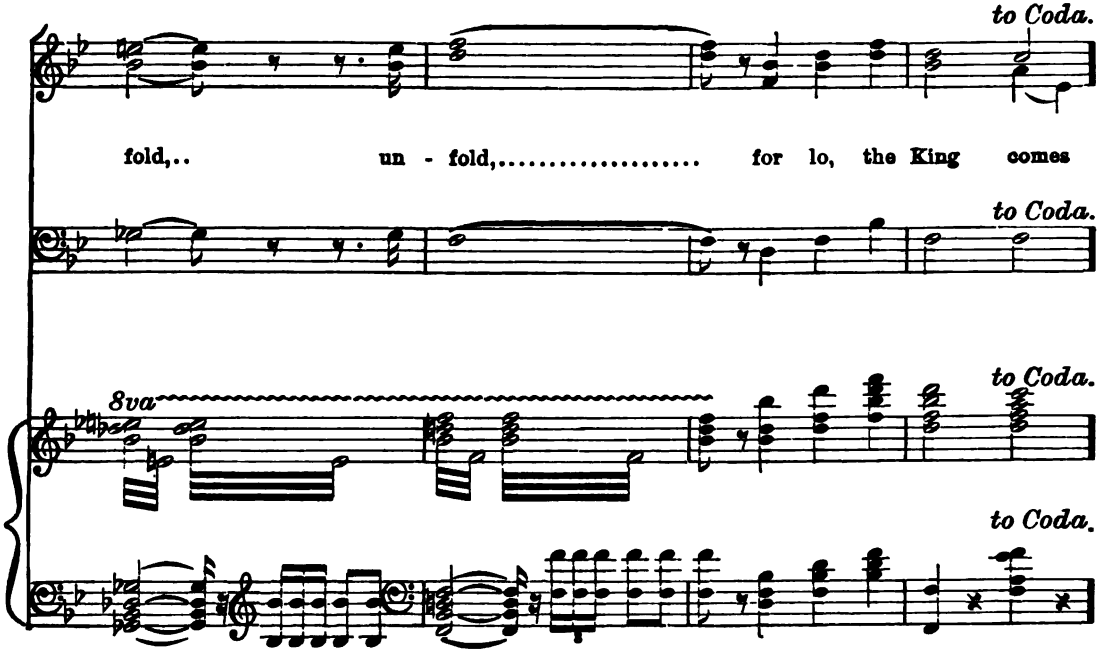


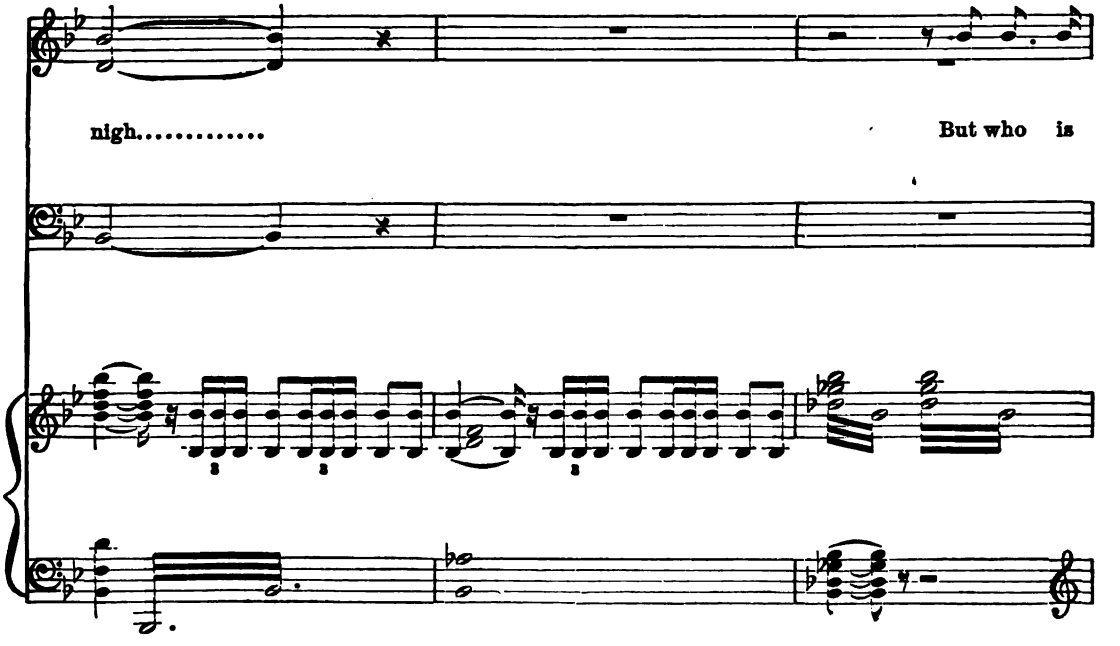

fold,..... un-fold, ye por-tals ev-er-last - ing, With wel-come to re-

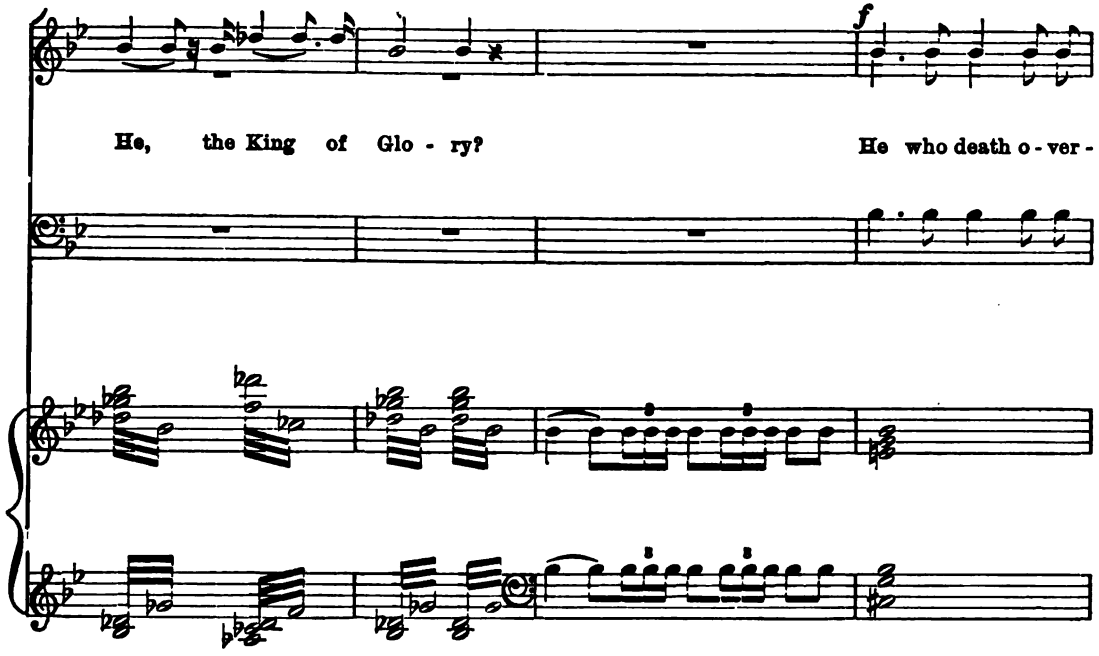

ceive..... Him as-cend-ing on high..... Be-hold the King of

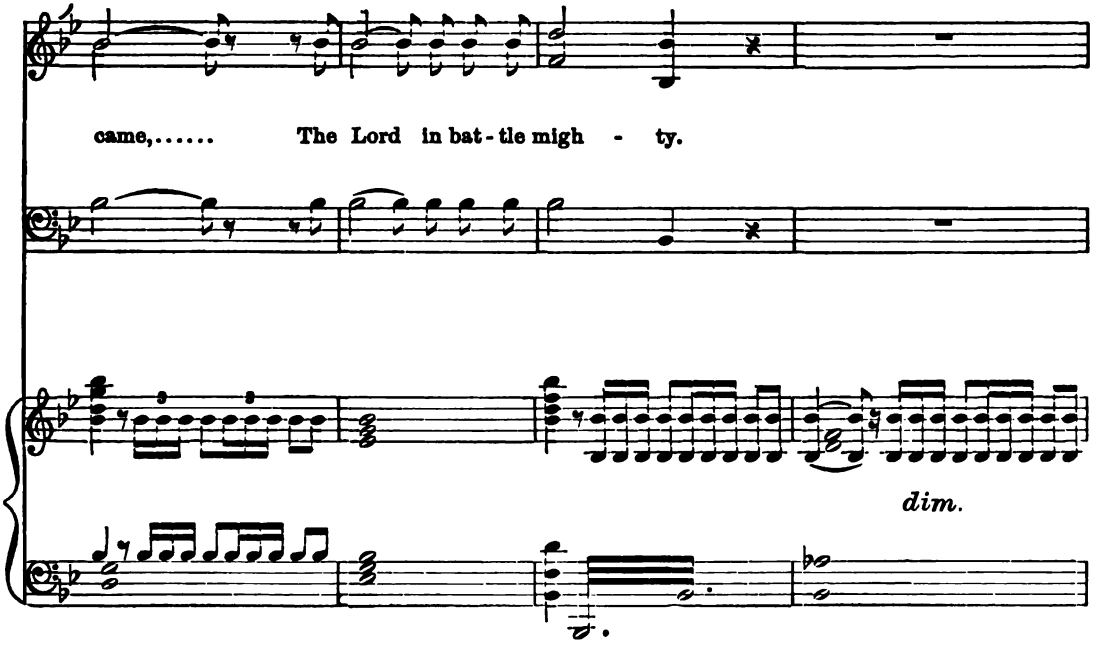

Glo - ry! He mounts up through the sky,... .....


Back to the heav'nly mansions hast ing, Un - fold,.... un -


to Coda.
fold,.. un - fold,..... for lo, the King comes
to Coda.
8va
to Coda.
to Coda.


nigh..... But who is


f
He, the King of Glo - ry?
He who death o - ver -


came,..... The Lord in bat - tle migh - ty.
dim.

SOPRANO.

But who is He,.... the King of Glo - ry?

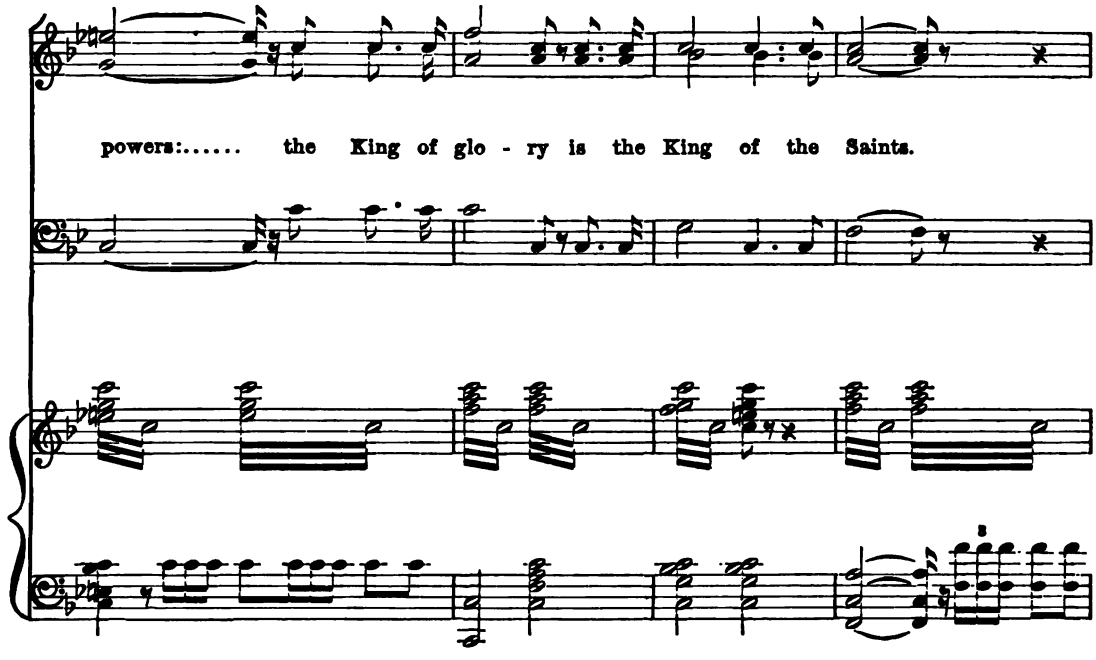
pp

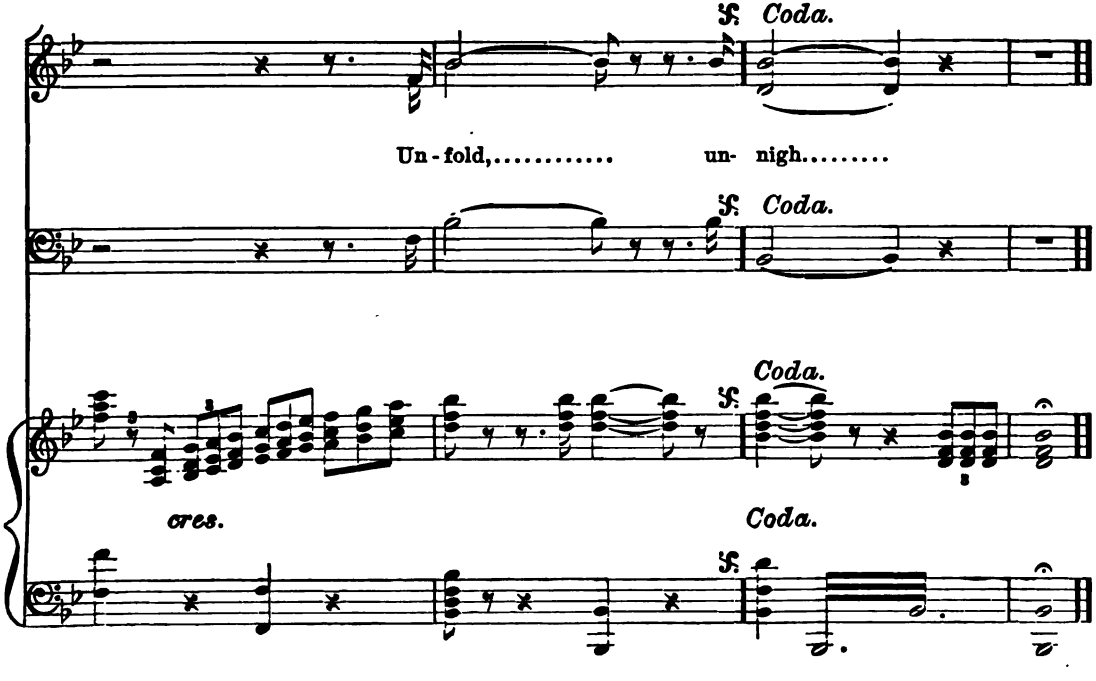
f

Of Hosts He is the Lord;..... of an - gels and of

f

f


powers:..... the King of glo - ry is the King of the Saints.


Coda.
Un - fold,..... un- nigh.....
Coda.
Coda.
cres.
Coda.

GREAT DAGON HAS SUBDUED OUR FOE.

NO. 52.

HANDEL.

Allegro. SOPRANO SOLO.

Great Da - gon has sub - dued our foe, And brought their

♩= 116.

f

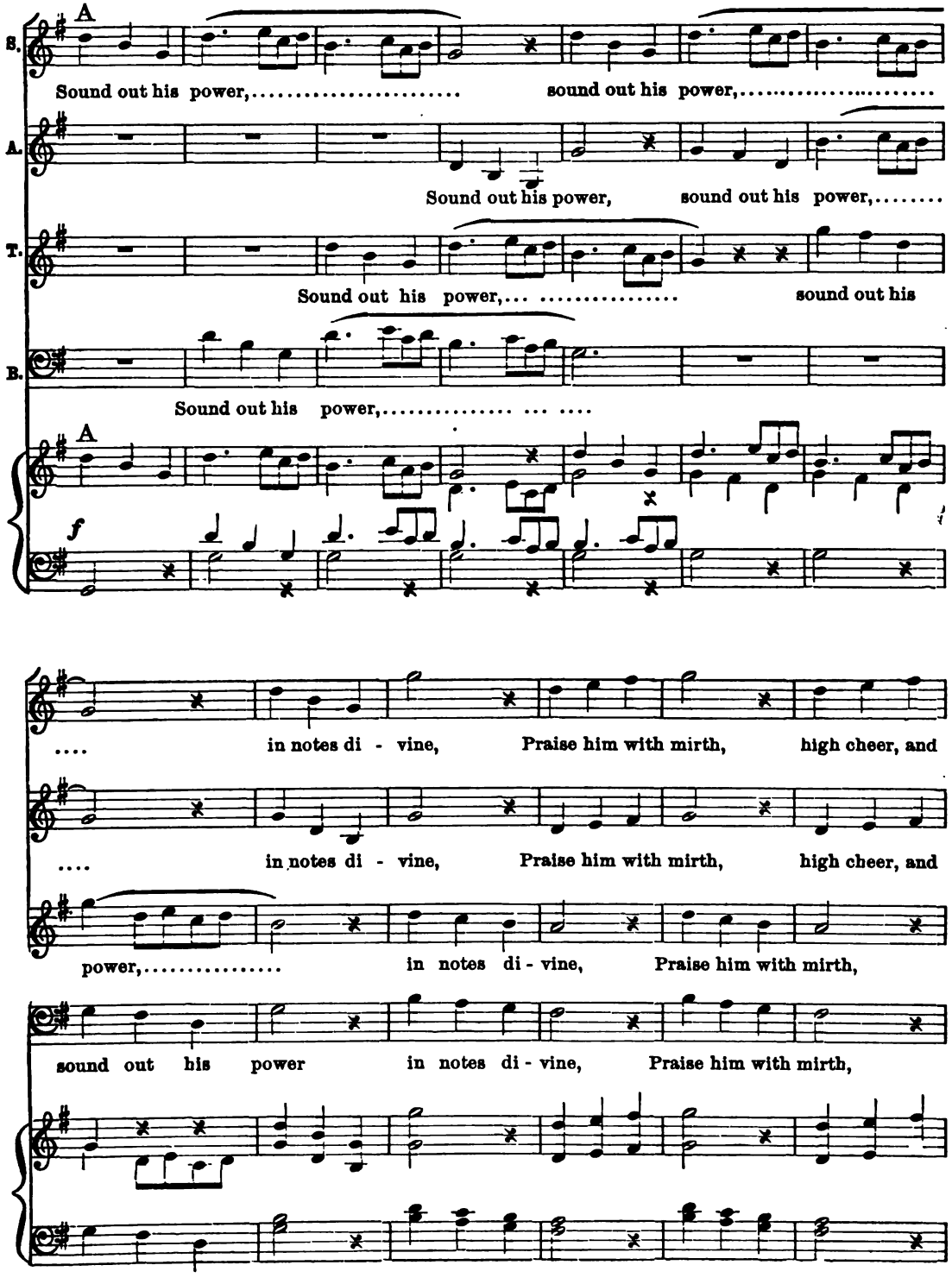
boast - ed he - ro low,

ALTO SOLO.

Great Da - - gon has sub - dued our

foe, And brought their boast - ed he - ro low:

Copyright, 1895, By Silver, Burdett & Company.


A
S.
Sound out his power,..... sound out his power,.....
A.
Sound out his power, sound out his power,.....
T.
Sound out his power,... ..... sound out his
B.
Sound out his power,..... ... .
A
f
.... in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and
.... in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and
power,..... in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth,
sound out his power in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth,

S. wine, praise him with mirth, praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

A. wine, praise him with mirth, praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

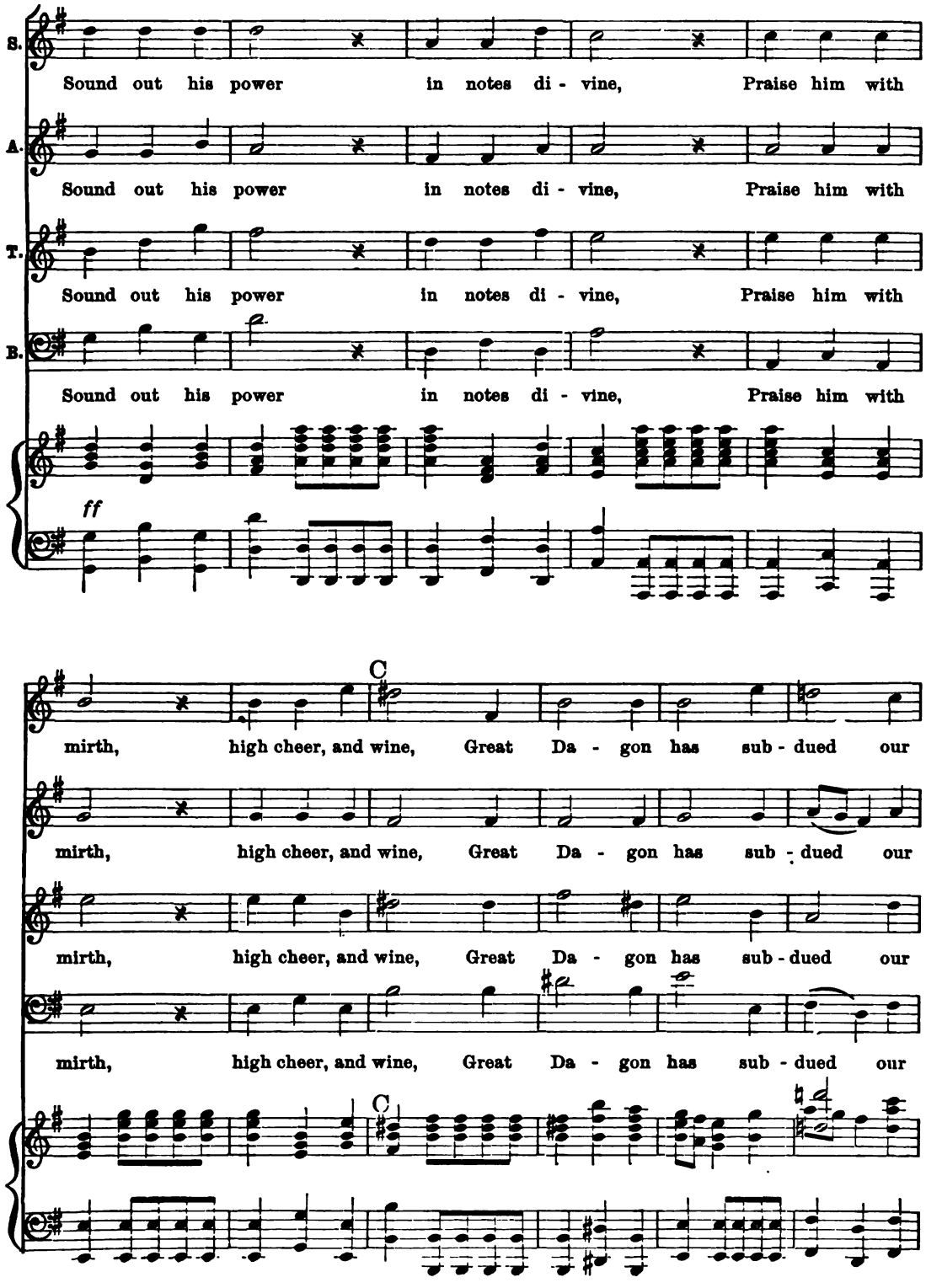
T. high cheer, and wine, praise him, praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

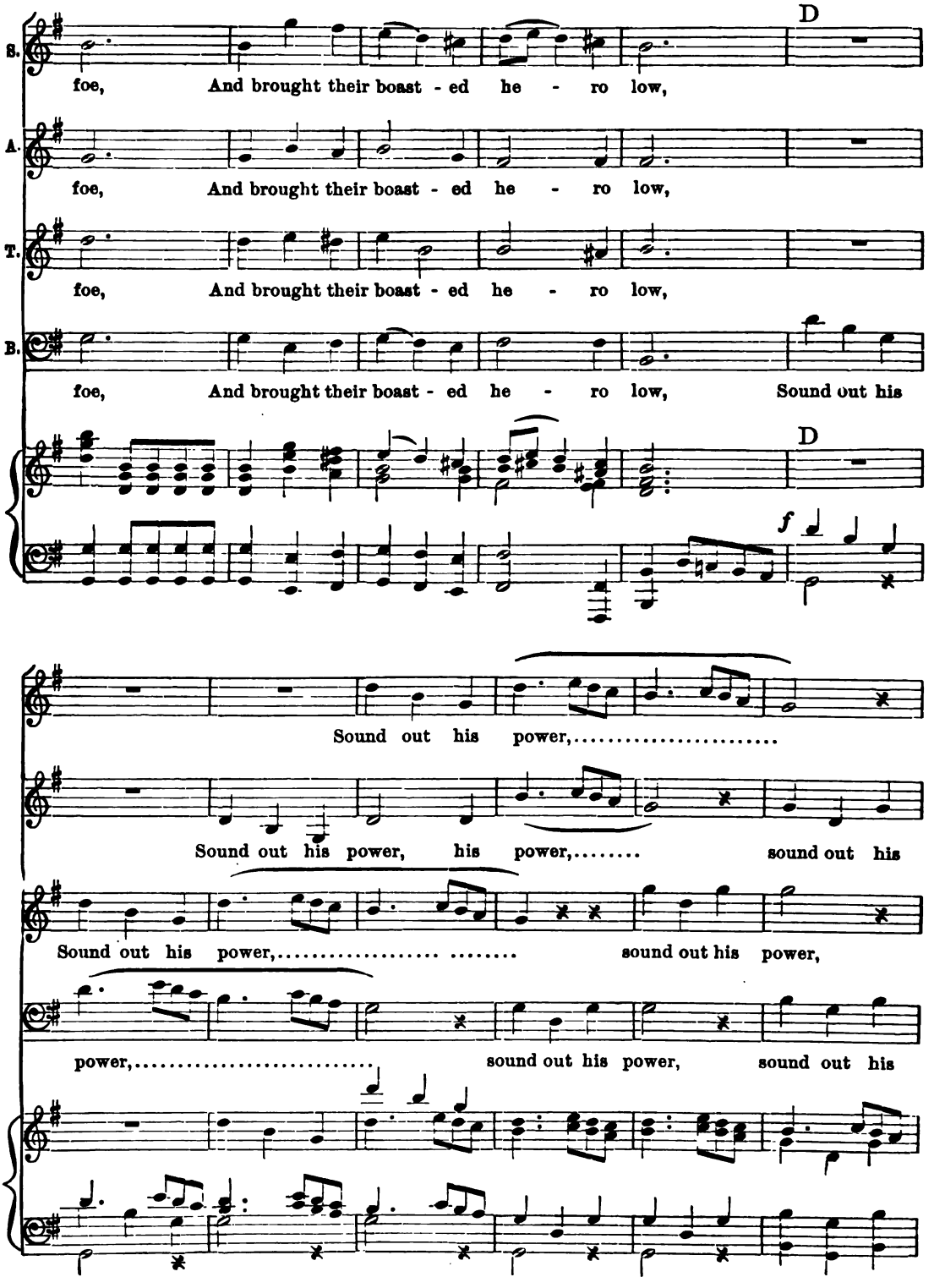
B. high cheer, and wine, praise him, praise him with mirth, high cheer, and wine.

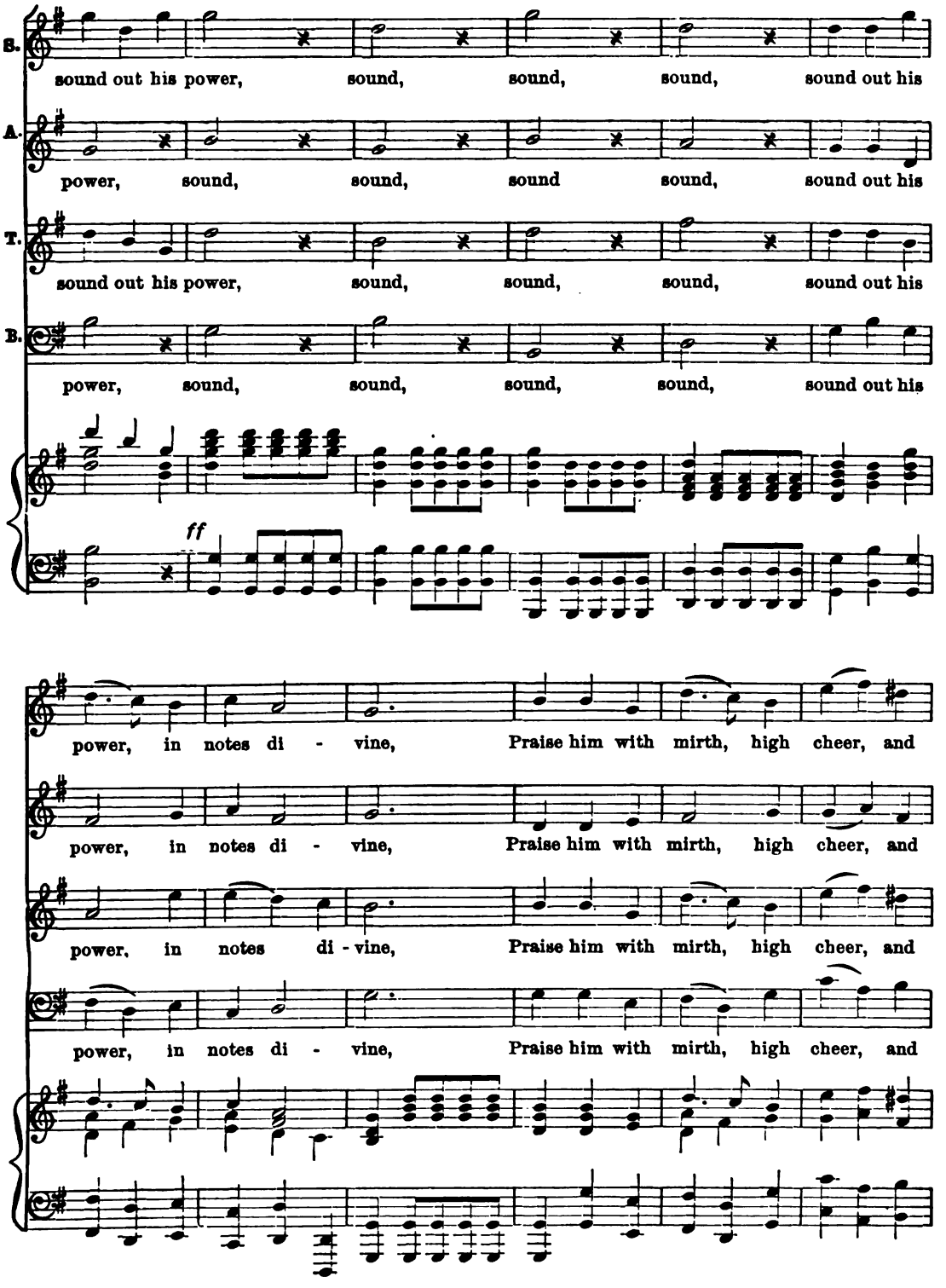
B

f

cres.


S.
Sound out his power in notes di - vine, Praise him with
A.
Sound out his power in notes di - vine, Praise him with
T.
Sound out his power in notes di - vine, Praise him with
B.
Sound out his power in notes di - vine, Praise him with
ff
C
mirth, high cheer, and wine, Great Da - gon has sub - dued our
mirth, high cheer, and wine, Great Da - gon has sub - dued our
mirth, high cheer, and wine, Great Da - gon has sub - dued our
mirth, high cheer, and wine, Great Da - gon has sub - dued our
C


D
S.
foe, And brought their boast - ed he - ro low,
A.
foe, And brought their boast - ed he - ro low,
T.
foe, And brought their boast - ed he - ro low,
B.
foe, And brought their boast - ed he - ro low, Sound out his
D
f
Sound out his power,.....
Sound out his power, his power,..... sound out his
Sound out his power,..... ..... sound out his power,
power,..... sound out his power, sound out his


S.
sound out his power, sound, sound, sound, sound out his
A.
power, sound, sound, sound sound, sound out his
T.
sound out his power, sound, sound, sound, sound out his
B.
power, sound, sound, sound, sound, sound out his
ff
power, in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and
power, in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and
power, in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and
power, in notes di - vine, Praise him with mirth, high cheer, and

S. wine,.....

A. wine,.....

T. wine,.....

B. wine,.....

E

Sound out his power..... in notes di - vine, Praise him with

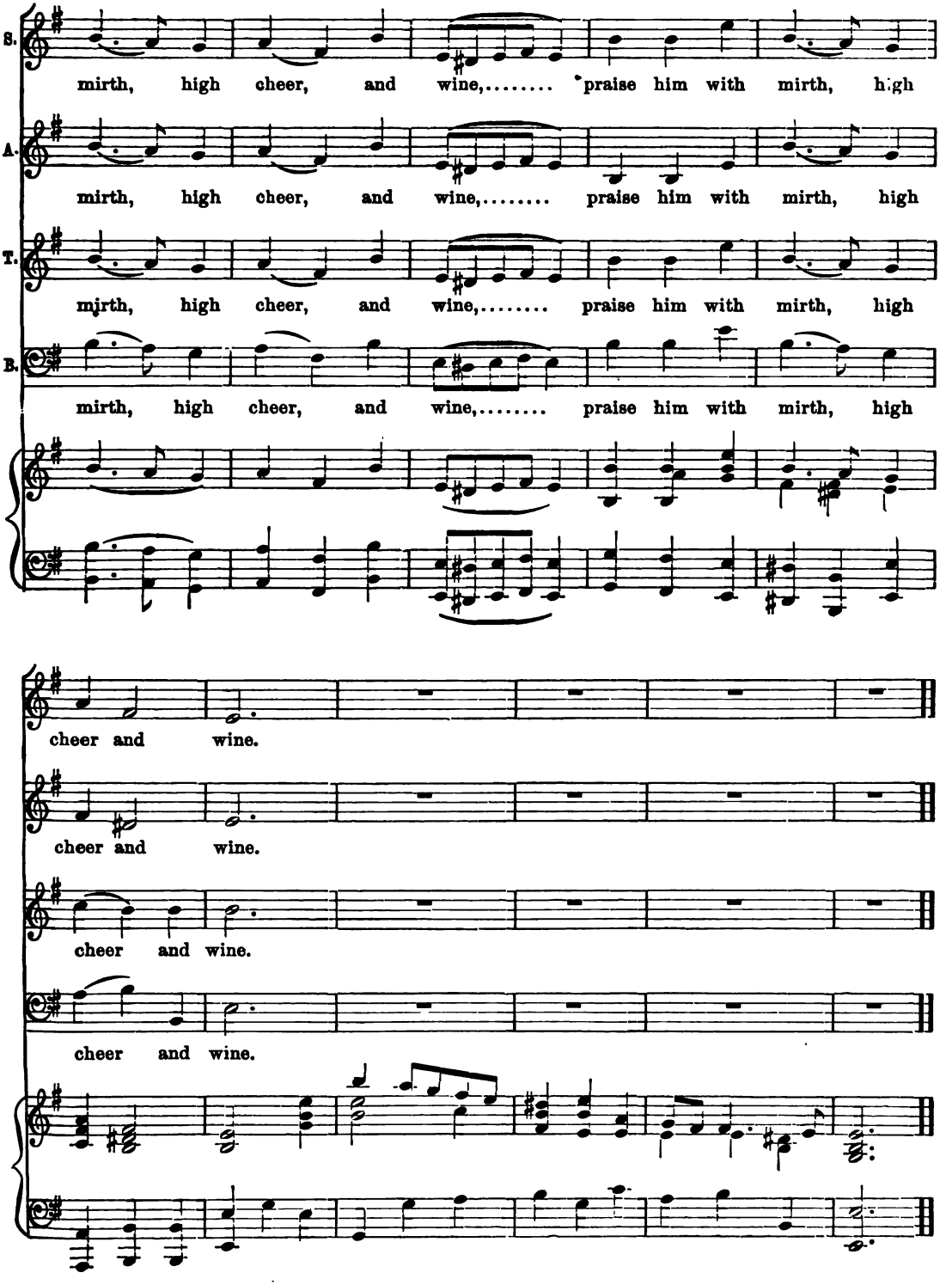
Sound out his power.... ... in notes di - vine, Praise him with

Sound out his power..... in notes di - vine, Praise him with

Sound out his power in notes di - vine, Praise him with

E

ff


S.
mirth, high cheer, and wine,..... praise him with mirth, high
A.
mirth, high cheer, and wine,..... praise him with mirth, high
T.
mirth, high cheer, and wine,..... praise him with mirth, high
B.
mirth, high cheer, and wine,..... praise him with mirth, high
cheer and wine.
cheer and wine.
cheer and wine.
cheer and wine.

BATTLE ON.

NO. 53.

(CHORUS.)

From "JOAN OF ARC," GAUL.

Tempo of march.

2nd BASSES. *pp*

On, on, on! On to the bat-tle, on, We'll meet the foeman's

♩=144.

pp

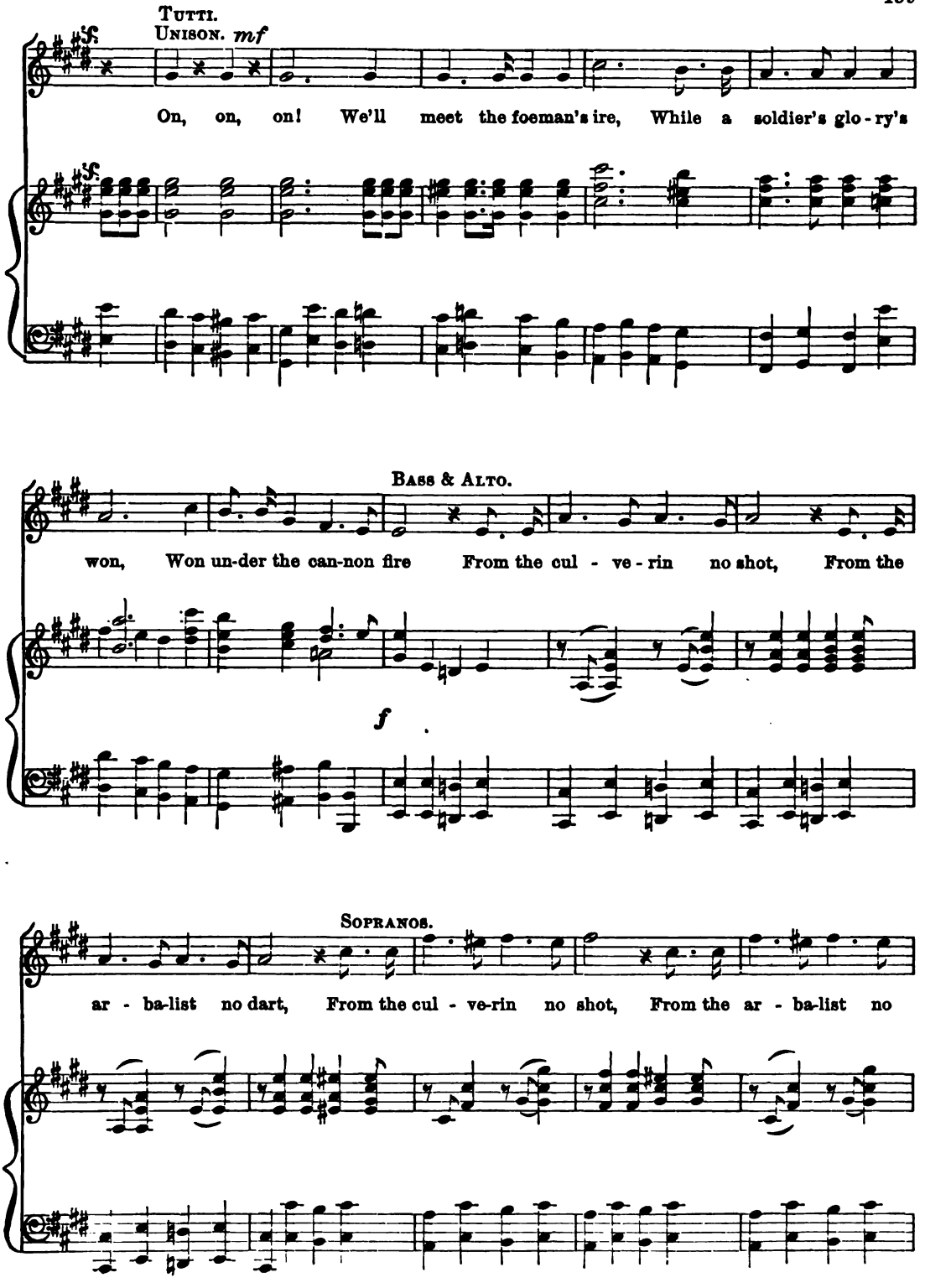
1st & 2nd BASS.

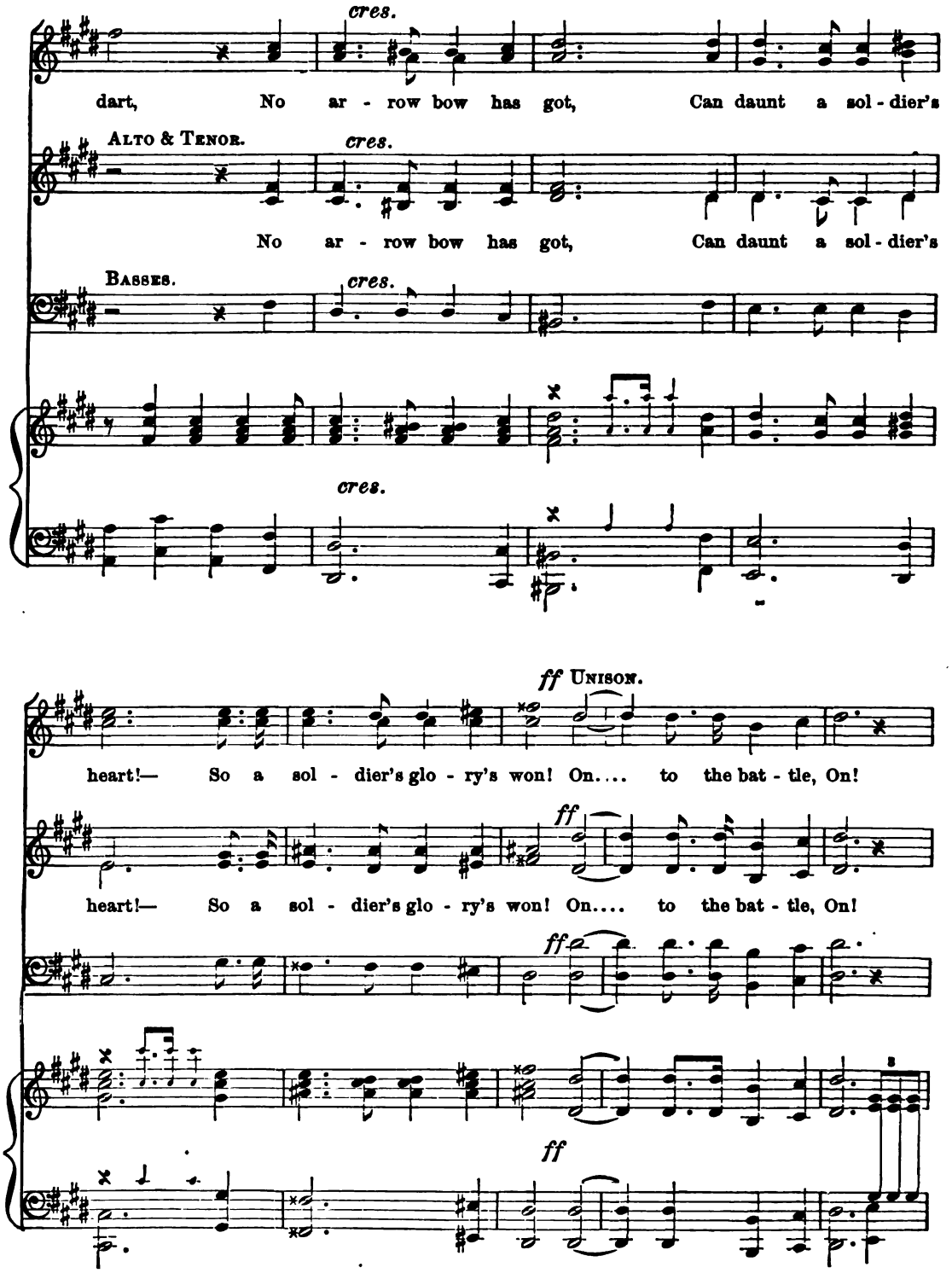
p

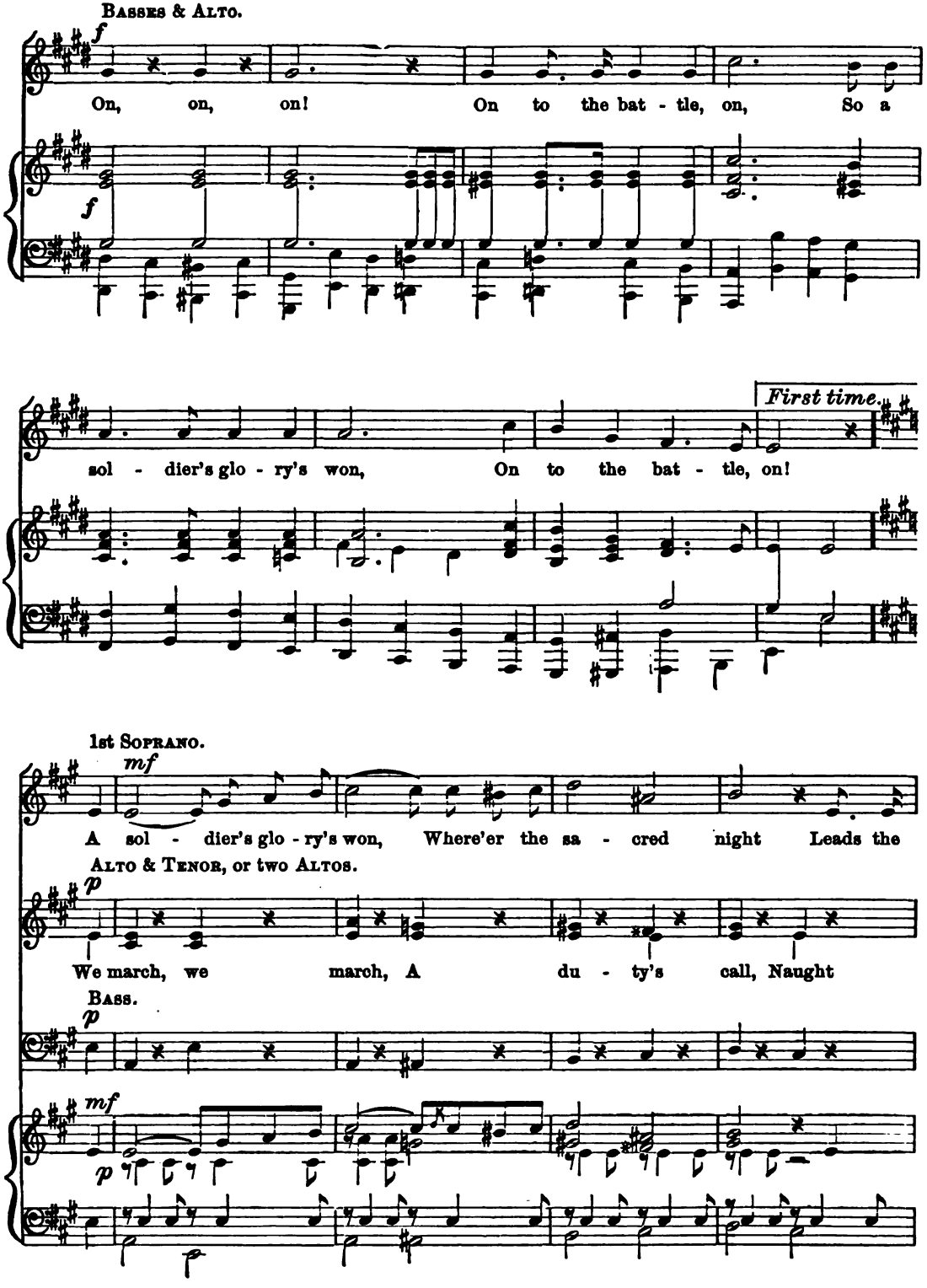
ire, We'll meet the foeman's ire, On, on, on! on, on,

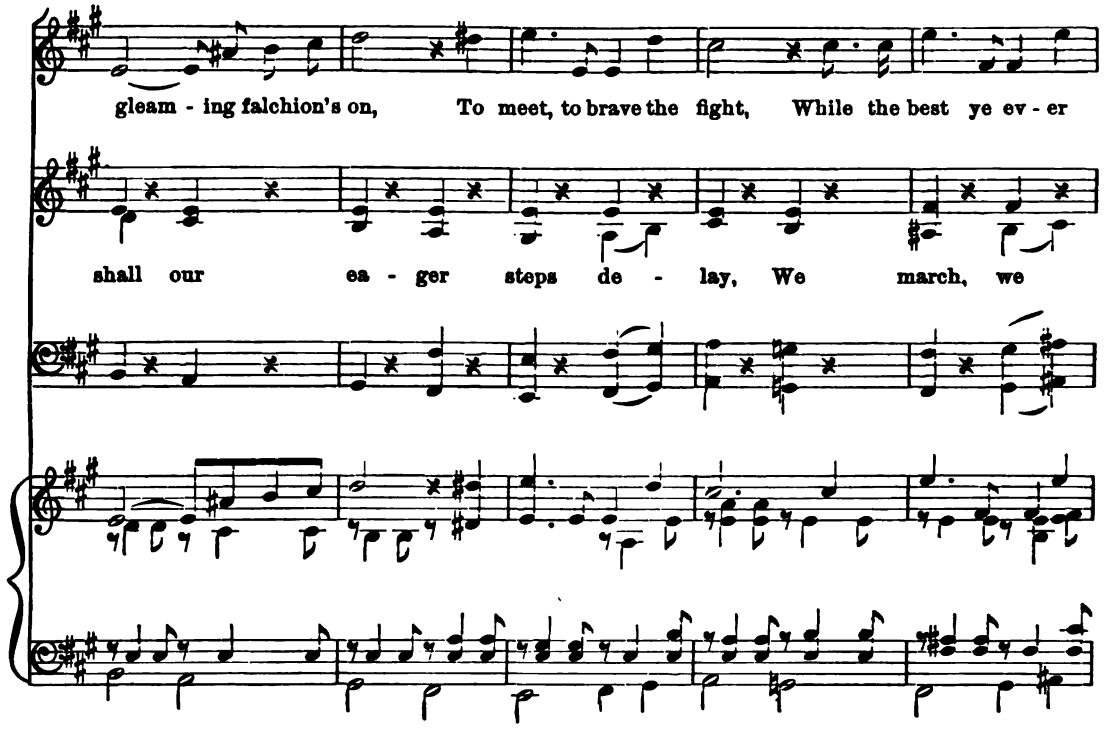
mf

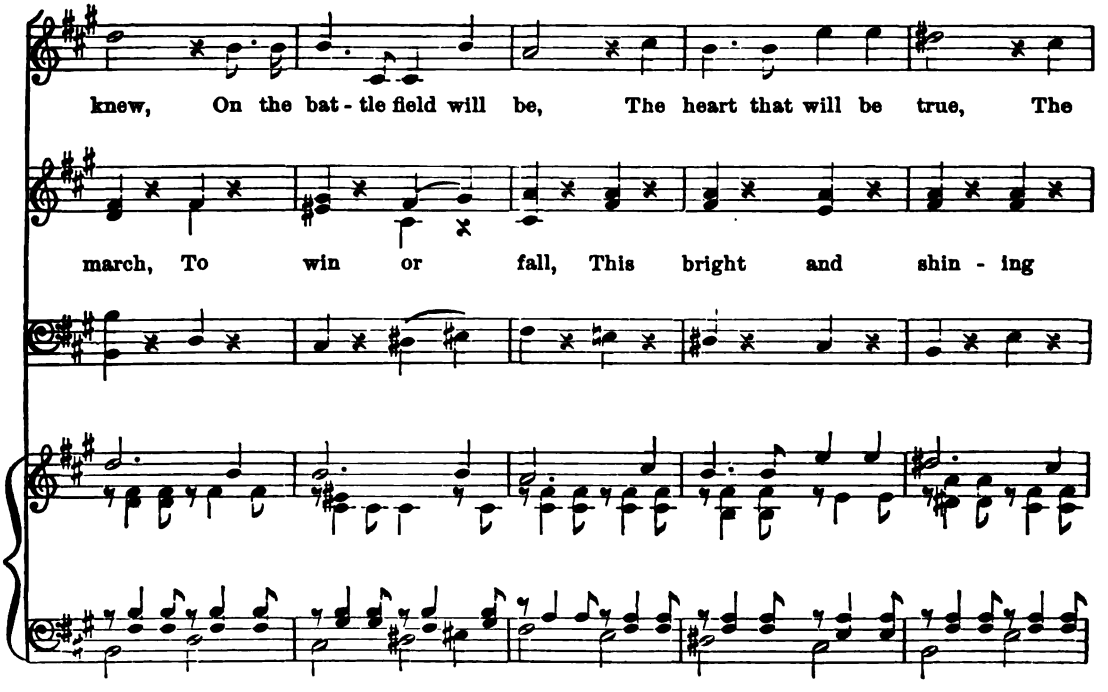
on! We'll meet his ire, the foe-man's ire, We'll meet his ire, the foe-man's ire.

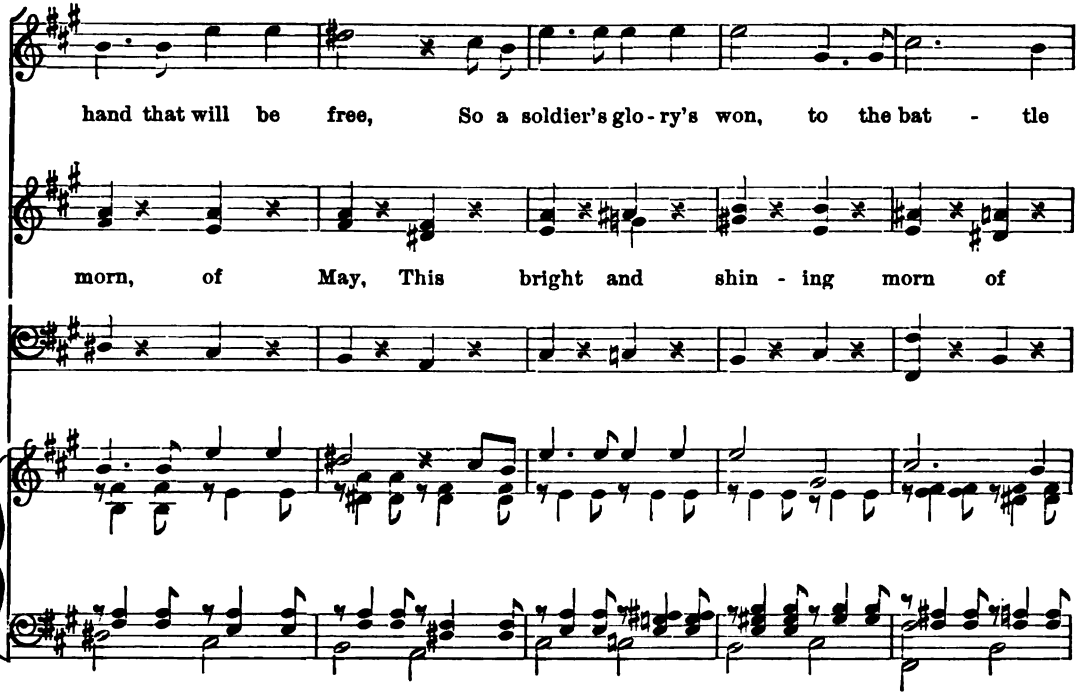

TUTTI.
UNISON. mf
On, on, on! We'll meet the foeman's ire, While a soldier's glo - ry's
BASS & ALTO.
won, Won un-der the can-non fire From the cul - ve - rin no shot, From the
f
SOPRANOS.
ar - ba-list no dart, From the cul - ve-rin no shot, From the ar - ba-list no

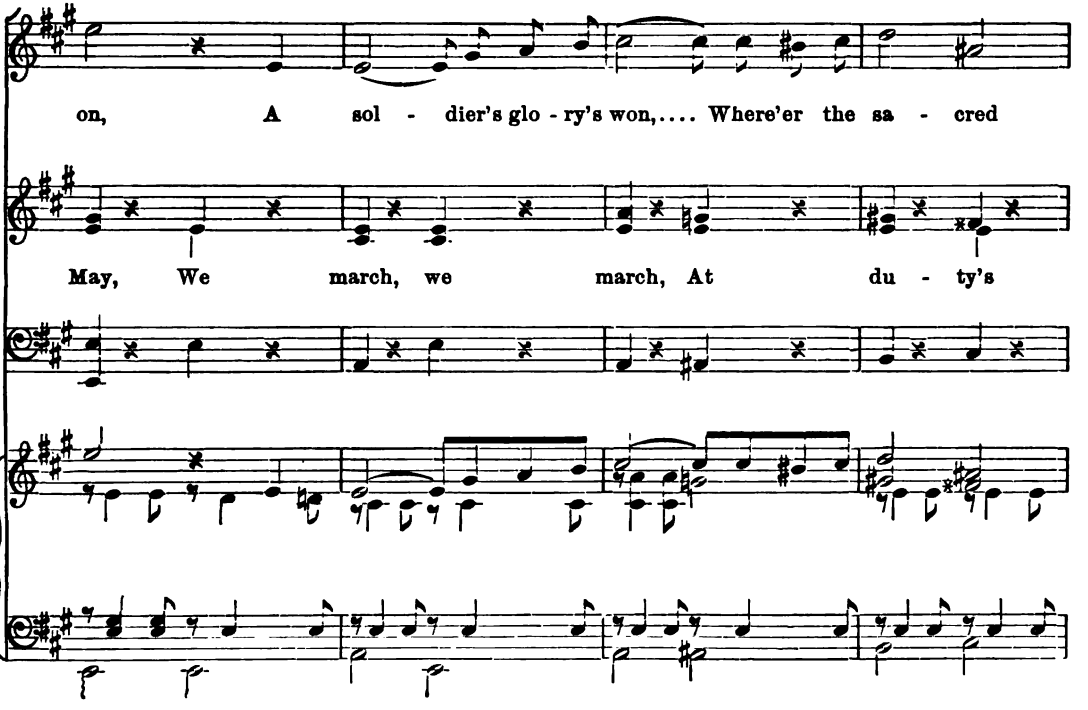

cres.
dart, No ar - row bow has got, Can daunt a sol - dier's
ALTO & TENOR.
cres.
No ar - row bow has got, Can daunt a sol - dier's
BASSES.
cres.
cres.
ff UNISON.
heart!— So a sol - dier's glo - ry's won! On.... to the bat - tle, On!
ff
heart!— So a sol - dier's glo - ry's won! On.... to the bat - tle, On!
ff
ff


BASSES & ALTO.
f
On, on, on! On to the bat - tle, on, So a
f
sol - dier's glo - ry's won, On to the bat - tle, on!
First time.
1st SOPRANO.
mf
A sol - dier's glo - ry's won, Where'er the sa - cred night Leads the
ALTO & TENOR, or two ALTOS.
p
We march, we march, A du - ty's call, Naught
BASS.
p
mf
p


gleam - ing falchion's on, To meet, to brave the fight, While the best ye ev - er
shall our ea - ger steps de - lay, We march, we


knew, On the bat - tle field will be, The heart that will be true, The
march, To win or fall, This bright and shin - ing


hand that will be free, So a soldier's glo - ry's won, to the bat - tle
morn, of May, This bright and shin - ing morn of


on, A sol - dier's glo - ry's won,.... Where'er the sa - cred
May, We march, we march, At du - ty's

D.S.

right, His fal - chion leads to brave the fight.

D.S.

call, We march, we march, to win or fall.

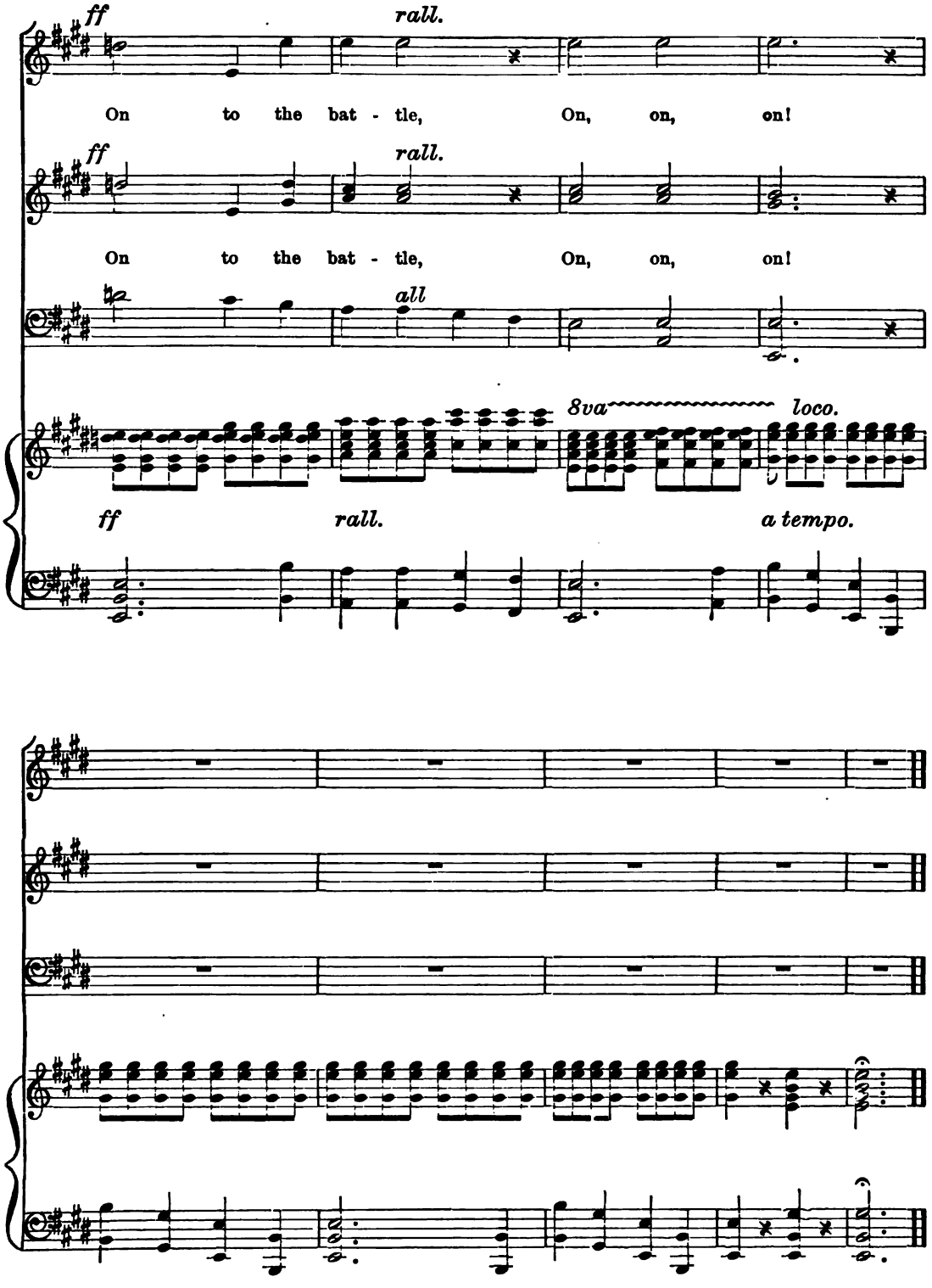
D.S.

D.S.

Second time.

to the bat - tle

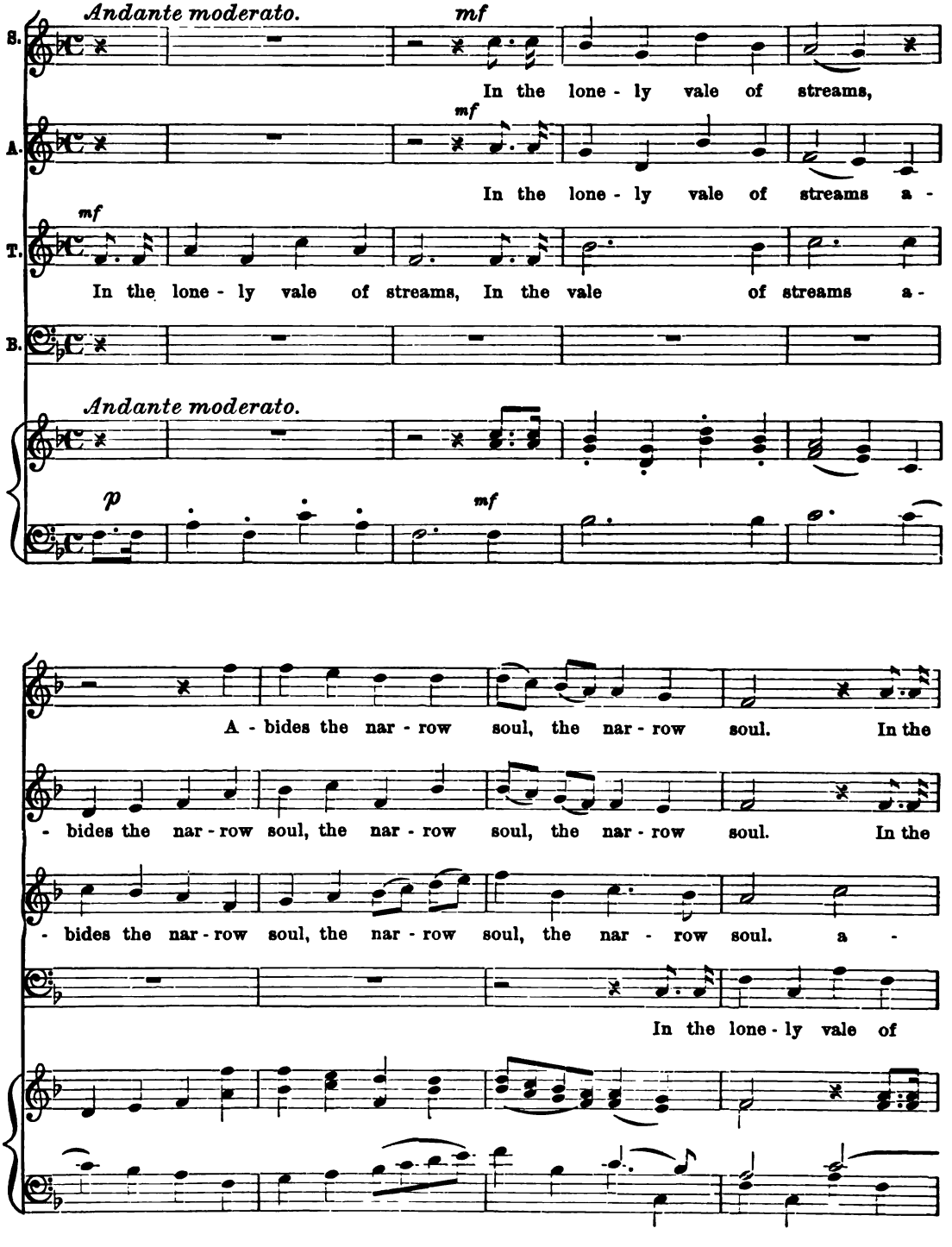
on to the bat-tle, On to the bat - tle, On to the bat - tle, On to the bat - tle

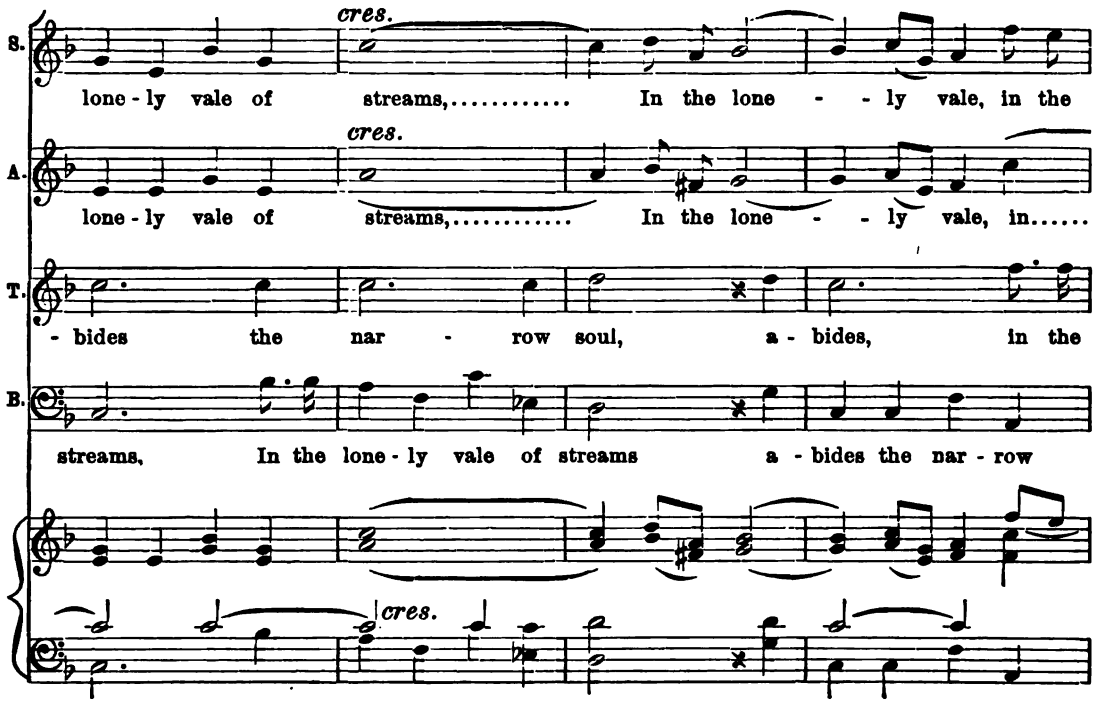

ff
rall.
On to the bat - tle, On, on, on!
ff
rall.
On to the bat - tle, On, on, on!
all
8va
loco.
ff
rall.
a tempo.

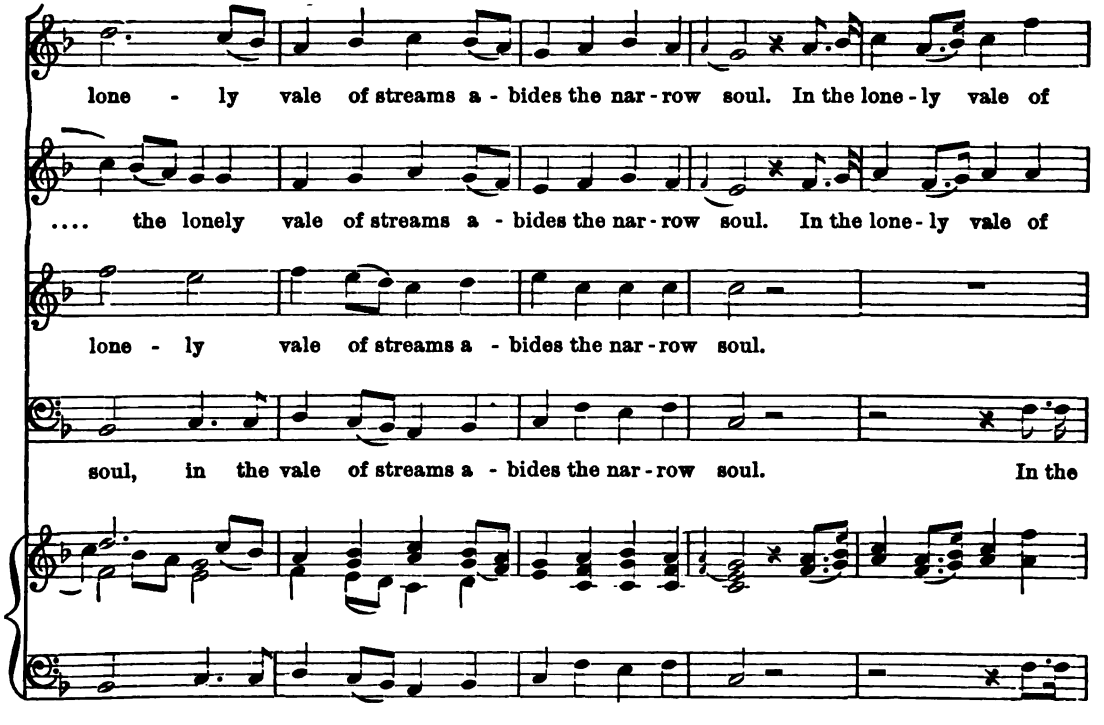
IN THE LONELY VALE OF STREAMS.

NO. 54.

DR. CALLCOTT.




S.
cres.
lone - ly vale of streams,..... In the lone - - ly vale, in the
A.
cres.
lone - ly vale of streams,..... In the lone - - ly vale, in.....
T.
- bides the nar - row soul, a - bides, in the
B.
streams, In the lone - ly vale of streams a - bides the nar - row
cres.


lone - ly vale of streams a - bides the nar - row soul. In the lone - ly vale of
.... the lonely vale of streams a - bides the nar - row soul. In the lone - ly vale of
lone - ly vale of streams a - bides the nar - row soul.
soul, in the vale of streams a - bides the nar - row soul. In the

S. streams, in the lone - ly vale of streams a - bides the nar - row

A. streams, in the lone - ly vale of streams, a - bides the nar - row

T. In the vale of streams a - bides the nar - row

B. lone - ly vale of streams, in the lone - ly vale of streams a - bides the

soul, a - bides the nar - row soul, the nar - row soul. soul.

adagio. *1st.* *2nd.*

soul, the nar - row soul, the nar - row soul, the nar - row soul. soul.

adagio. *1st.* *2nd.*

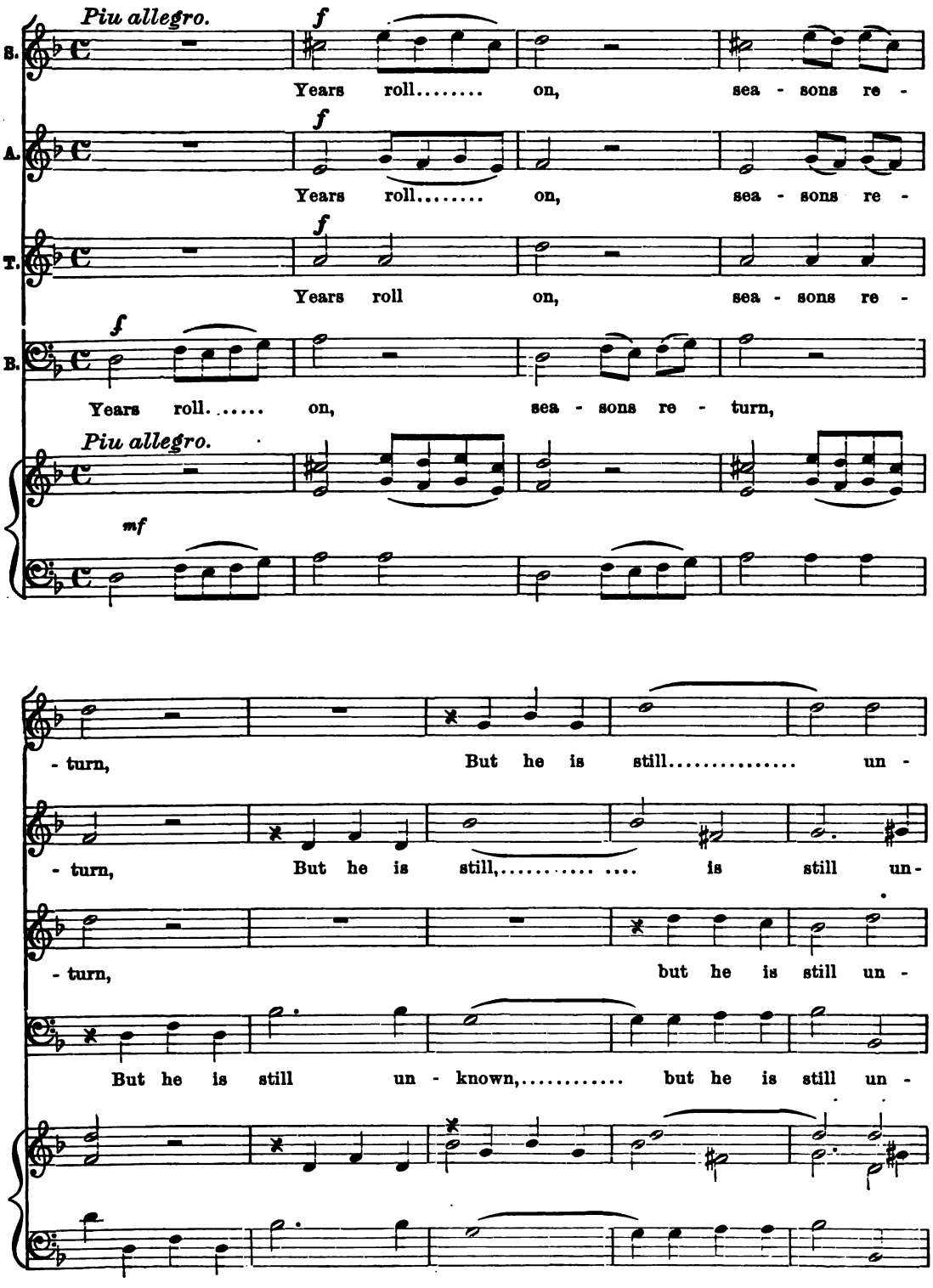
soul, the nar - row soul, the nar - row soul, the nar - row soul. soul.

adagio. *1st.* *2nd.*

nar - - row soul, the nar - row soul, the nar - row soul. soul.

adagio. *1st.* *2nd.*

adagio.


Piu allegro.
S.
Years roll..... on, sea - sons re -
A.
Years roll..... on, sea - sons re -
T.
Years roll on, sea - sons re -
B.
Years roll..... on, sea - sons re - turn,
Piu allegro.
mf
- turn, But he is still..... un -
- turn, But he is still,..... .... is still un-
- turn, but he is still un -
But he is still un - known,..... but he is still un -

S. - known.

A. - known.

T. - known.

BASS SOLO. *Andante.*

p

B. - known. In a blast comes cloud - y death, and lays his grey head low.

Andante.

p

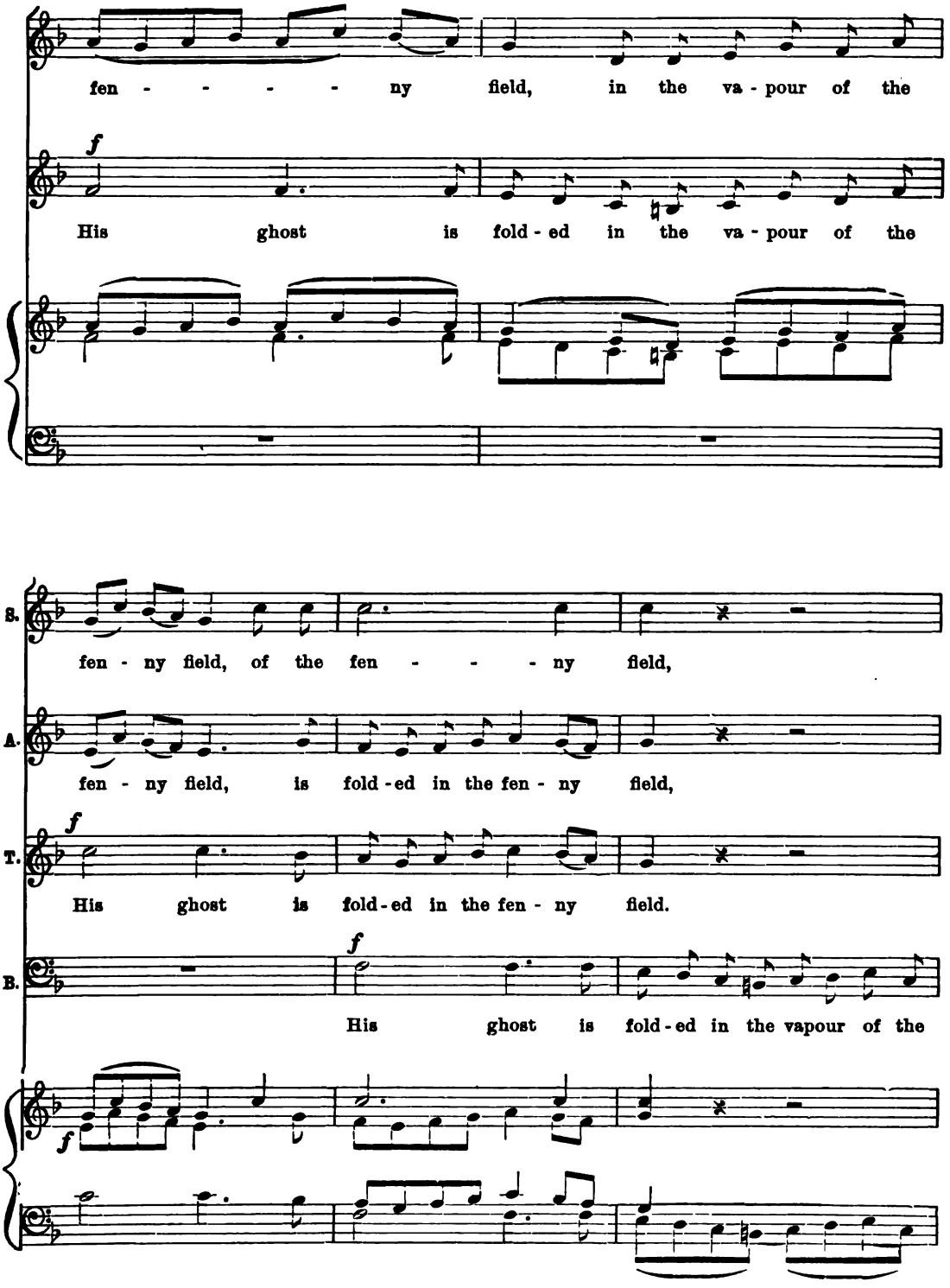
Allegro moderato.

f SOPRANO SOLO.

His ghost is fold - ed in the va - pour of the

Allegro moderato.

mf


fen - - - - ny field, in the va - pour of the
f
His ghost is fold - ed in the va - pour of the
S.
fen - ny field, of the fen - - - ny field,
A.
fen - ny field, is fold - ed in the fen - ny field,
f
T.
His ghost is fold - ed in the fen - ny field.
B.
f
His ghost is fold - ed in the vapour of the
f

S. His ghost is fold-ed in the vapour of the fen - - - - - -

A. His ghost is fold-ed in the vapour of the fen - - - - -

T. in the

B. fen - - - ny field, His ghost is fold-ed in the vapour of the

- - - - - ny field, in the fen - ny field.

- - - - - ny field, in the fen - ny field.

fen - ny field, in the va - pour of the fen - ny field. It's

fen - ny field, in the va - pour of the fen - ny field. It's

S. *mf* Its course is nev - er on

A. *mf* Its course is nev - er on

T. course is nev - er on hills,

B. course is nev - er on hills,

mf

hills, *p* nor mos - sy vales of

hills, *p* nor mos - sy vales of

mf Its course is nev - er on hills, *p* nor mos - sy vales of

mf Its course is nev - er on hills, *p* nor mos - sy vales of

mf *p*

S. wind, ... of wind,

A. wind, ... of wind,

T. wind, ...

B. wind, ... *cres.*

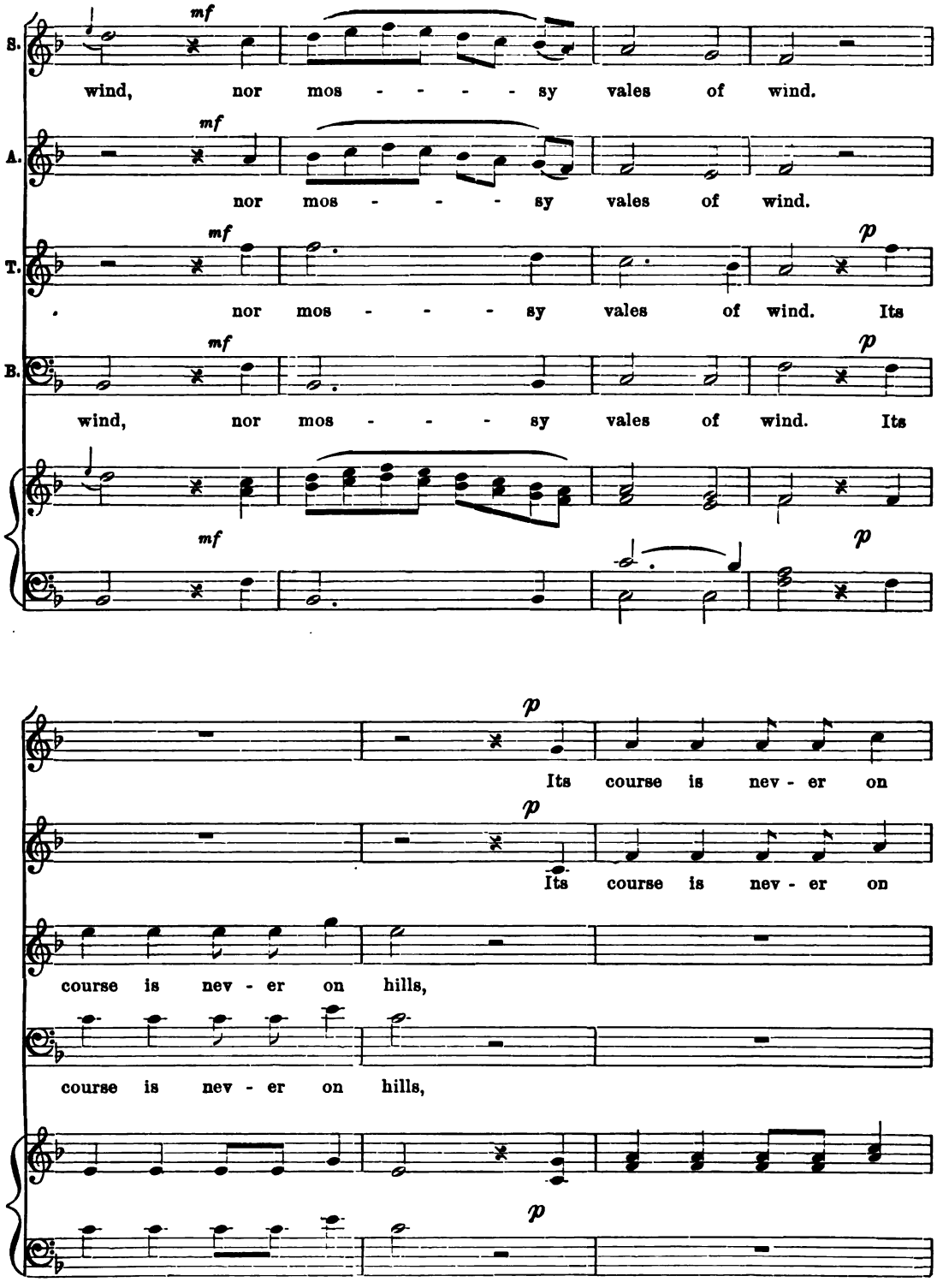
cres.

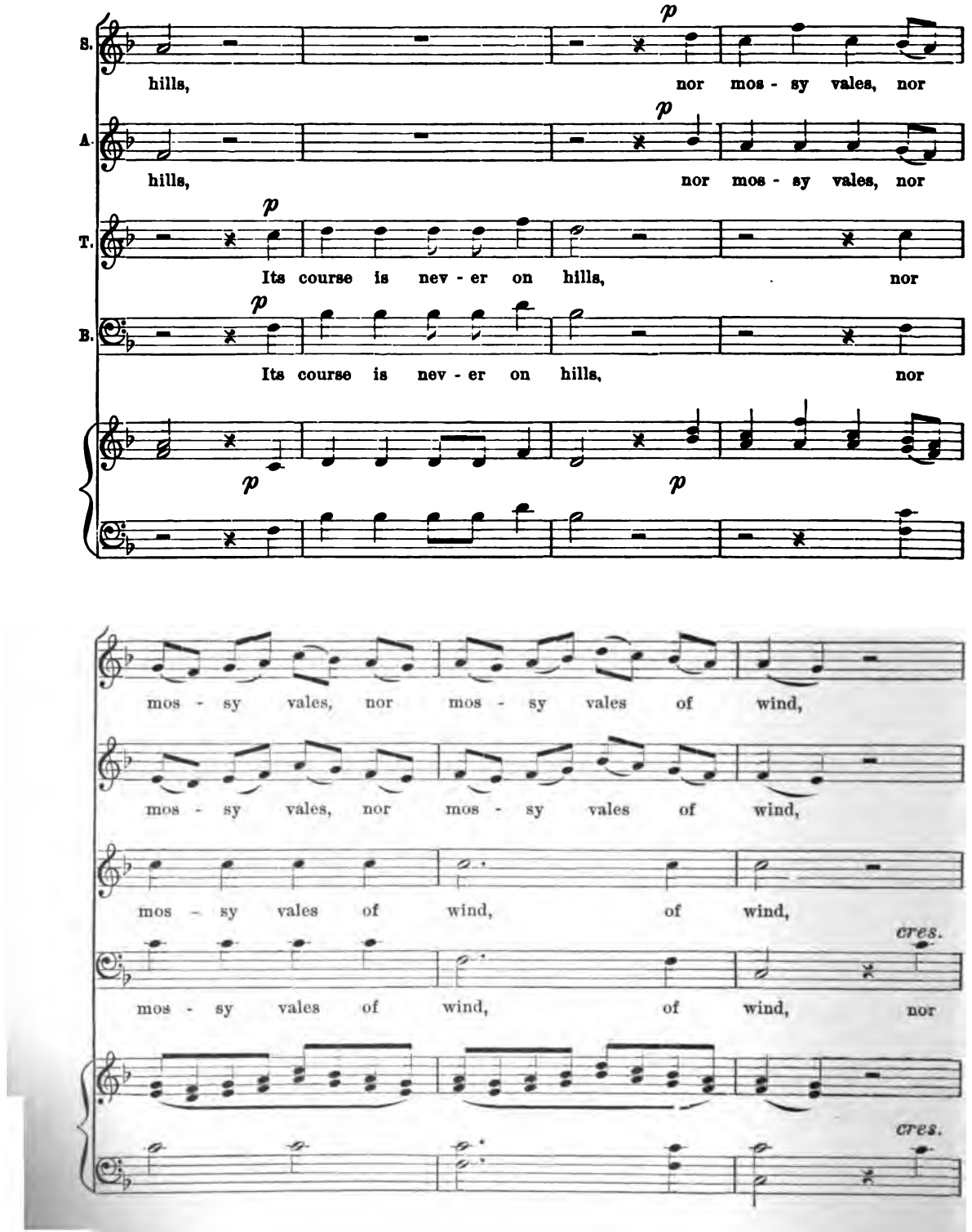
cres.

nor mos - sy vales of

mos - sy vales of wind, ... vales of

cres.


S.
wind, nor mos - - - - sy vales of wind.
A.
nor mos - - - sy vales of wind.
T.
nor mos - - - sy vales of wind. Its
B.
wind, nor mos - - - sy vales of wind. Its
Its course is nev - er on
Its course is nev - er on
course is nev - er on hills,
course is nev - er on hills,


S.
hills, nor mos - sy vales, nor
A.
hills, nor mos - sy vales, nor
T.
Its course is nev - er on hills, nor
B.
Its course is nev - er on hills, nor
p
mos - sy vales, nor mos - sy vales of wind,
mos - sy vales, nor mos - sy vales of wind,
mos - sy vales of wind, of wind,
mos - sy vales of wind, of wind, nor
cres.

S. *mf* nor mos - sy vales of

A. *mf* nor vales of

T. *mf* nor vales of

B. *mf* mos - sy vales of wind,... ..... nor vales of

mf

wind, nor mos - - - - sy vales of wind.

dim. *p adagio.*

wind, nor mos - - - sy vales of wind.

dim. *p adagio.*

wind, nor mos - - - sy vales of wind.

dim. *p adagio.*

wind, nor mos - - - sy vales of wind.

dim. *p adagio.*

dim. *p adagio.* *p*

ANCHORED.

NO. 55.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Words by S. K. COWAN, M. A. Arr. from M. WATSON.

Con spirito.

SOLO: SOPRANO & ALTO.

mf

Fly - ing with flow - ing sail

sf *sf* *sf* *p*

O - ver the sum - mer sea! Sheer thro' the seeth - ing gale

sf *p*

Home-ward bound was she!.... Fly - ing with feath-'ry prow,

sf *sf* *p*

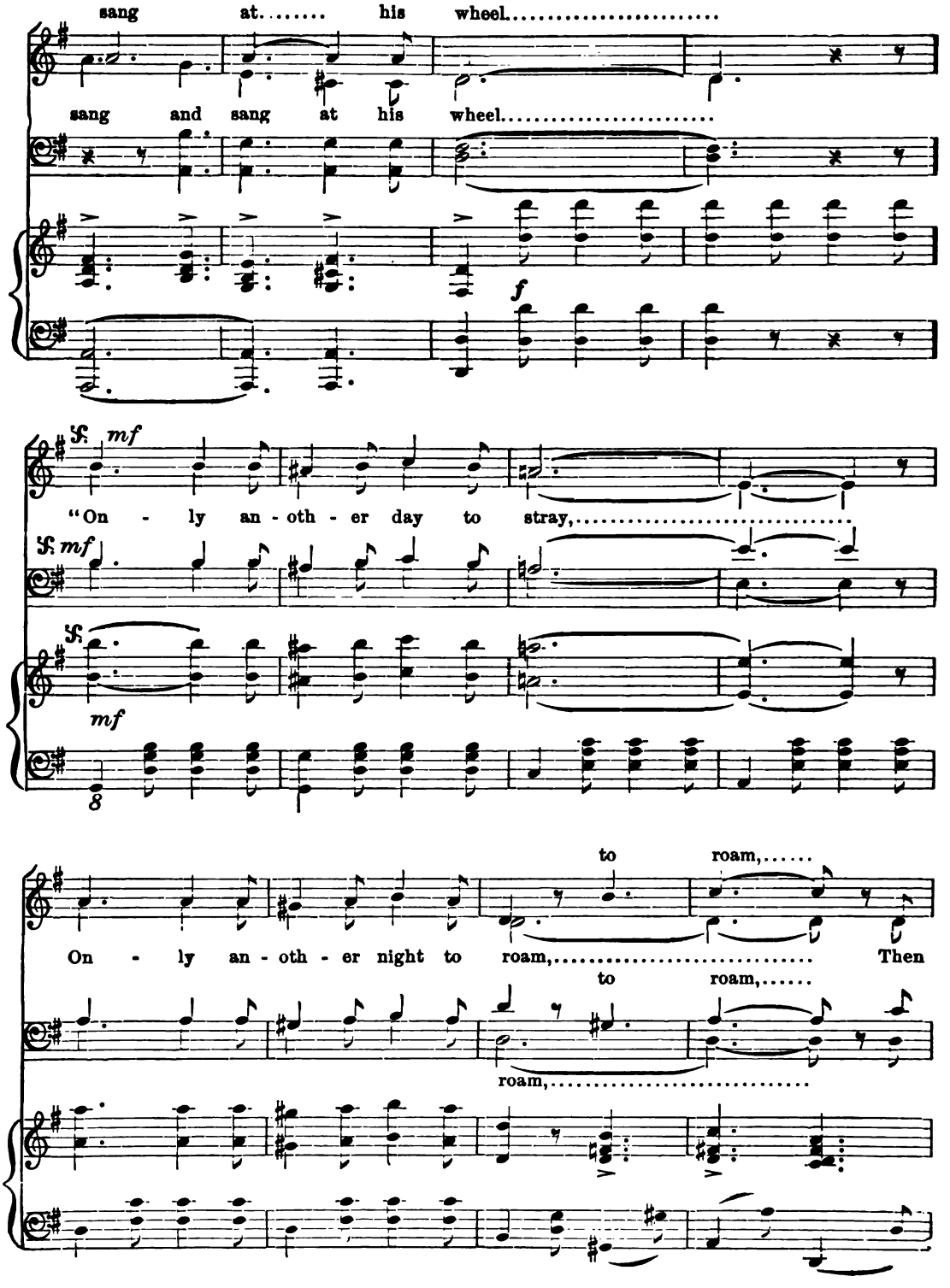
Bound-ing with slant-ing keel,.... And glad,..... and glad was the

cres. steer'd,..... and

sai - - lor lad,..... As he steer'd, *f* as he steer'd and

TENOR & BASS.

cres.


sang at..... his wheel.....
sang and sang at his wheel.....
f
mf
"On - ly an - oth - er day to stray,.....
mf
mf
8
to roam,.....
On - ly an - oth - er night to roam,..... Then
to roam,.....
roam,.....

safe..... at last,..... the har - bor past,

safe at last,..... the har - bor past,

safe, safe at last,..... the har - bor past;

cres. f Safe.....

Safe in my fa - ther's home,..... Safe,

cres. f

f

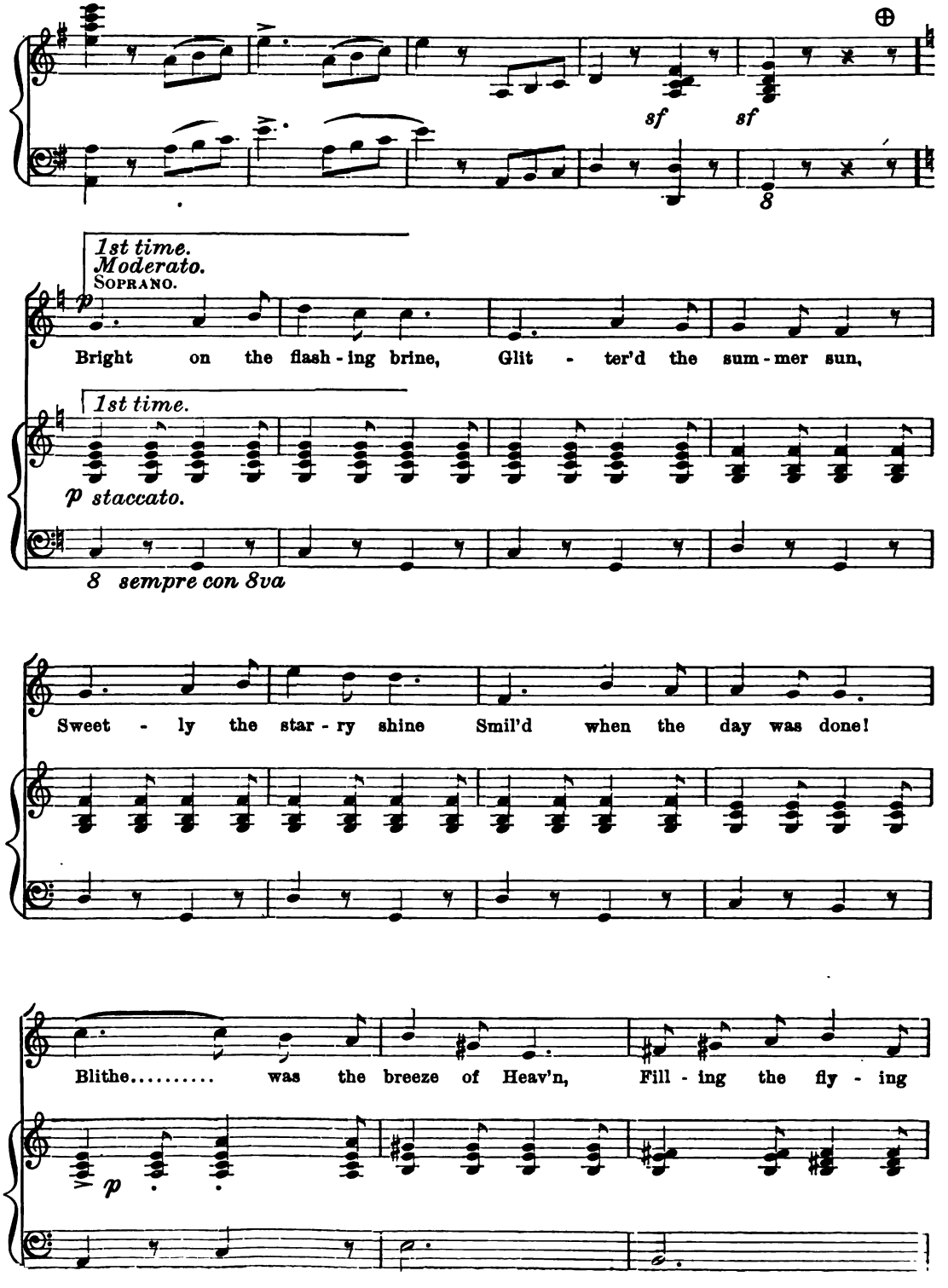
.... in my fa - - ther's home!"

poco rit. a tempo.

safe in my fa - ther's home!"

poco rit.

poco rit. ff a tempo.


sf
sf
1st time.
Moderato.
SOPRANO.
p
Bright on the flash - ing brine, Glit - ter'd the sum - mer sun,
1st time.
p staccato.
8 sempre con 8va
Sweet - ly the star - ry shine Smil'd when the day was done!
Blithe..... was the breeze of Heav'n, Fill - ing the fly - ing
p

sail,..... And glad was the sail - or lad As he

p

rall. gale..... *D.S.*

f

steer'd..... and sang thro' the gale, sang thro' the gale.....

f *D.S.*

sang thro' the gale.....

rall. *8va* *D.S.*

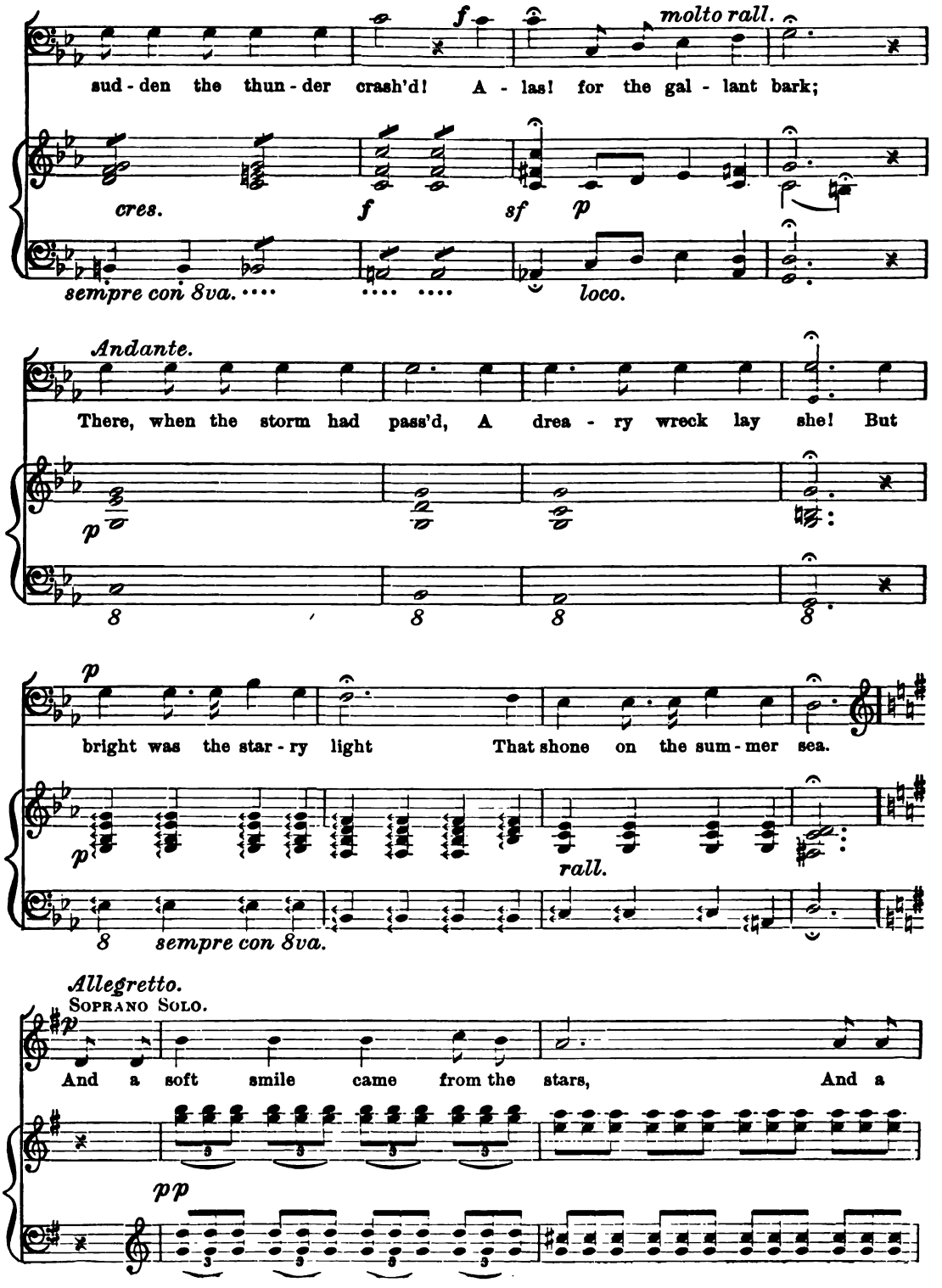
f

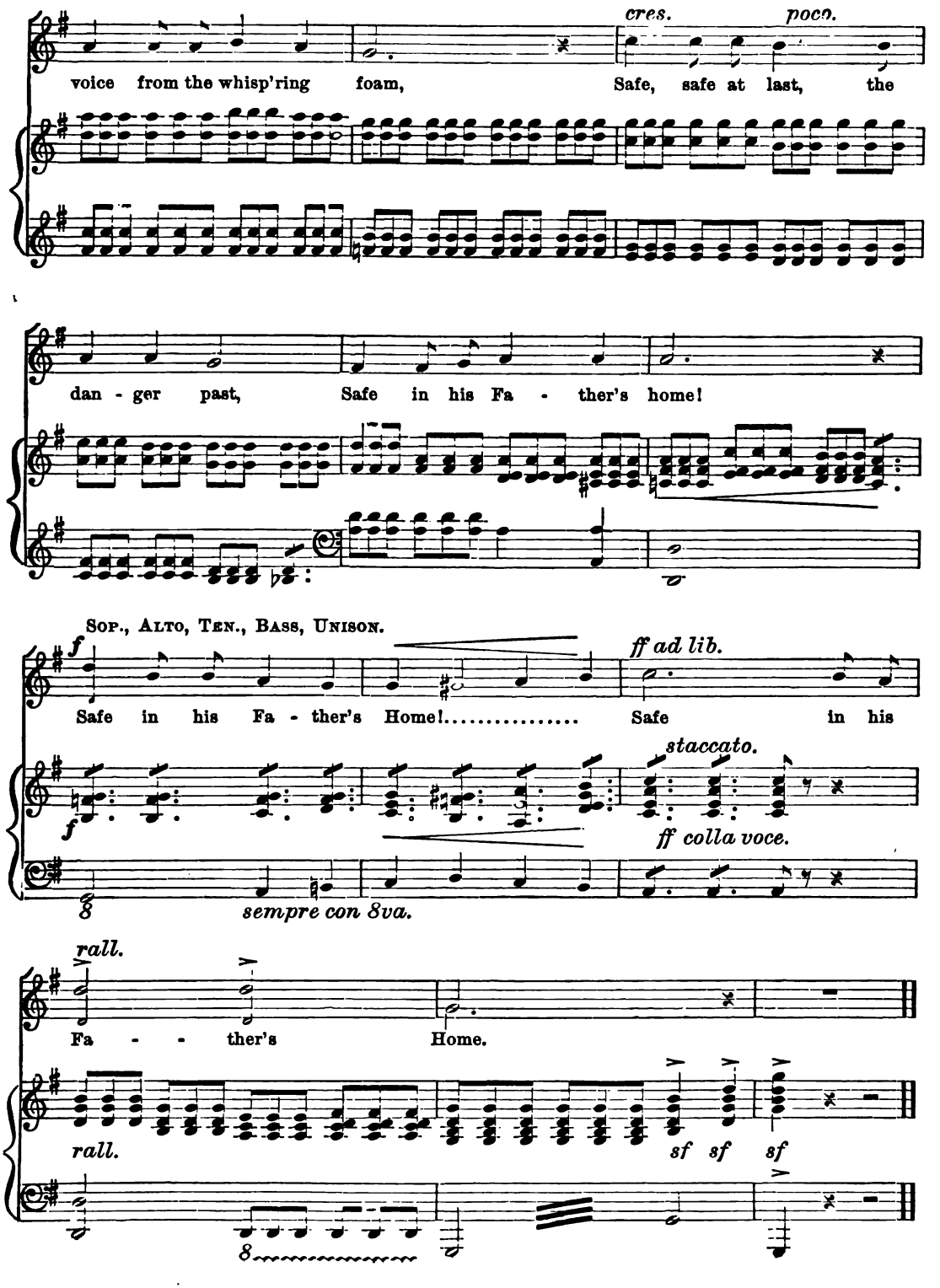
2d time.
Agitato.
BASS SOLO.

sud-den the light-ning flash'd, Like fal - chions in the dark!

sempre staccato.

mf


f
molto rall.
sud - den the thun - der crash'd! A - las! for the gal - lant bark;
cres.
f
sf
p
sempre con 8va.
loco.
Andante.
There, when the storm had pass'd, A drea - ry wreck lay she! But
p
8
p
bright was the star - ry light That shone on the sum - mer sea.
p
rall.
8
sempre con 8va.
Allegretto.
Soprano Solo.
p
And a soft smile came from the stars, And a
pp


cres.
poco.
voice from the whisp'ring foam, Safe, safe at last, the
dan - ger past, Safe in his Fa - ther's home!
SOP., ALTO, TEN., BASS, UNISON.
f
Safe in his Fa - ther's Home!..... Safe in his
ff ad lib.
staccato.
ff colla voce.
sempre con 8va.
rall.
Fa - - ther's Home.
rall.
sf sf sf

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE-THEE-WELL!

No. 56.

Arr. by WHITMORE.

Larghetto e soave.

sostenuto.

With expression.

1. Shades of eve - ning close not o'er us, Leave our lone - ly bark a - while,
2. 'Tis the hour when hap - py fa - ces Smile a - round the ta - per's light,
3. When the waves a - round us breaking, As I pace the deck a - lone,

p legato.

Morn, a - las! will not re - store us Yon - der dim and dis - tant Isle;
Who will fill our va - cant pla - ces? Who will sing our songs to - night?
And my eye in vain is seek - ing Some green leaf to rest up - on;

a little quicker. *cres.* *ritard.*

1. Still my fan - cy can dis - cov - er Sun - ny spots where friends may dwell;
2. Thro' the mist that floats a - bove us, Faint - ly sounds the ves - per bell;
3. What would I not give to wan - der Where my old com - pan - ions dwell;

cres. *ritard.*

a tempo. *calando.*

Dark - er shad - ows round us hov - er,— Isle of beau - ty, fare-thee-well.
Like a voice from those who love us, Breath - ing fond - ly,— fare-thee-well.
Ab - sence makes the heart grow fond - er,— Isle of beau - ty, fare-thee-well.

a tempo.

TO FATHERLAND.

NO. 57.

METHFESSEL.

UNISON.

1. Sing out, with voic - es firm and strong, The words we prize so dear - ly, The Fa - ther - land's be - lov - ed song, Till hills re - ech - o cheer - ly!

2 The olden singers Fatherland,
The land they loved so truly,
To thee, O cherished Fatherland,
We consecrate us newly;

3 For all that in the past did bless,
Our sacred homes defending,
Loving our German joyousness,
Its ancient ways commending.

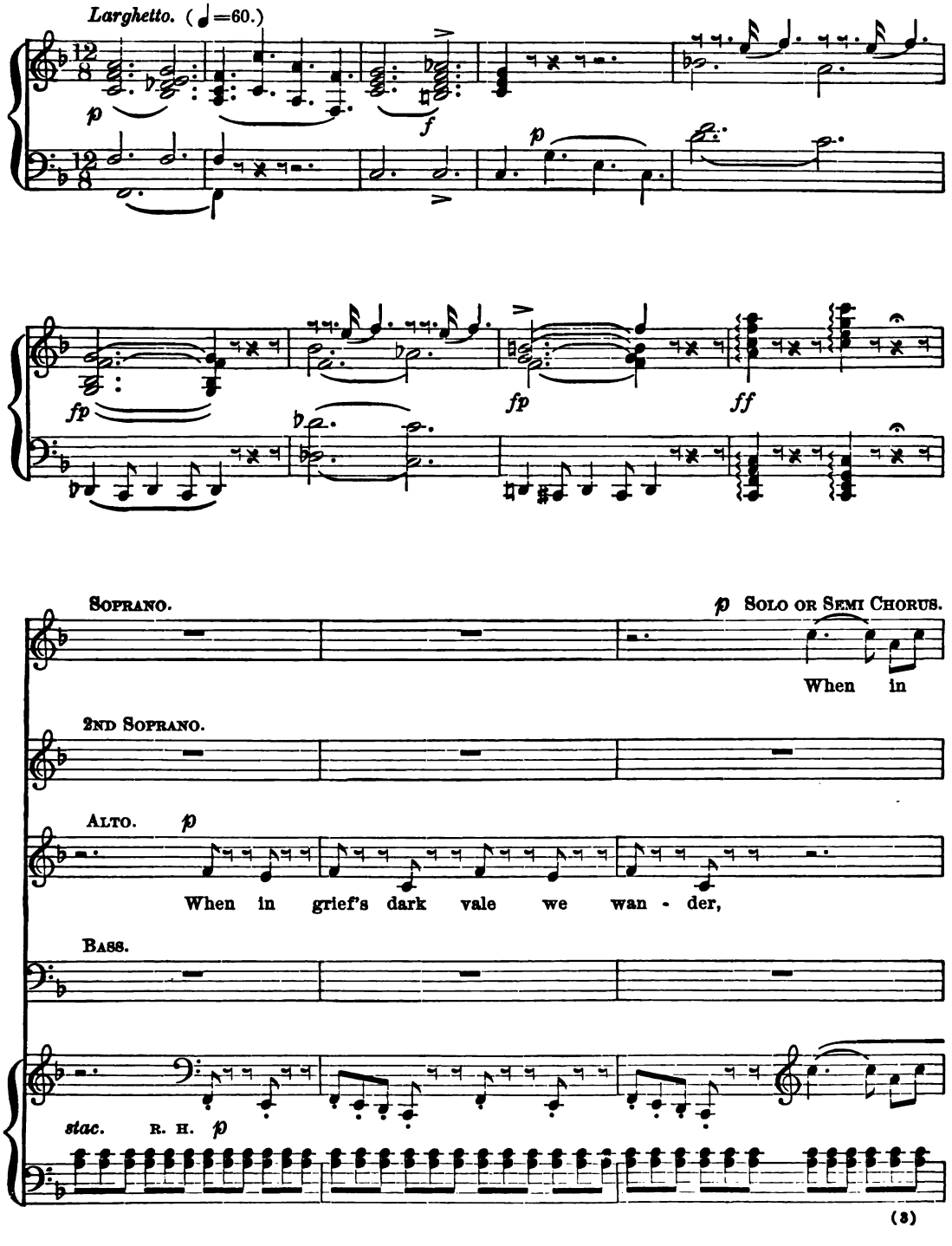
4 The Poets sang that wine and love
Must ne'er from Virtue sever,
That man to man should upright prove
In deeds and manners ever.

5 Upward the mighty strain shall go,
The Fatherland awaking,
Till each shall each as brother know,
His hand in fealty taking.

MATTH. CLAUDIUS, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

FROM "LUCREZIA BORGIA."

DONIZETTI.



grief's dark vale we wand - er,

p

An - gry clouds of doubt pre-

p

An - gry clouds of doubt pre-vail - ing, Li ke the

f

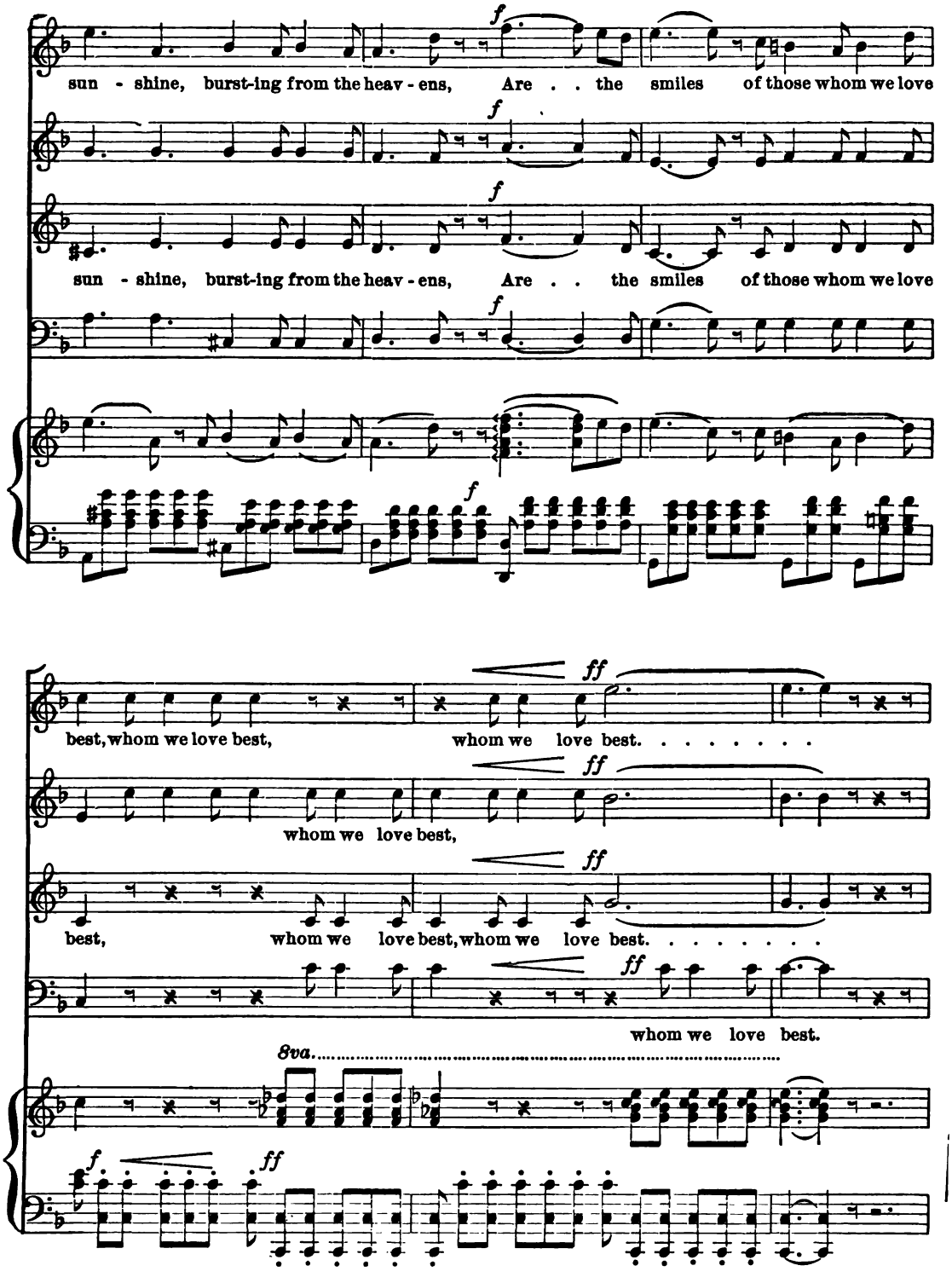
vail - ing, Like the

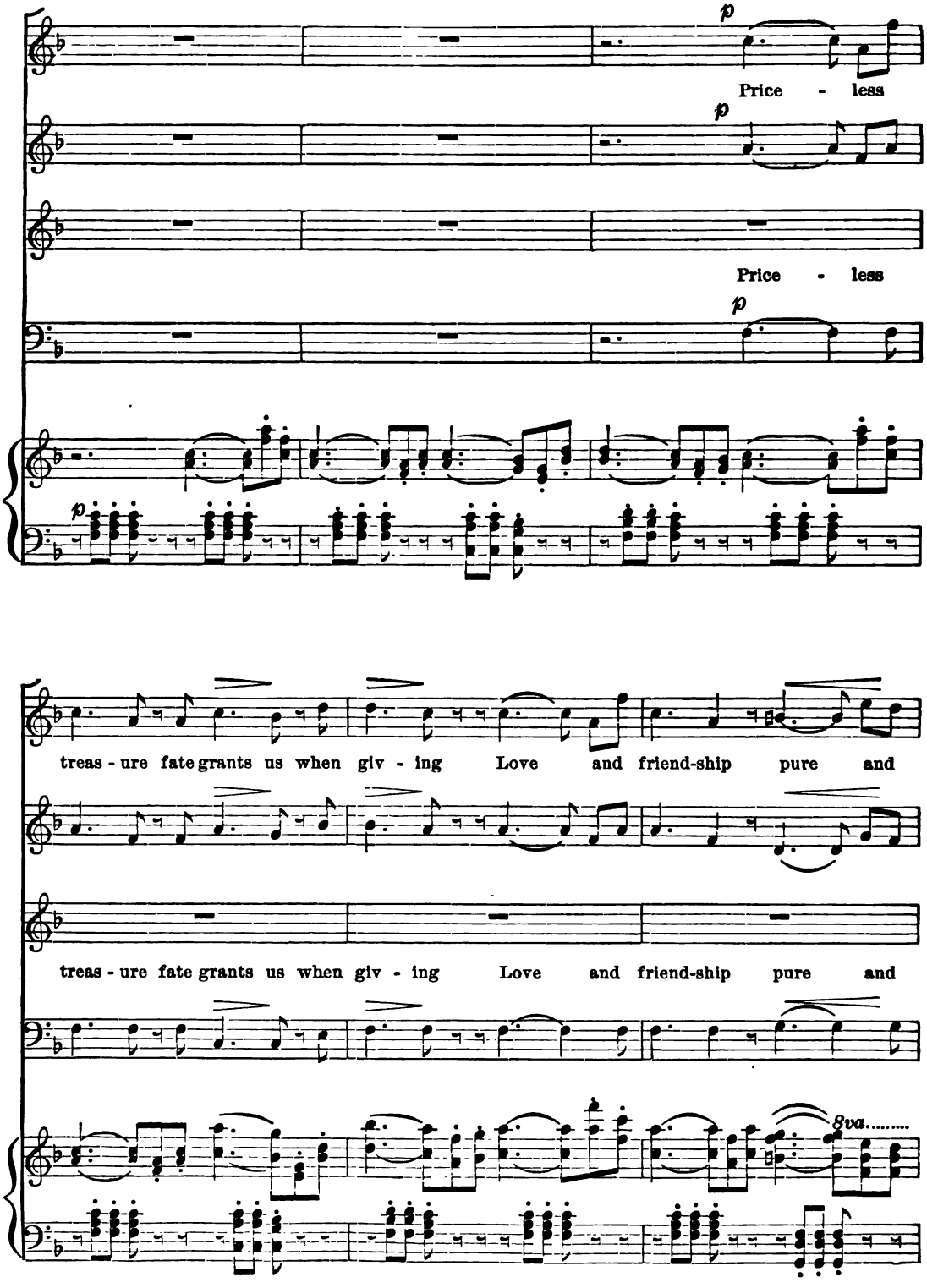
f

f

f

ff


f
sun - shine, burst-ing from the heav - ens, Are . . the smiles of those whom we love
f
f
sun - shine, burst-ing from the heav - ens, Are . . the smiles of those whom we love
f
f
ff
best, whom we love best, whom we love best. . . . . .
ff
whom we love best,
ff
best, whom we love best, whom we love best. . . . . .
ff
whom we love best.
8va.
f
ff


p
Price - less
p
Price - less
p
p
treas - ure fate grants us when giv - ing Love and friend-ship pure and
treas - ure fate grants us when giv - ing Love and friend-ship pure and
8va.....

true, . . . Price - less treas - ure fate grants us when giv-ing Love and friendship, love and

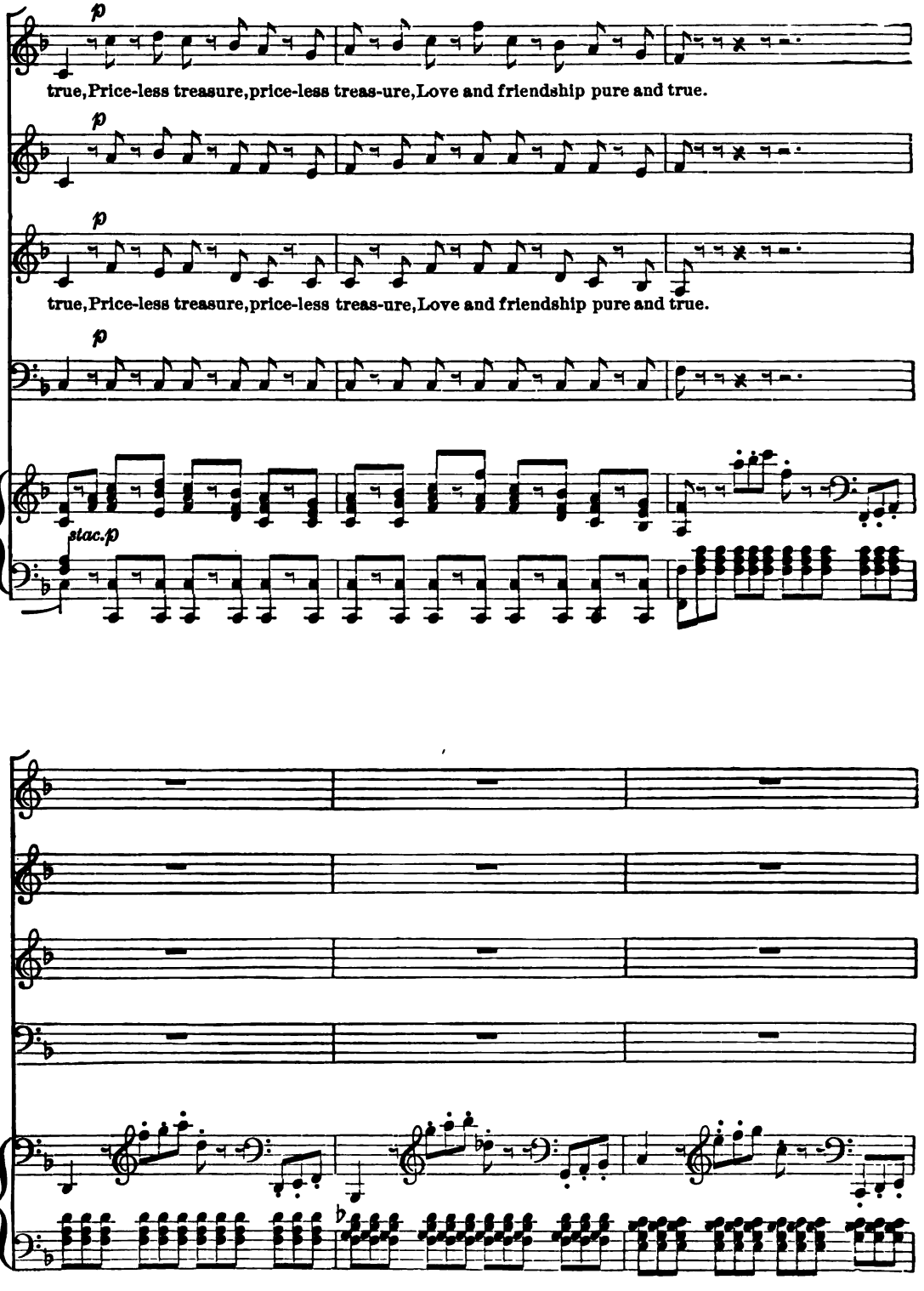
Price - less treas - ure fate grants us when giv-ing Love and friendship, love and

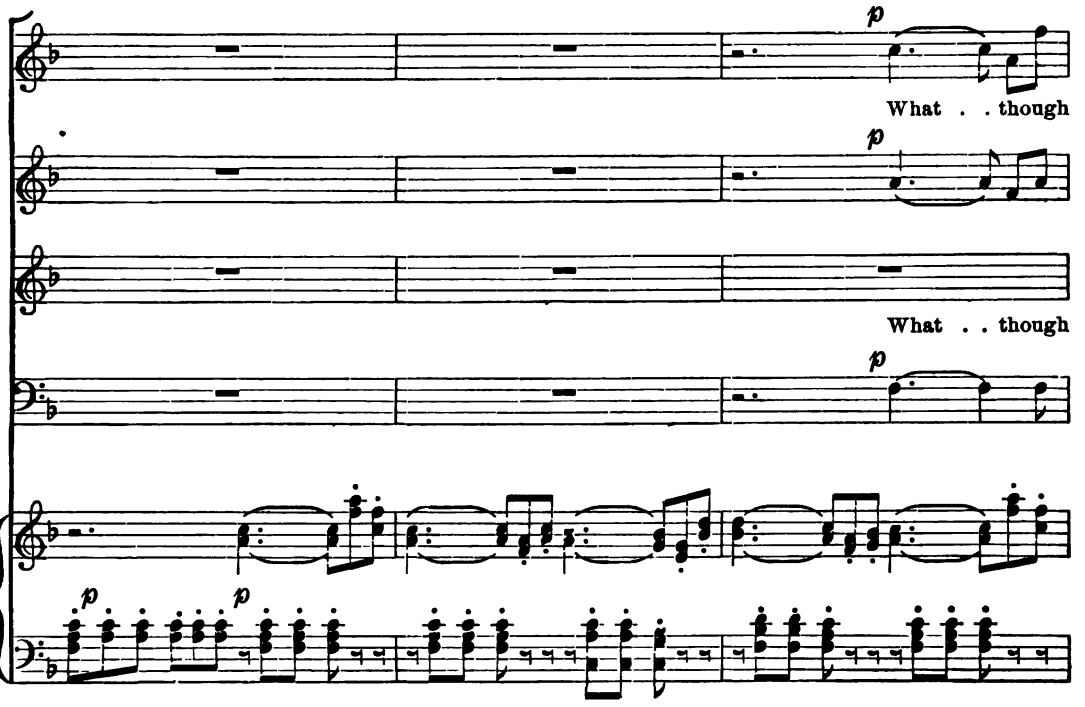
8va.

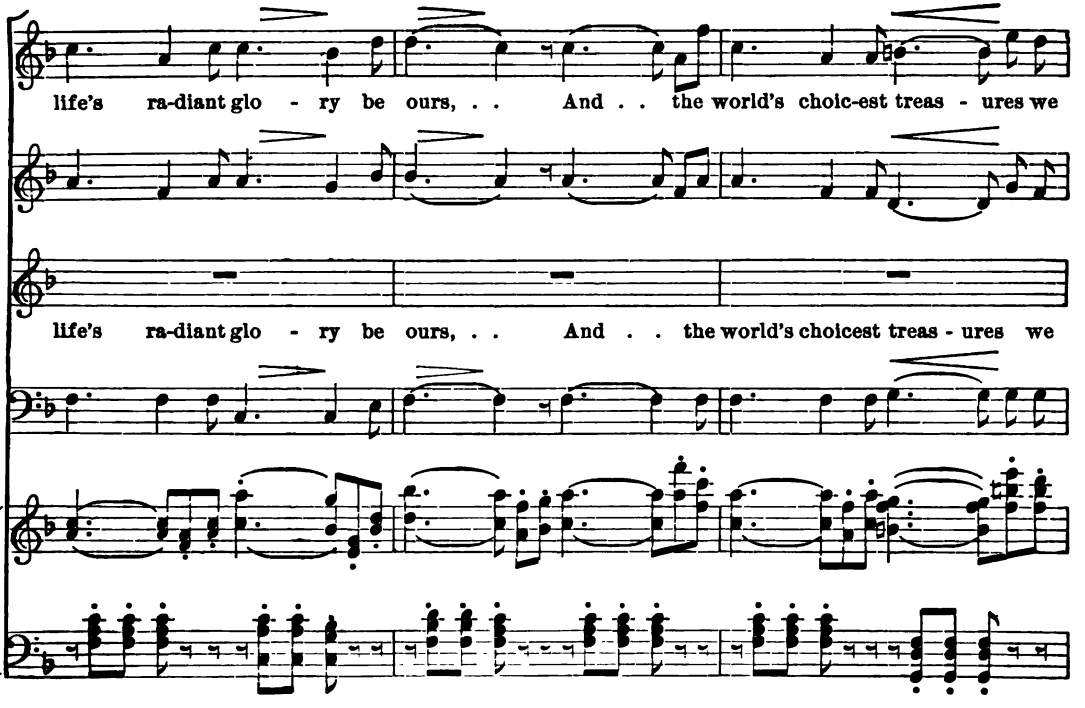
friendship both pure and true, Pure and true, pure and

friendship both pure and true, Pure and true, pure and

friendship both pure and true, Pure and true, ... pure and true, ...


p
true, Price-less treasure, price-less treas-ure, Love and friendship pure and true.
p
p
true, Price-less treasure, price-less treas-ure, Love and friendship pure and true.
p
stac. p


p
What . . though
p
What . . though
p
p
p


life's ra-diant glo - ry be ours, . . And . . the world's choic-est treas - ures we
life's ra-diant glo - ry be ours, . . And . . the world's choicest treas - ures we

share, with - out love life hath no pleasures, without love life hath no

share, with - out love life hath no pleasures, without love life hath no

8va.

f *p*

pleas-ures, let its skies be ne'er so fair, with-out love, with-out

f *p*

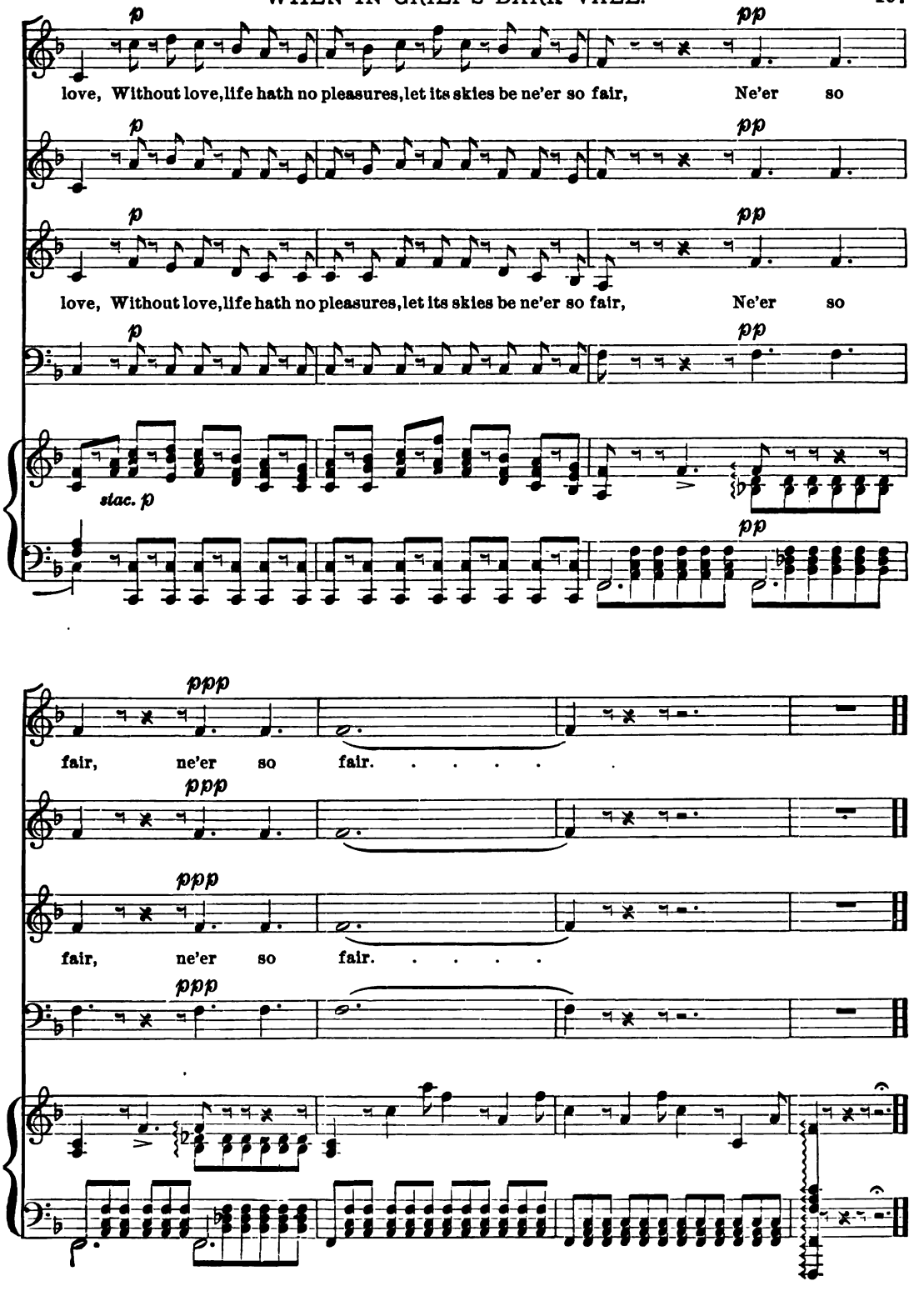
f *p*

pleasures, let its skies be ne'er so fair, with-out love, with-out

f *p*

with-out love, ... with-out love, ...

f *p*


p
pp
love, Without love, life hath no pleasures, let its skies be ne'er so fair, Ne'er so
p
pp
p
pp
love, Without love, life hath no pleasures, let its skies be ne'er so fair, Ne'er so
p
pp
stac. p
pp
ppp
fair, ne'er so fair. . . . . .
ppp
ppp
fair, ne'er so fair. . . . .
ppp

No, 59, EVENTIDE.

FRANZ ABT.

Andantino legato.

1. The sun is down, the eve-ning come, The wea-ry toil-ers all at home; And
2. E'en now de-scends the cool-ing dew, Each blade and leaf to bless a-new; A-

grateful calm-ness, peace and rest, Suc-ceed to day's dis-tract-ing haste.
mid the flow'rs light breezes play, And steal their richest scents a-way.

mf

The woods are hush'd, and
With glist'ning eye, the

p *pp ril.* *a tempo.*

The birds' ac-cus-tomed voic-es fail; The
Be-holds the si-lent world a-far; And

p

hush'd the vale, The birds' ac-cus-tom'd voic-es fail;
eve-ning star, Be-holds the si-lent world a-far;

ver-y flow'rs are fall'n a-sleep, To wake no more till day shall
bids thee watch no lon-ger keep, Be still, be still, do thou, too,

p

To wake no more till day shall
Be still, be still, do thou, too,

p sostenuto. *dim.* *pp*

peep, The ver-y flow'rs are fall'n a-sleep, To wake no more till day shall peep.
sleep, And bids thee watch no lon-ger keep, Be still, be still, do thou, too, sleep.

p

VON FALLERSLEBEN.

No. 60. SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP!

Sir HENRY A. BISHOP, arr.

Largo.
1ST & 2ND ALTO.

pp

Sleep, la - dy sleep!..... night's

TENOR & BASS.

Largo.

p ACCOMP. *pp*

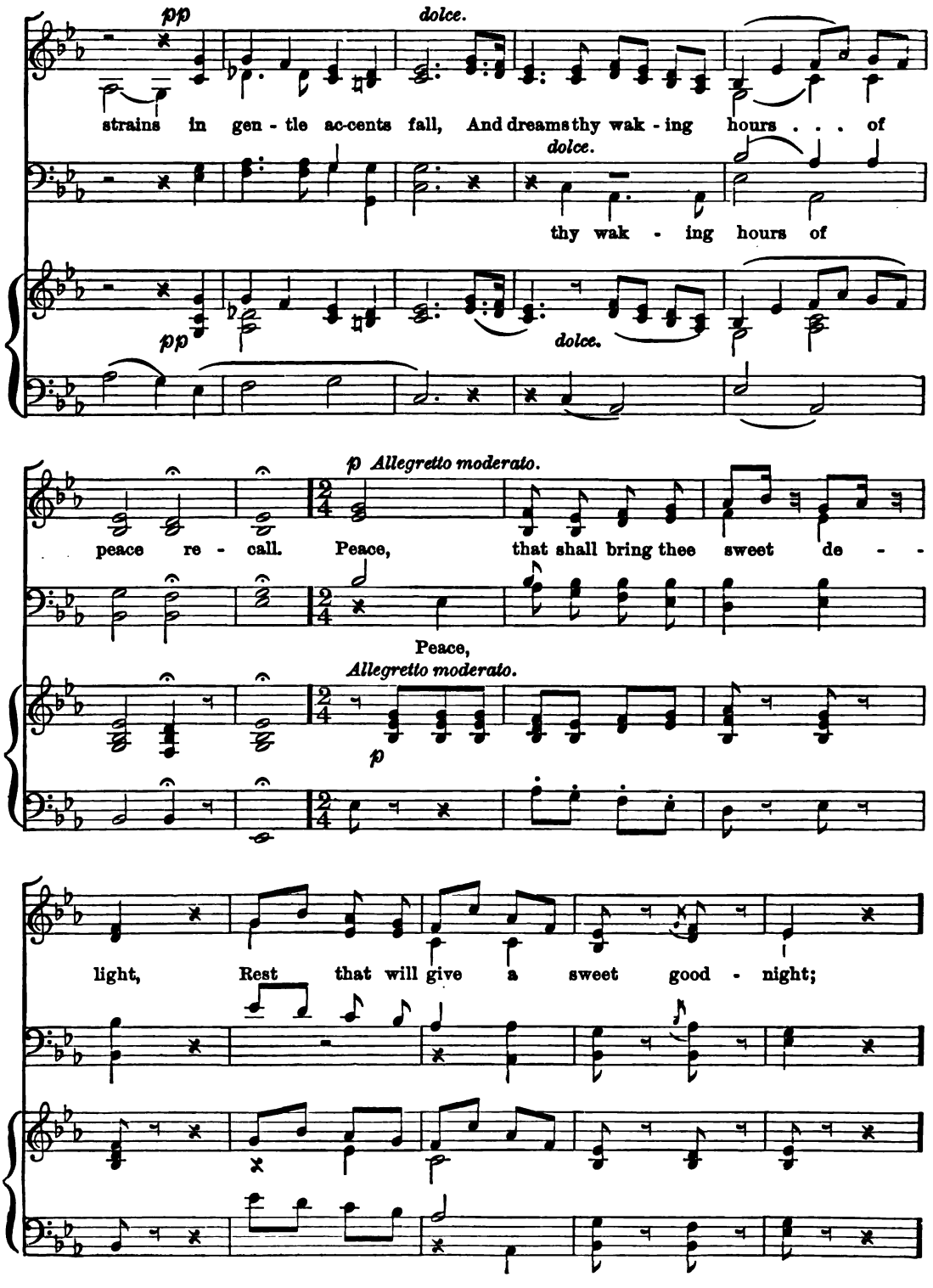
cur - tains close a - round, All na - ture doth re -

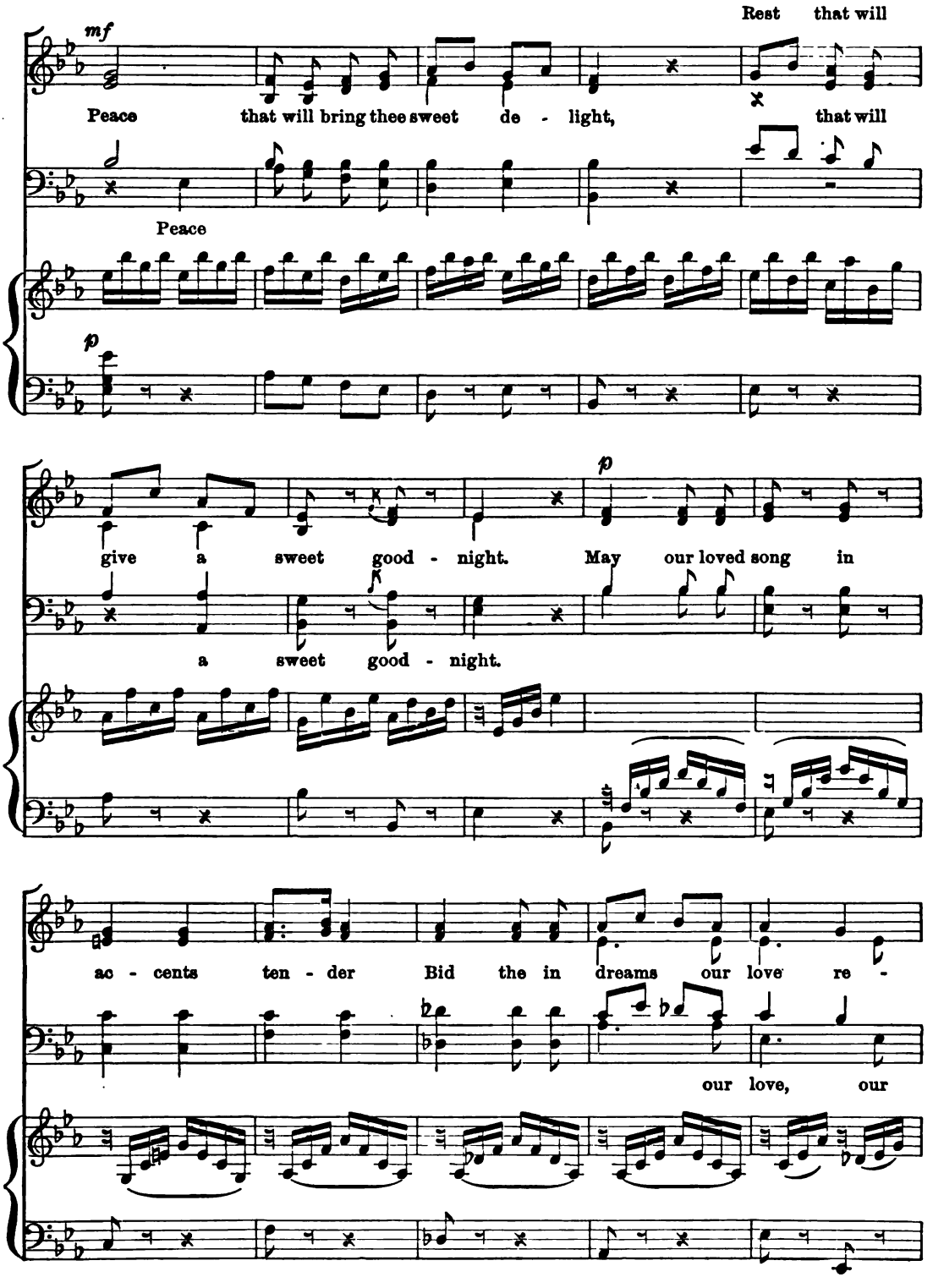
dolcr. *espress.*

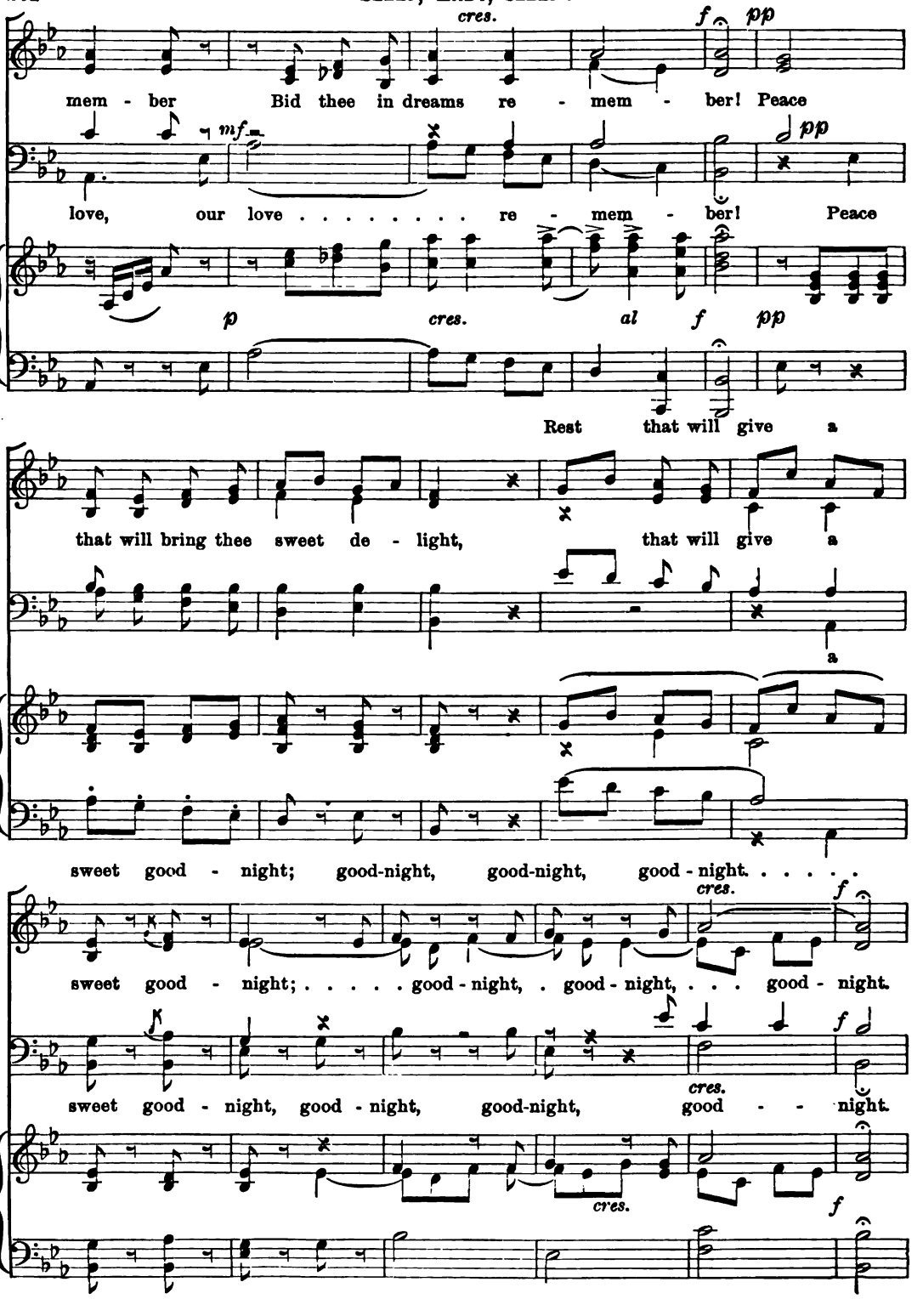
pose in si - - - lence pro - found; May our loved

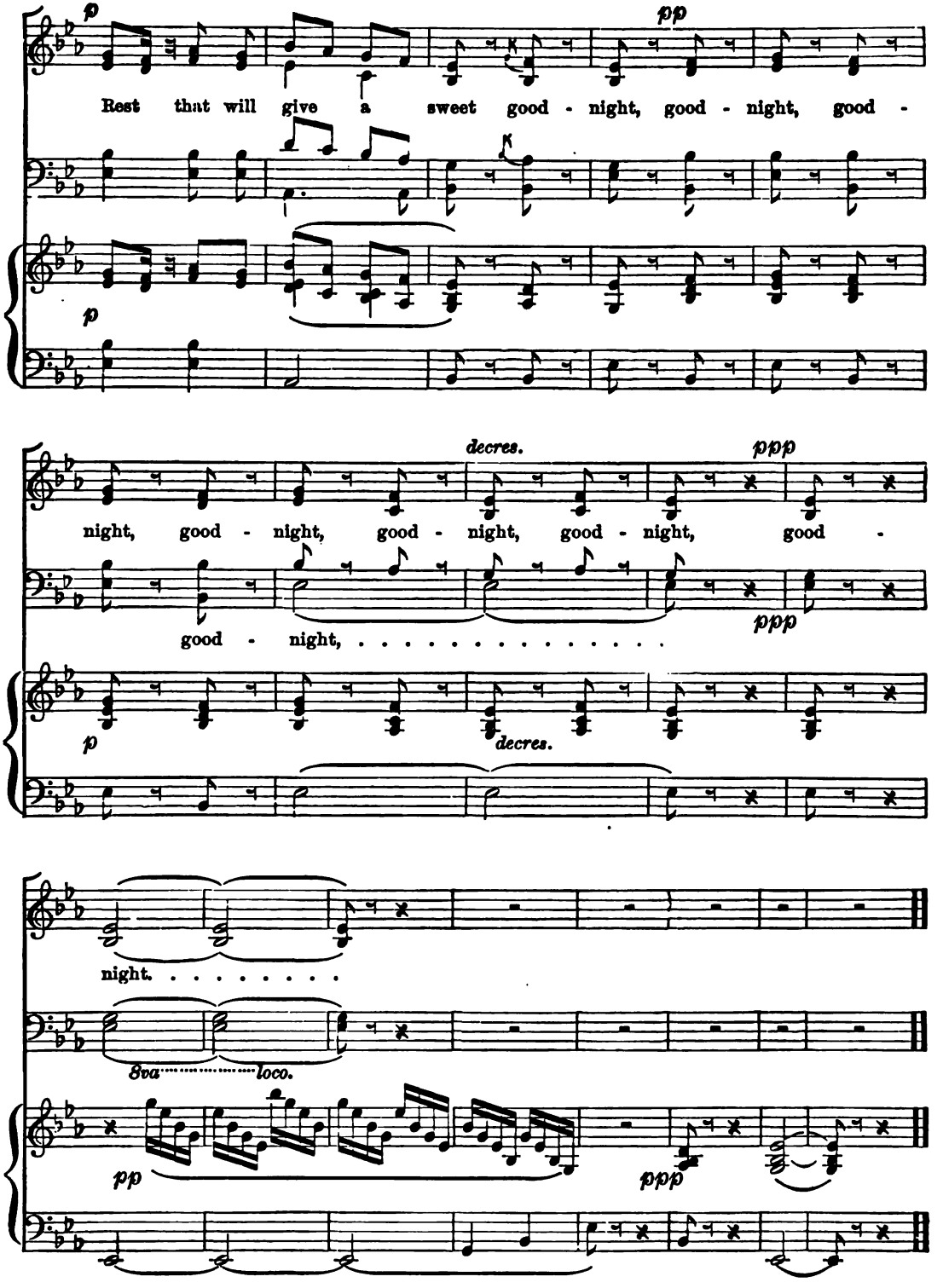
in si - - - - - - lence;

pp *dolce.*


pp
dolce.
strains in gen - tle ac-cents fall, And dreams thy wak - ing hours . . . of
dolce.
thy wak - ing hours of
pp
dolce.
p Allegretto moderato.
peace re - call. Peace, that shall bring thee sweet de - -
Peace,
Allegretto moderato.
p
light, Rest that will give a sweet good - night;

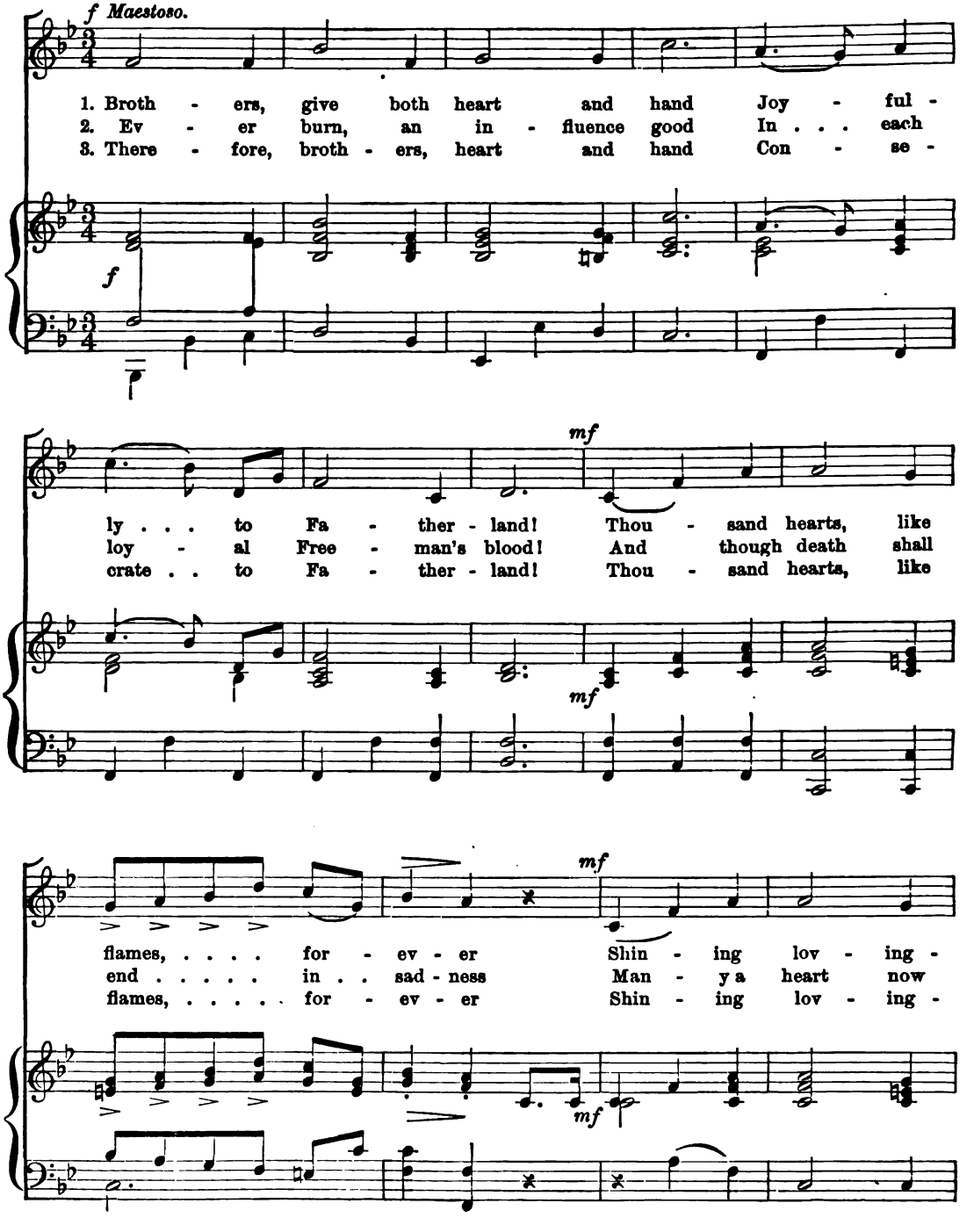

mf
Peace that will bring thee sweet de - light, Rest that will that will
Peace
p
give a sweet good - night. May our loved song in
a sweet good - night.
p
ac - cents ten - der Bid the in dreams our love re -
our love, our

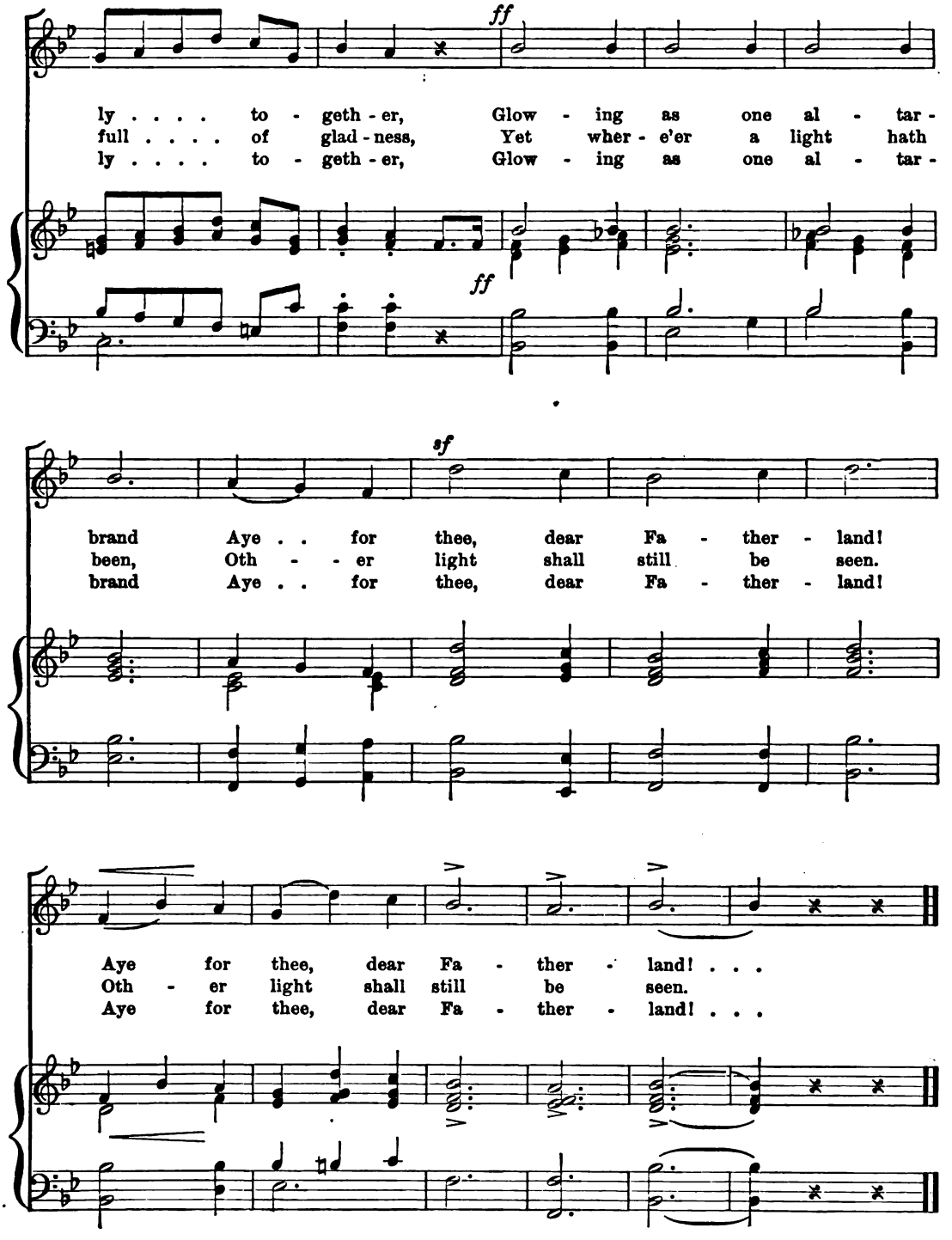

cres.
f
pp
mem - ber Bid thee in dreams re - mem - ber! Peace
mf
pp
love, our love . . . . . re - mem - ber! Peace
p
cres.
al
f
pp
Rest that will give a
that will bring thee sweet de - light, that will give a
a
sweet good - night; good-night, good-night, good - night. . . . . .
cres.
f
sweet good - night; . . . . . good - night, . good - night, . . . good - night.
f
cres.
sweet good - night, good - night, good-night, good - - night.
cres.
f


p
pp
Rest that will give a sweet good - night, good - night, good -
p
decres.
ppp
night, good - night, good - night, good - night, good -
good - night, ...
ppp
p
decres.
night. . . . . .
8va
loco.
pp
ppp

No, 61, CONSECRATION.

VOICES IN UNISON. FRANZ ABT, arr.



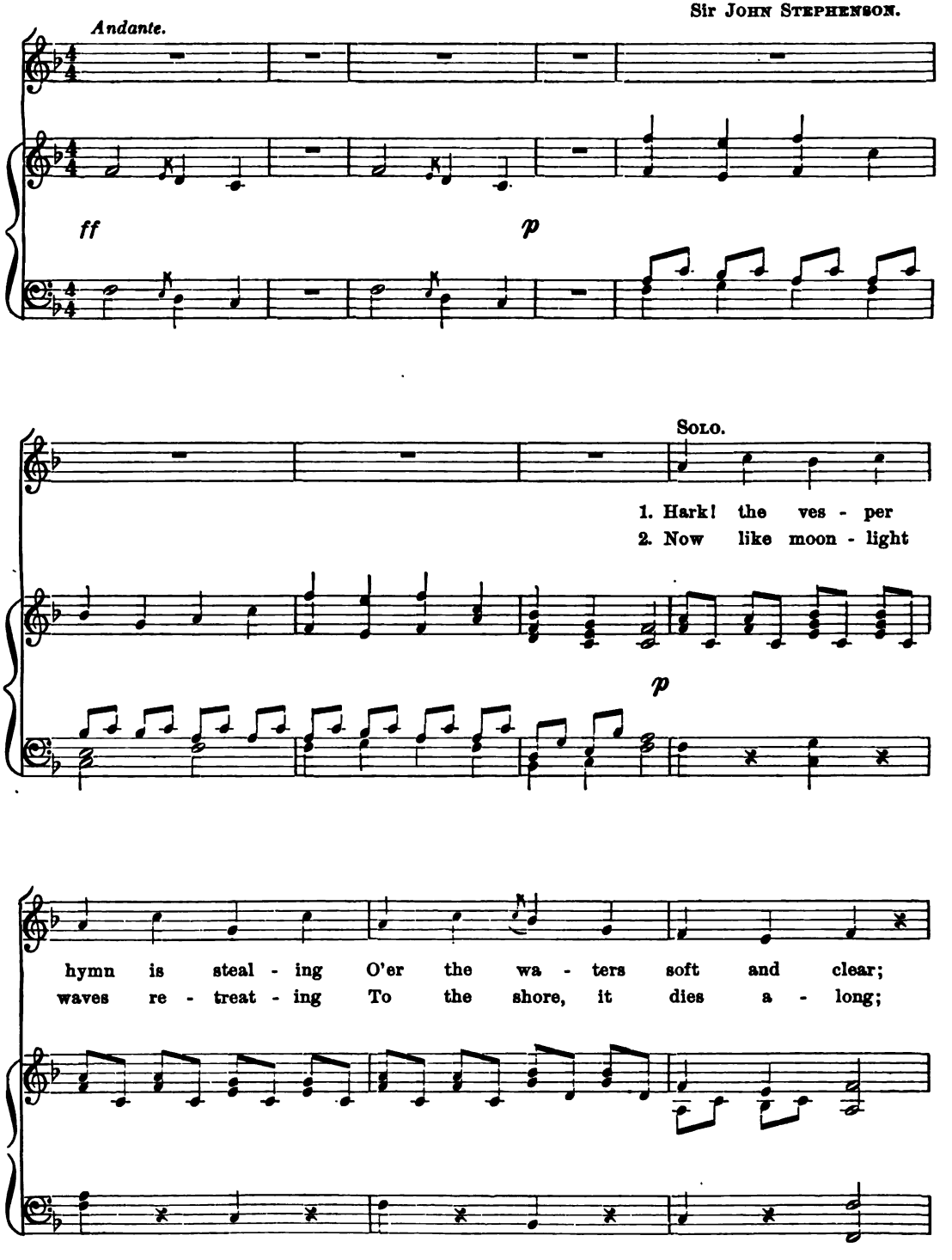


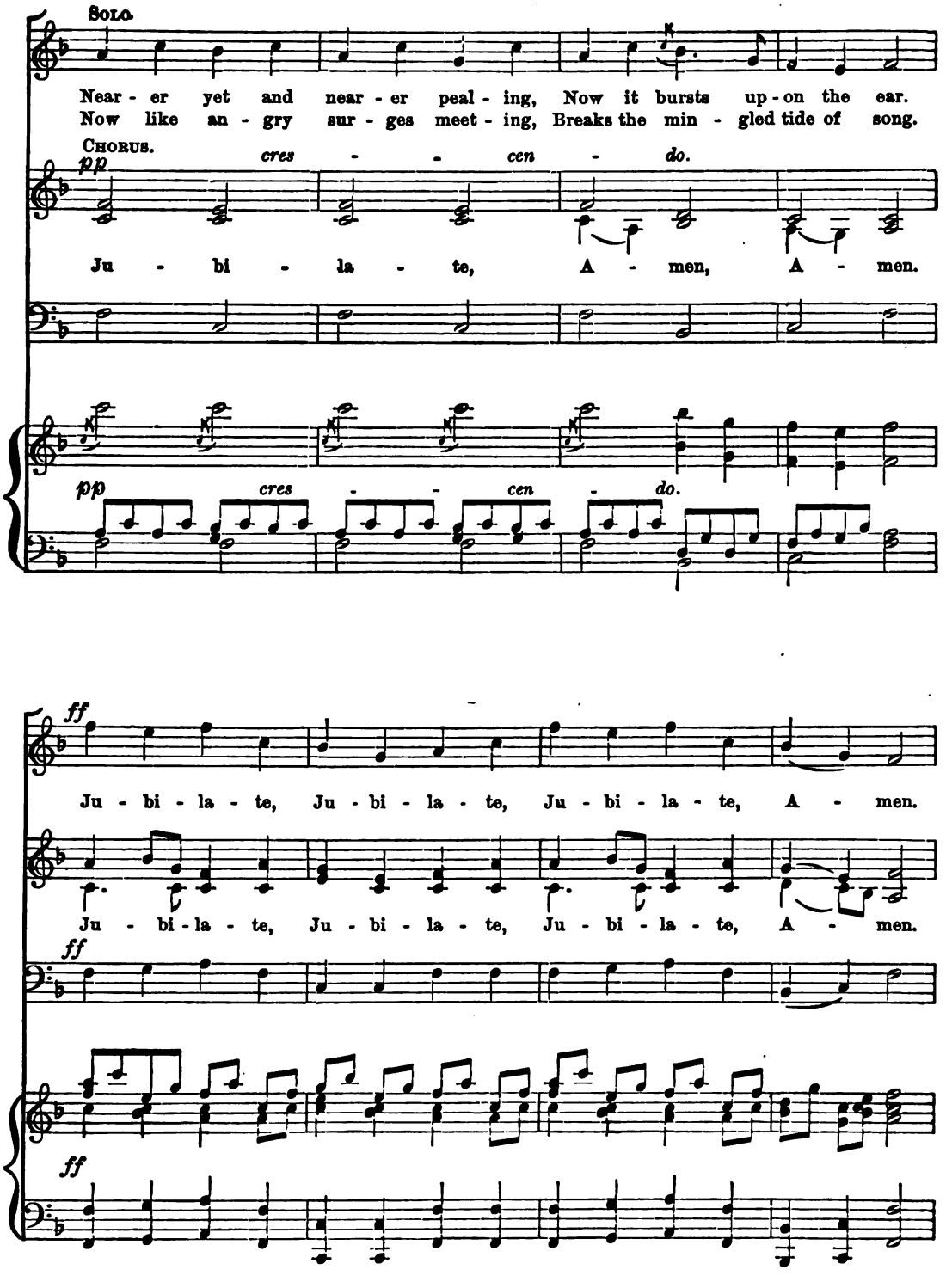
KÜBLER, tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

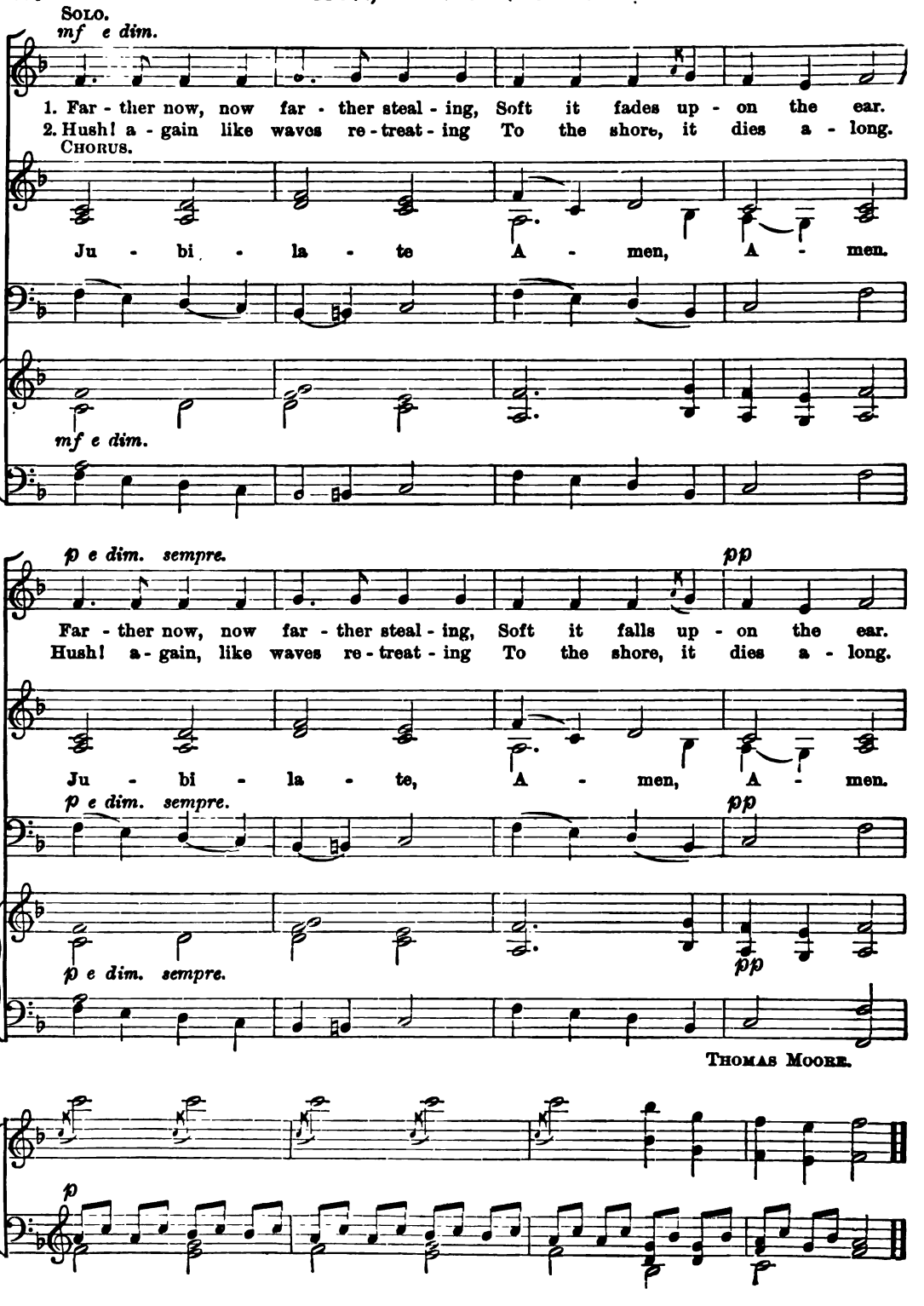
HARK! THE VESPER HYMN.

No. 62.

Sir JOHN STEPHENSON.




SOLO.
Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Now it bursts up - on the ear.
Now like an - gry sur - ges meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song.
CHORUS.
pp cres - - cen - do.
Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.
pp cres - - cen - do.
ff
Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.
Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.
ff
ff


SOLO.
mf e dim.
1. Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
2. Hush! a - gain like waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long.
CHORUS.
Ju - bi - la - te A - men, A - men.
mf e dim.
p e dim. sempre.
pp
Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it falls up - on the ear.
Hush! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long.
Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men.
p e dim. sempre.
pp
p e dim. sempre.
pp
THOMAS MOORE.
p

No, 63, THE POSTILLION.

J. L. MOLLOY, arr. by L. T. WADE.

Vivace.

1. The night is late, we dare not wait, The winds be - gin to blow, An' ere we gain the hol-low plain, There'll be a storm I trow, . . An' as we pass the Beggar's tree, Look out'n the dark, look out; . . The phantom horse-man you will see, He'll

2. Oh, I've a wife in Bris - tol town, A wife an' chil-dren three, An' they are sleep - in' safe an' soun', But she keeps watch for me; . . . An' who would quake, the road to take, With such a prize in store, . . Tho' rav - ens croak on Hangman's oak An' a

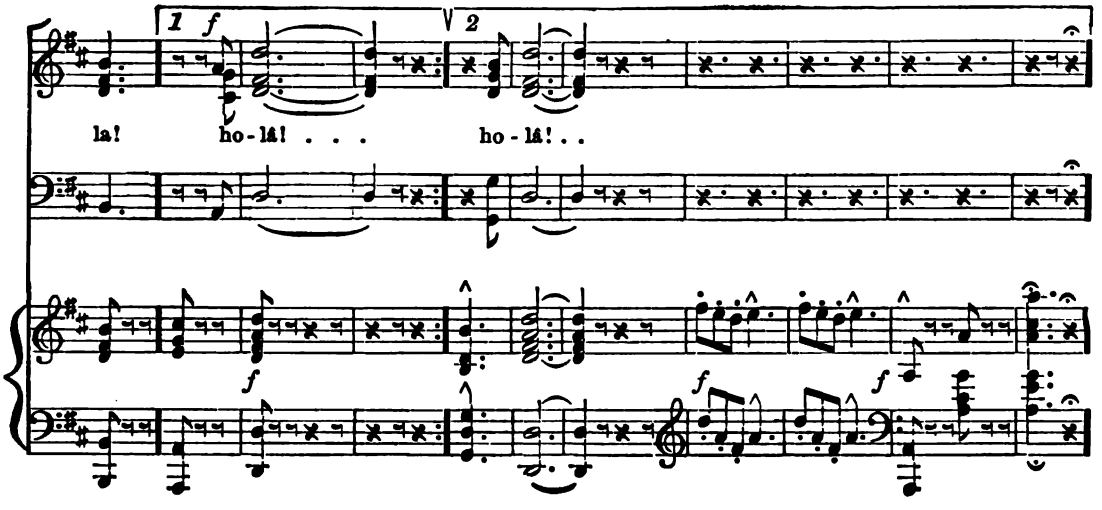
crack his whip and shout, Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! . . . He'll crack his whip an'
storm be at our fore; Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! Ho - lâ! . . An' a storm be at our

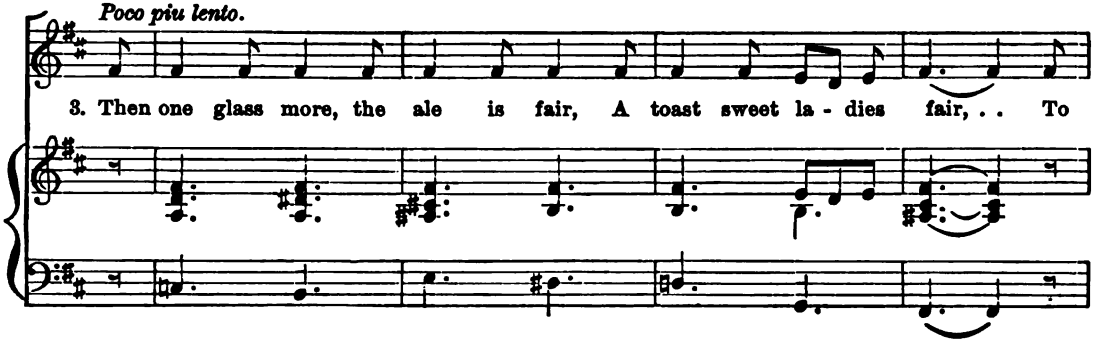
shout, Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho - lâ! . . Who's for the coach to - night? For
fore, Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho - lâ! . . Who's for the coach to - night? For

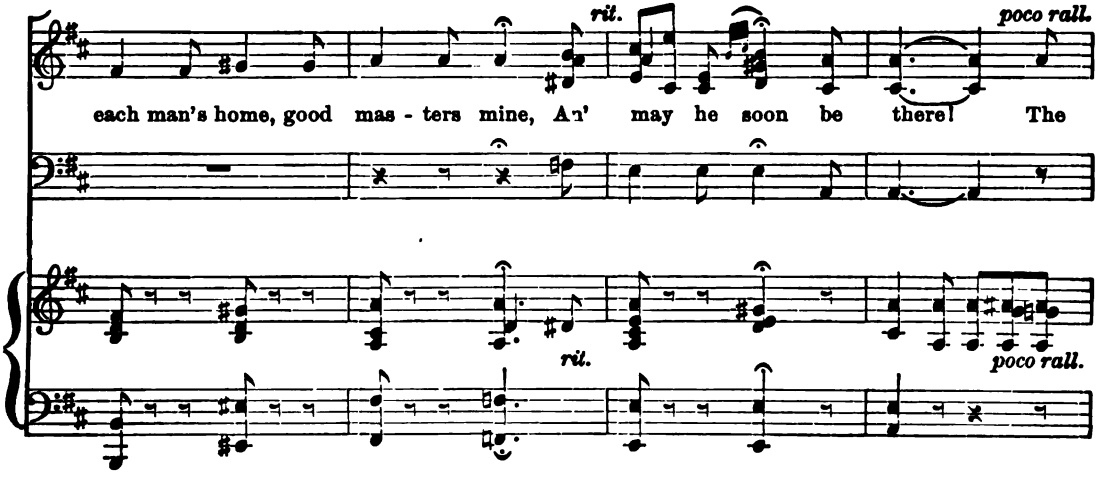
rall.

we are boun' for Bristol town Be - fore the morning light. Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho -

rall. *a tempo.*


1
f
2
la! ho-lá! . . . ho-lá! . .
f
f
f


Poco piu lento.
3. Then one glass more, the ale is fair, A toast sweet la - dies fair, . . To


rit.
poco rall.
each man's home, good mas - ters mine, An' may he soon be there! The
rit.
poco rall.

a tempo.

sparks shall flash, as on we dash, The clatt'rin' wheels shall spin, . . An' ev - 'ry sleep - in'

a tempo.

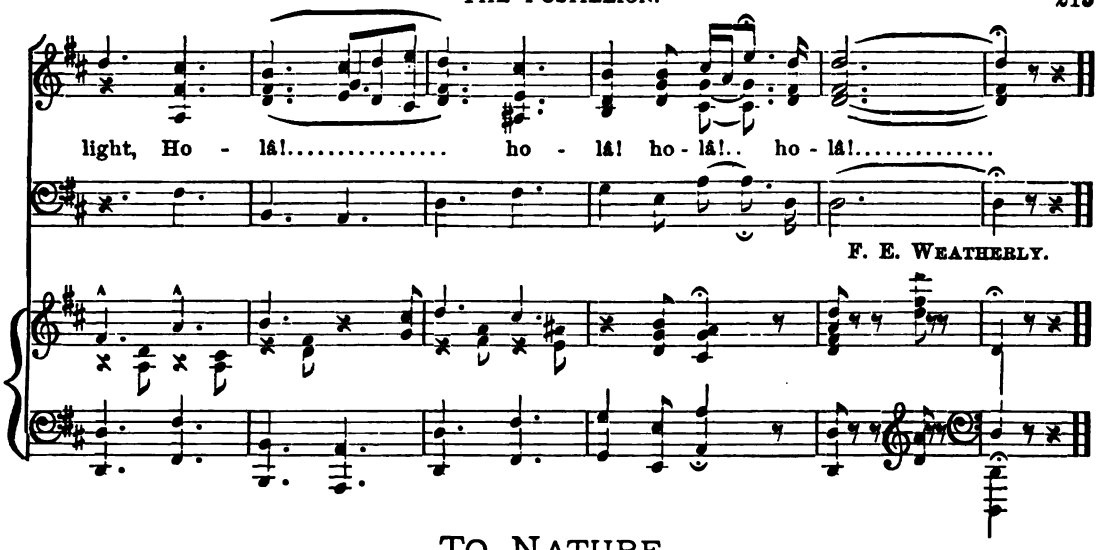
loon shall stir, To see the coach roll in, . . Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho - lâ! . . To

sf *Gaily.*

see the coach roll in, Ho - lâ! ho - lâ! ho - lâ! . . Who's for the coach to-

sf

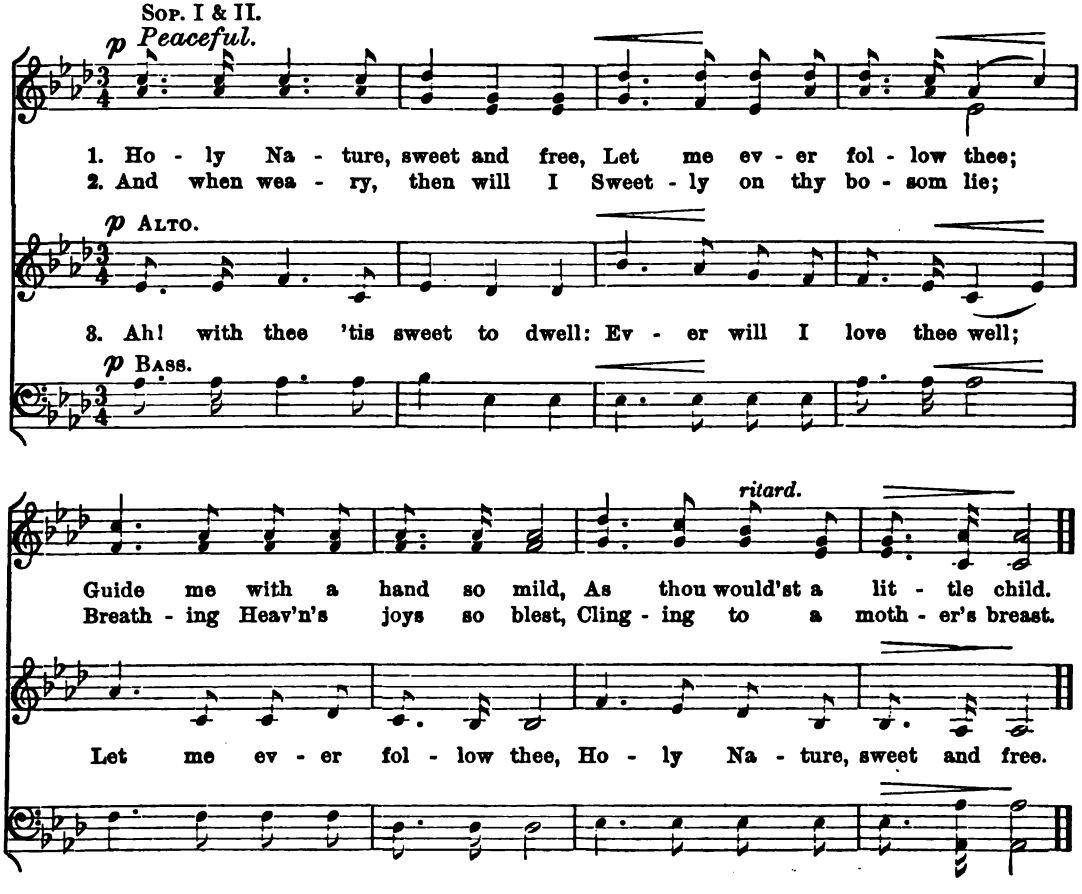
night? For we are boun' for Bris - tol town, Be - fore the morn - ing



TO NATURE.

NO. 64.

Words from GERMAN. Arranged from "SWEDISH FOLKSONG."



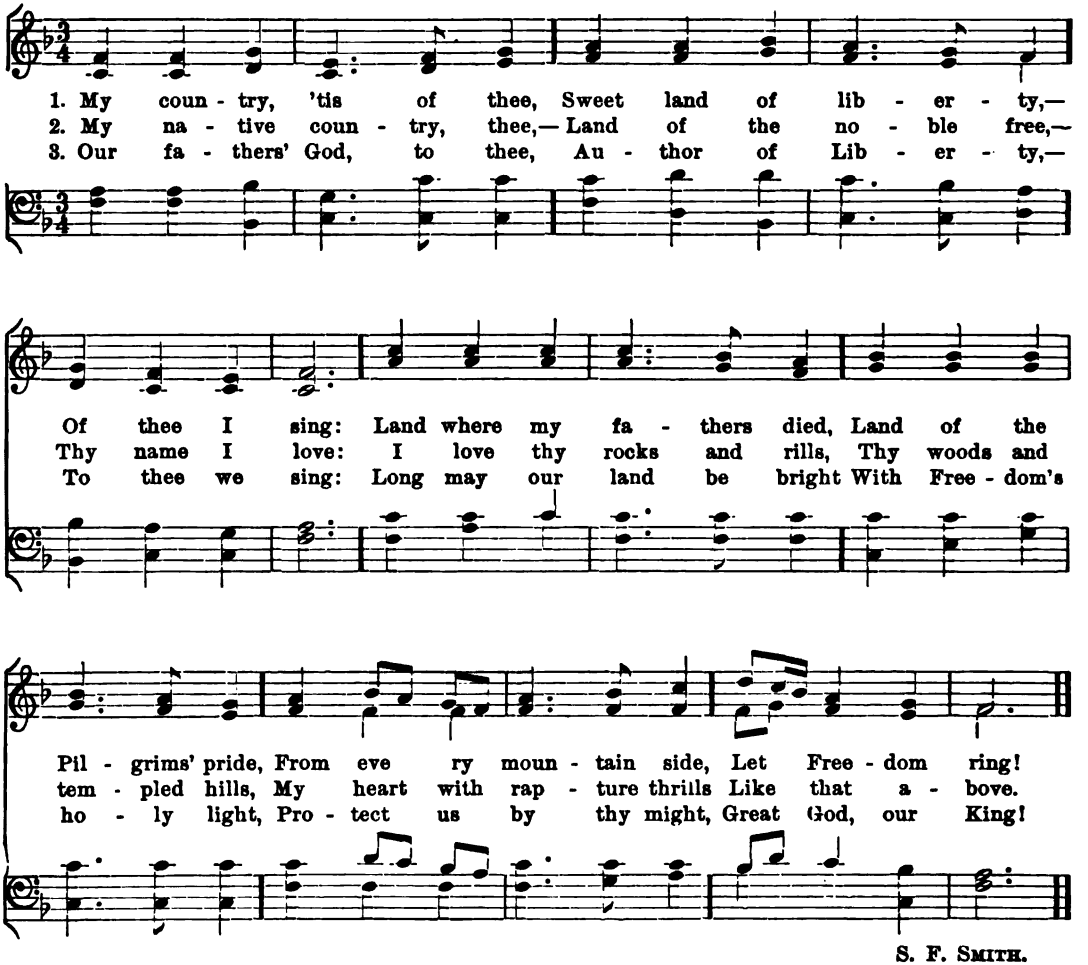
PATRIOTIC SONGS.

AMERICA. "MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE."

No. 65.

"NATIONAL HYMN."

Adapted by HENRY CAREY. 1693—1743.



S. F. SMITH.

"OUR COUNTRY."

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayers shall be,
Our fathers' God, to thee:
On thee we wait!
Be her walls, Holiness,
Her Rulers, Righteousness;
Her officers be peace;
God save the State!

No. 66.

A. E. Zirz.

1. All hail, be-lov-ed Fath-er-land! Be hushed all tones of sad-ness; The
2. O'er sea and riv-er all a-long, The ships are proud-ly glid-ing, While

Lord has giv'n with bounteous hand, Prosper-i-ty and glad-ness. He makes each fer-tile,
countless towns and cit-ies strong Are on their shores a-bid-ing. Round all our joy-ous,

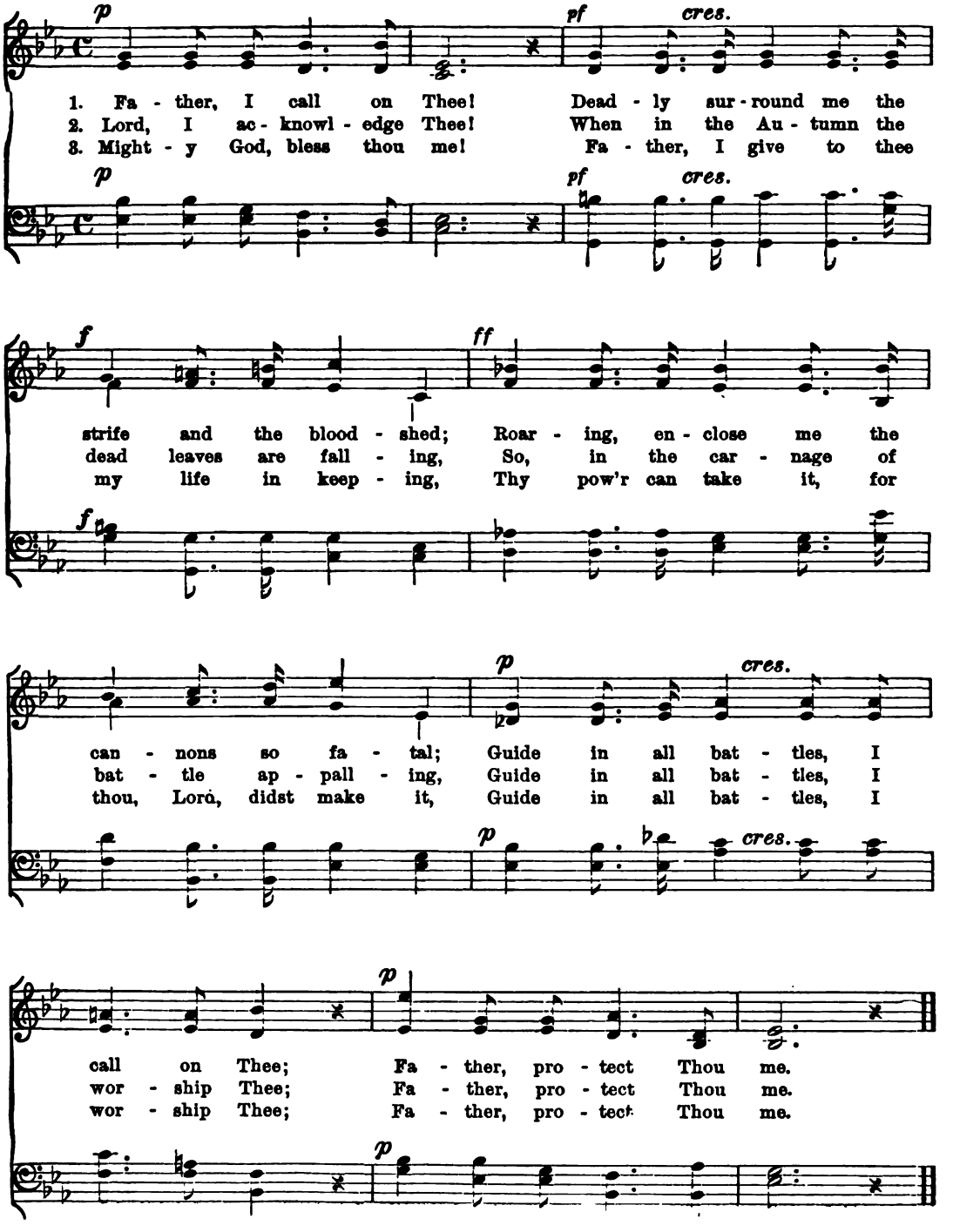
ver-dant field Its wealth of gol-den har-vest yield: His joy-ful peo-ple, meet-ing, Shall
hap-py land Our peo-ple join, with heart and hand, In works of peace ad-vanc-ing, Her

give Him praise and greet-ing. Hail! no-ble land, Co-lum-bia, hail!
glo-ry still en-hanc-ing. Hail! no-ble land, Co-lum-bia, hail!

PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

No. 67.

F. H. HUMMEL.



NO. 68.

F. G. KLAUER.

Allegro espressivo.

SOLO. *mf* CHORUS.

dolce.

1. O, so fair our fa - ther - land, Where the moun - tains rise so high, O, so
2. O, so fair our fa - ther - land, No - where else so soft the air, O, so
3. O, so fair our fa - ther - land, Where my dear - est ones re - main, O, so

SOLO. *mf*

ALTO or BASS.

p

fair our fa - ther - land, Where the moun - tains rise so high; Where their
fair our fa - ther - land, No - where else so soft the air! Where the
fair our fa - ther - land, Where my dear - est ones re - main! Faith - ful

cres. *mf*

snow - clad sum - mits shad - ow, Fra - grant fields and sun - lit mead - ow, And the
brooks, with silv - 'ry mur - mur, Spark - le on and spark - le ev - er, To our
they a - wait my com - ing, Who in dis - tant lands are roam - ing, I'll re -

f *p* SOLO.

herds at pas - ture lie, And the herds at pas - ture lie. O, so
child - hood's home so fair, To our child - hood's home so fair. O, so
turn to you a - gain, I'll re - turn to you a - gain. O, so

CHORUS. *f* *rit.*

fair our fa - ther - land, O, so fair our fa - ther - land!

f

No. 69.

Words by Mrs. A. L. L. BILLETER.

Allegro.

f

1. Sound in notes of tri - umph, Free - dom's ho - ly song;
2. Cease, all war and dis - cord! Free - men let us stand;

f

3. Ring out bold and fear - less, Oh, ye joy - ful bells,

f

Praise our val - lant he - roes, Field and wood a - long! 1. War - ren,
Peace reign now and ev - er, Thro' our hap - py land. 2. Ev - 'ry
3. Glo - rious

ff

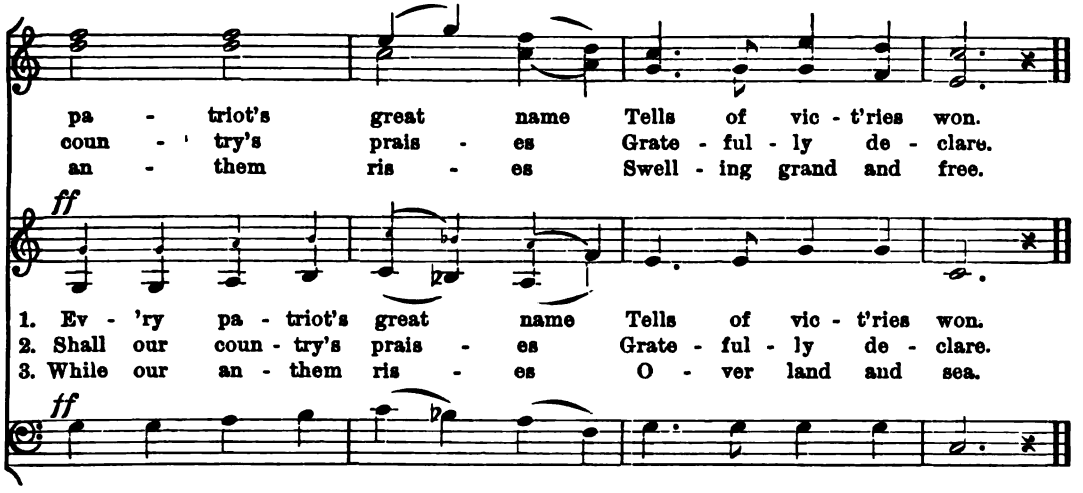
Ring, while ev - 'ry glad heart, Free - dom's sto - ry tells.

Wayne, Gates, Sum - ter, No - ble Wash-ing - ton, Ev - 'ry
moun - tain, riv - er, Mead - ow fresh and fair, Shall our
flag, wave proud - ly O - ver land and sea, While our

ff

1. War - ren, Wayne, Gates, and Sum - ter, No - ble Wash - ing - ton,
2. Ev - 'ry moun - tain and riv - er, Mead - ow fresh and fair,
3. Glo - rious flag, wave e'er proud - ly O - ver land and sea,

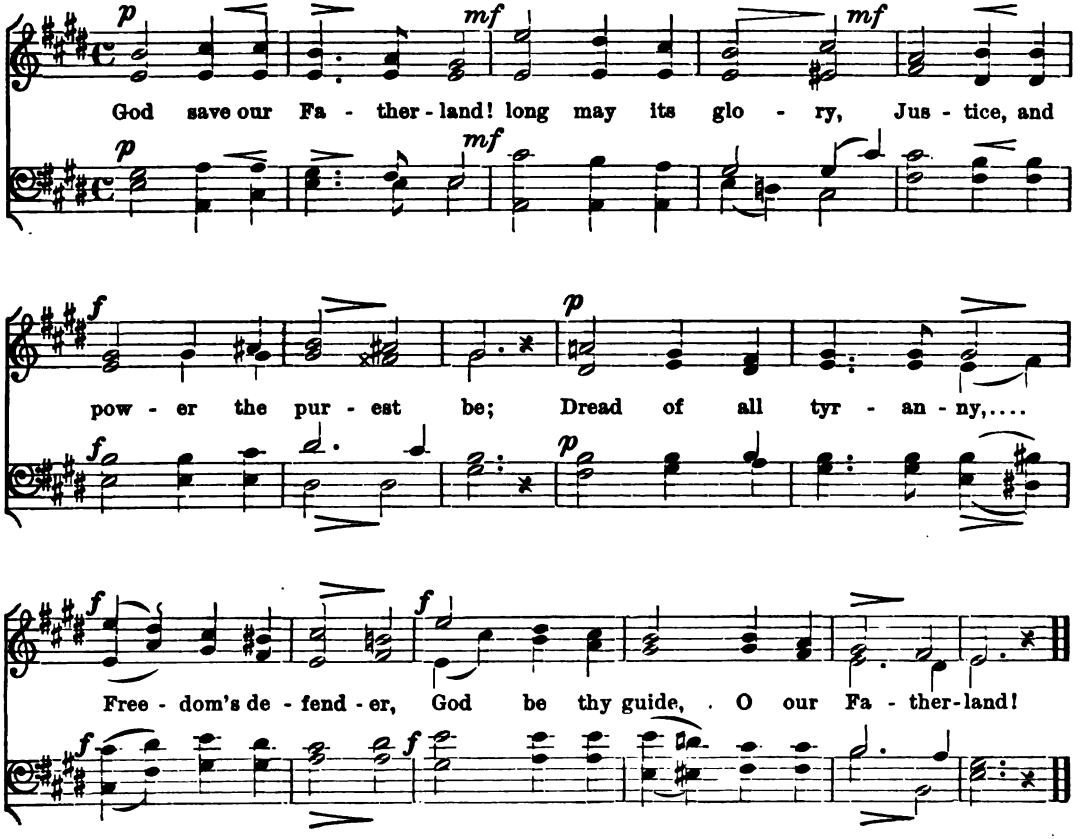
ff



RUSSIAN HYMN. "GOD SAVE OUR FATHERLAND."

NO. 70.

ALEXIS LVOFF.



NO. 71.

ABT.

1. Broth - ers, to our na - tive land Let us vow both heart and hand,
2. And though man - y a heart may break, Struggling for its glo - ry's sake,

mf Let it be our keen - est pleas - ure, Let it Let it be our dear - est
Still our pure and ho - ly fire, Nev - er, Nev - er, nev - er can.... ex -

f *f* treas - ure. We will ev - er brave - ly, brave - ly stand, To pro - tect our
- pire. We will ev - er brave - ly, etc.

na - tive land, To pro - tect our na - tive land...

NO. 72.

ARMIN FRUEH.

Cheerfully.

mf

1. How can I serve my na - tive land? Is it by tak - ing sword in
2. My na - tive coun - try to be - friend, Must I my time and treas - ure

f

hand, Our bound'ry - line help to ex - tend, No mat - ter whom we may of -
spend? My coun - try's wel - fare to pro - mote, Must I teach peo - ple how to

SOLO.

p *mf*

- fend? 'T is not the sword that you should use To serve your na - tive
vote? 'T is not by word - ly care nor pride You serve your coun - try

CHORUS.

f *f*

land; By in - dus - try, with love and truth, The na - tion firm will stand.
best; Keep truth and hon - or by your side, And leave to God the rest.

f *f*

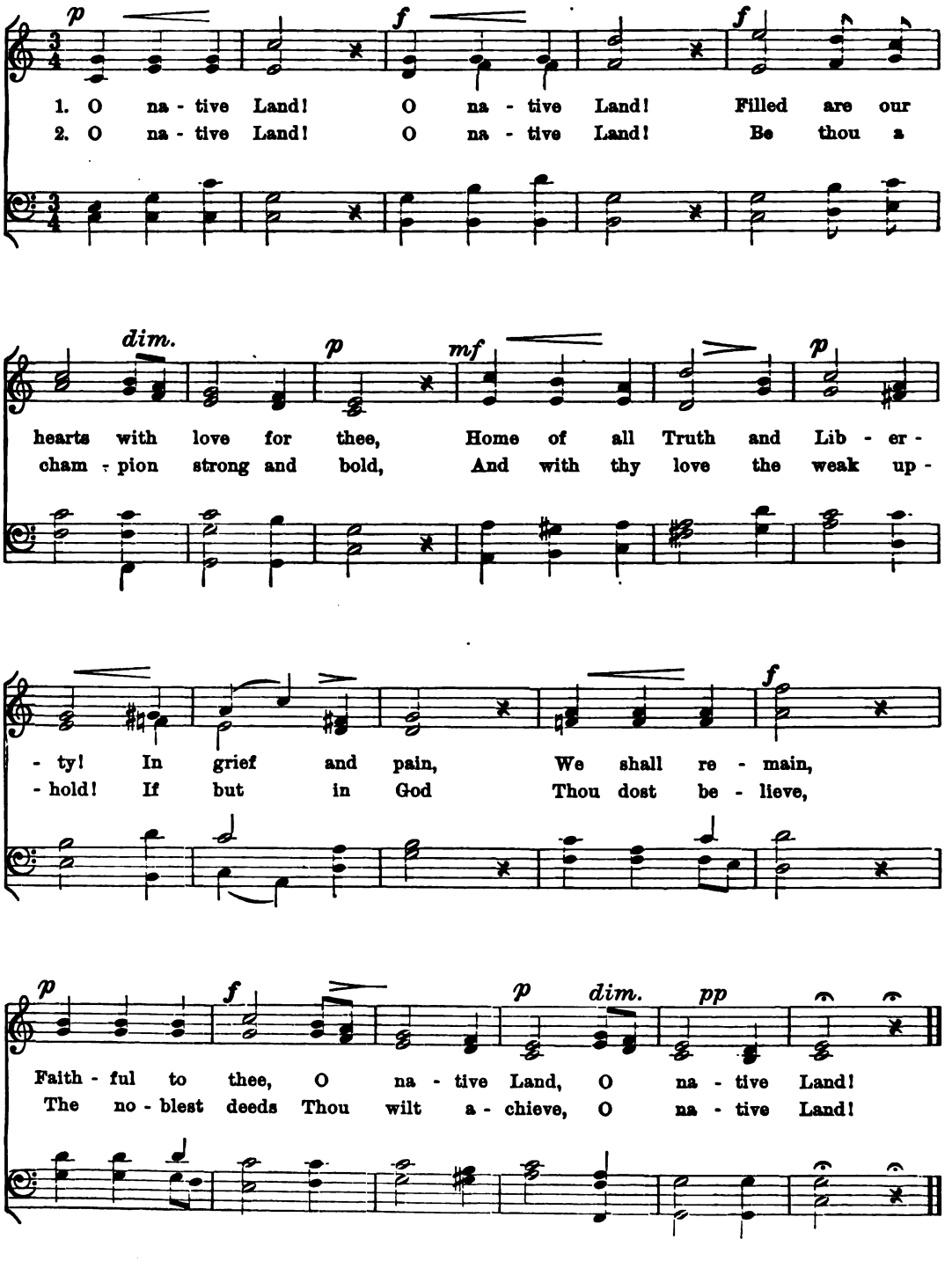
By in - dus - try, with
Keep truth and hon - - or

3 How can I serve my countrymen?
By my example, word, or pen,
Should I not teach them all to try
To act with truth and honesty?
To serve the Lord and do his will
Is highest work for man;
His truth in every heart instill
By every means you can.

O NATIVE LAND,

No. 73.

I. F. REICHARDT.



No. 74.

ALBERT METHFESSEL.

f *cres.*

1. Our coun - try we will ev - er love, With
2. O coun - try of our fa - thers' love! Thy

f *f*

- child - like, deep de - vo - tion; Its prais - es from our
sons were no - ble heart - ed; More pleased to die in

f

lips shall ring O'er moun - tains, plains and o - - cean.
free - dom's cause Than live from free - dom part - - ed.

3 To them be honor, great and true;
They died, yet live in glory;
And ages shall resound their praise,
And tell the grand old story.

4 Yet, country, greater praise be thine,
Deserving love so tender;
O, make us worthy of thy fame
And of each brave defender.

SACRED SELECTIONS.

CHORAL. "THE LORD'S PRAYER."

No. 75.

HENRICH ISAAC. (1490.)

mf

1. O Fa - ther, Thou Al - might - y Love! Who reign'st o'er
2. That we may be from Heav - en fed, Give us this
3. From all temp - ta - tion keep us free, O keep us

mf

all in Heav'n a - bove, All hal - lowed be Thy name;
day our dai - ly bread, O Fa - ther! great and good;
ev - er near to Thee,— Se - cure from e - vil, then;

Thy King - dom come, and Thine a - lone; Thy will for -
For - give our debts as we for - give; That we in
For Thine the King - dom, and the pow'r,— The glo - ry

ev - er be it done On this, Thine earth,— in Heav'n the same.
truth and love may live, Do Thou en - rich and bless our food.
Thine,— our Strength and Tow'r, For - ev - er and for - e'er, A - men.

NO. 76.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.

1. A migh - ty for - tress is our Lord, A trust - y shield and weap - on,
2. With our own strength, we naught can do; Our val - or quick - ly wan - eth

A will - ing help - er, free to ward, And true, when e - vil hap - pen.
Un - less fit man our cause pur-sue; Whom God there-fore or - dain - eth,

The old.... wick - ed fiend With ear - nest, bad mien: Great pow'r wiles
Know'st thou.. whose this fame? Christ Je - sus, His name, The Lord of

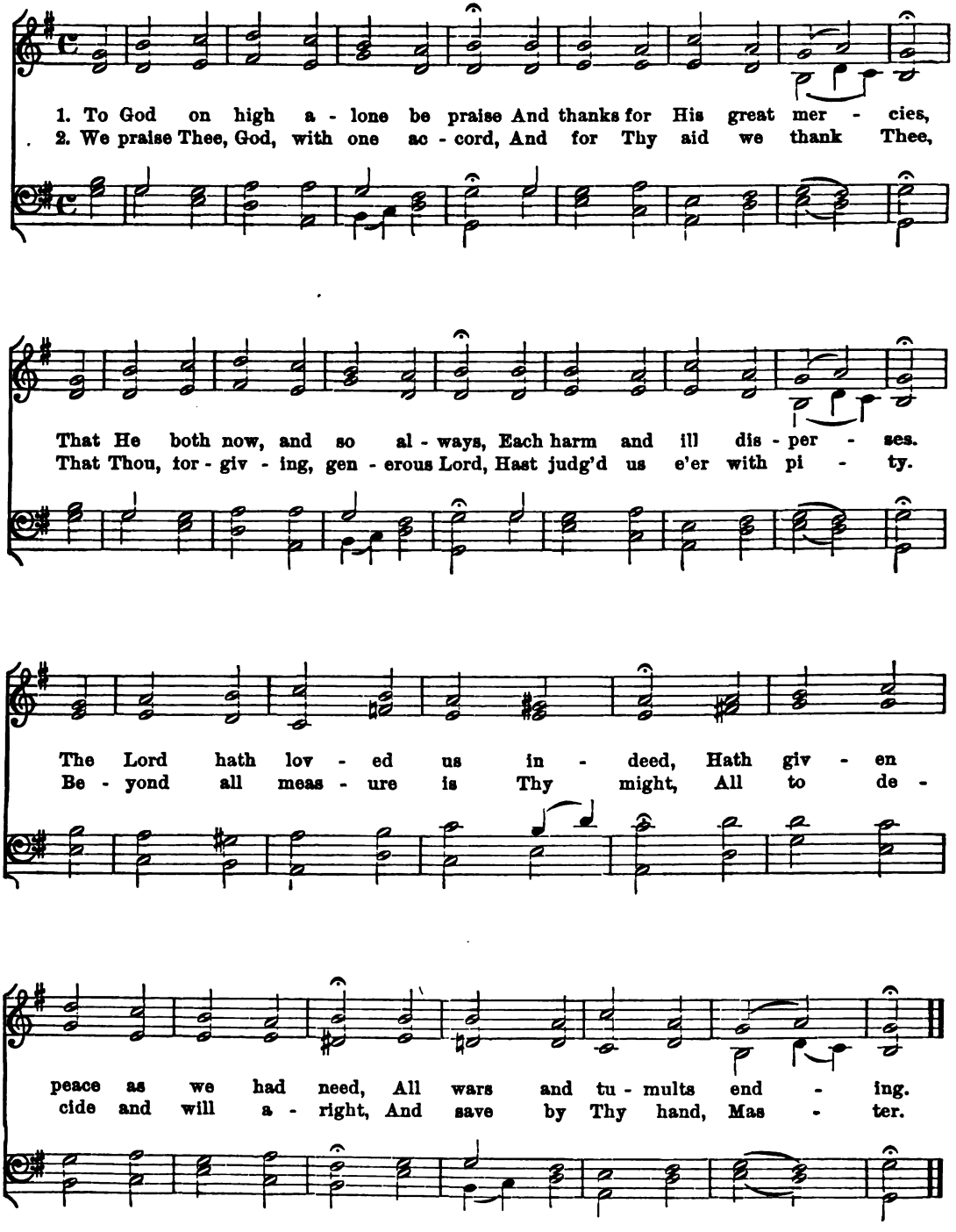
at - tent Are his dread ar - ma - ment; On earth there is none like him.
Sab - aoth, No oth - er God, in troth, The field He wins, re - tain - eth.

3 And were the world with devils filled,
Intending to devour us,
All fear and terror would be stilled,
They could not overpower us.
The world's prince may lower,
With mien dark and sour;
His doom'd might will fail,
His wiles will not avail,
A Little Word can fell him.

4 That Word against the foes shall stand,
And naught to them the merit,
For God escape for us hath planned
With His own Gift and Spirit.
Then take they the life,
Gold, fame, child and wife—
When these all are gone,
Naught have they, cruel, won:
His reign remains enduring.

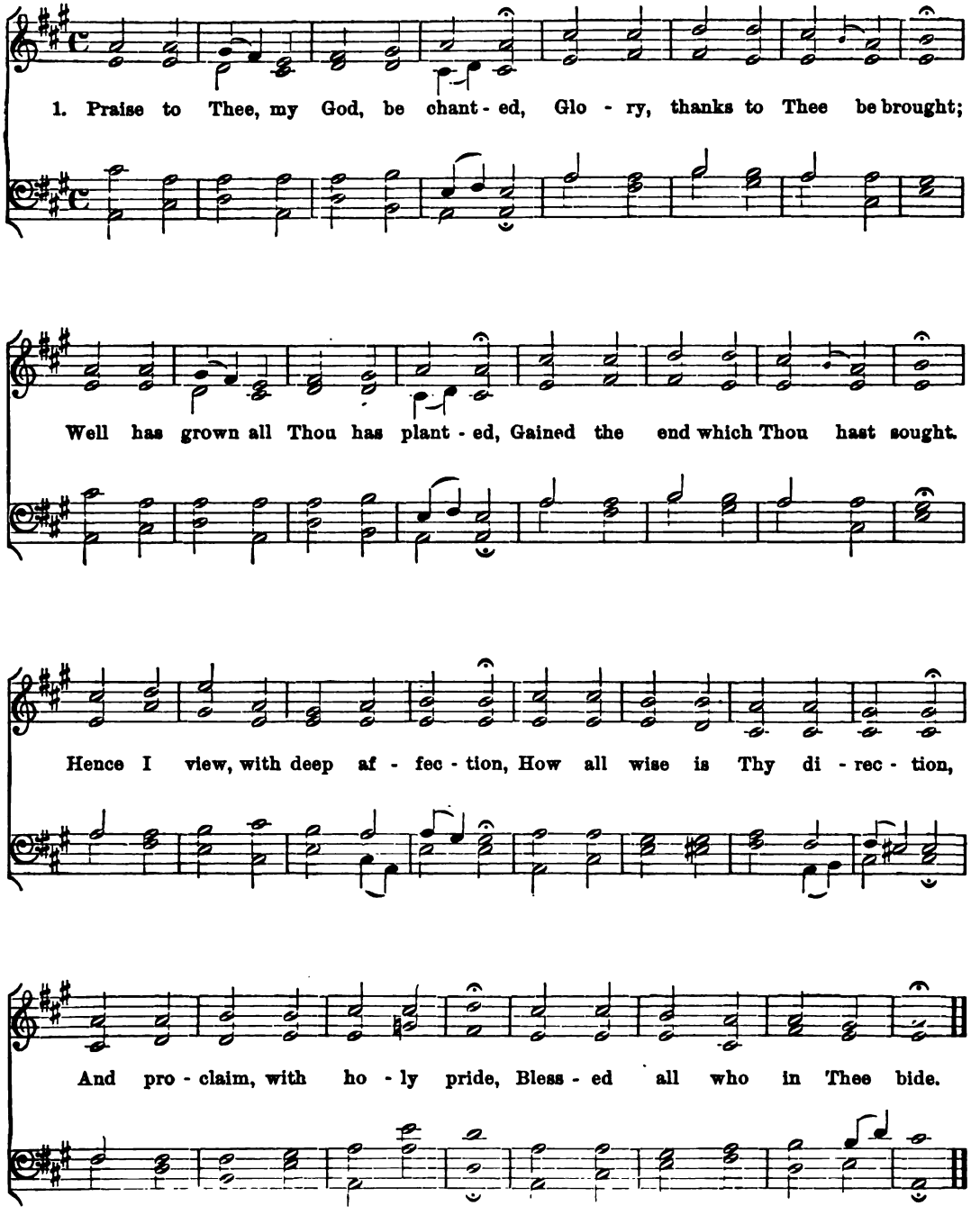
NO. 77.

Introduced by VON NICOLAUS DECIUS, 1540.



No. 78.

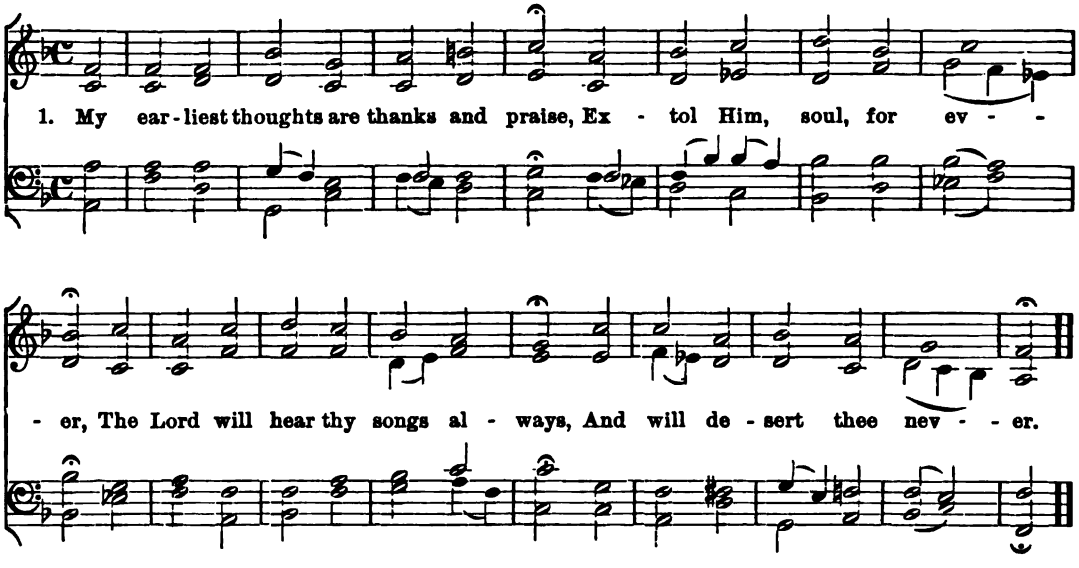
JOACHIM NEANDER.



CHORAL. "MY EARLIEST THOUGHTS ARE THANKS AND PRAISE."

No. 79.

MICHAEL PRATORIUS, 1586, 1610.

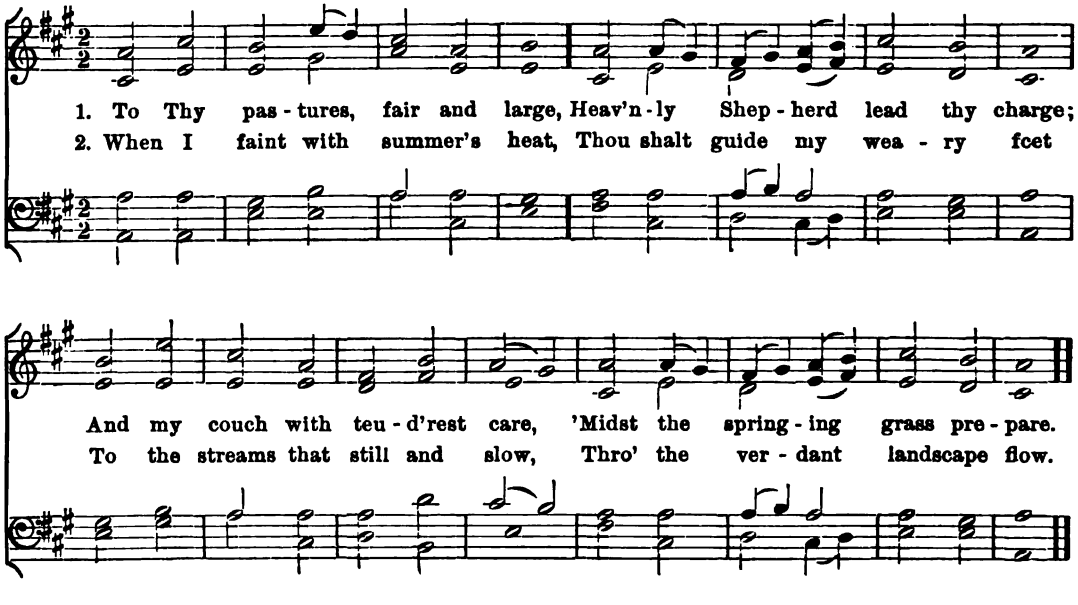


2 Myself to guard, without the might,
I lie in sleep so peaceful,
Who gave me safety, through the night,
And rest and all things needful?

3 'Twas Thou, our God, the world's great Lord,
On Thee I am depending,
A new day Thou didst me afford,
Thy grace my soul amending.

CHORAL. "TO THY PASTURES, FAIR AND LARGE."

No. 80.



NO. 81.

JOHANN GRUGER. 1649.

1. Now thank ye, all, our Lord, With hands and lips give prais - - es!

Laud Him with one ac - cord, Whose pow - er all a - ma - - zes;

Who us, thro' child - hood weak, As in ma - tur - er life, Heard

our com - plain - ing meek, Saved us from sin and strife.

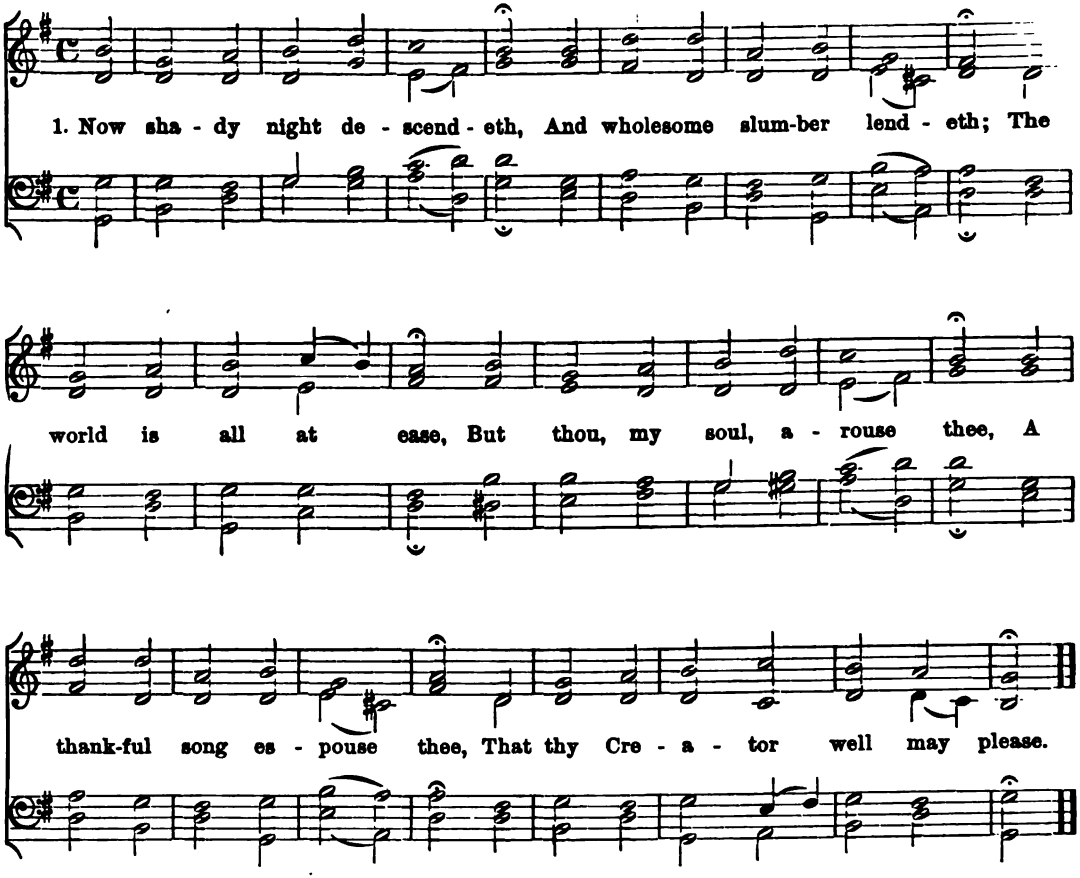
2 Our God, so strong who art,
Grant Thou, while we are living,
To us a joyful heart,
And peaceful and forgiving;
Who did by Thy kind grace
Preserve us to this time;
And will from sore distress
Save us by grace sublime.

3 To Father, Spirit, Son,
Praise, glory, and thanksgiving,
The equal three in One,
All ruling, everlasting.
To Him, the highest Lord,
The shining star before;
Who is and was the Word
Remaining evermore.

CHORAL, "NOW SHADY NIGHT."

NO, 82,

Old German Melodie, by HENRICH ISAAK, printed in 1539.

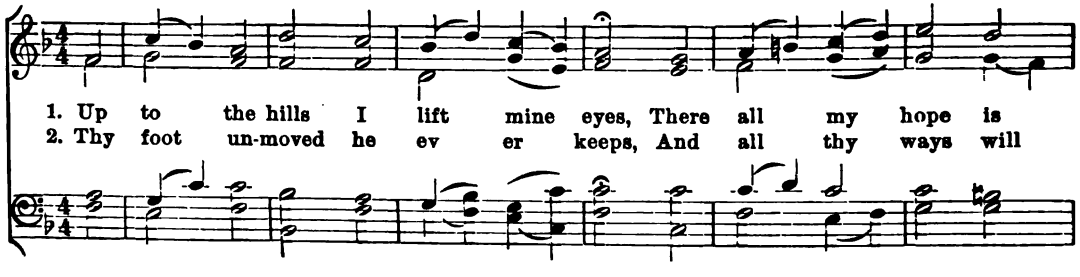


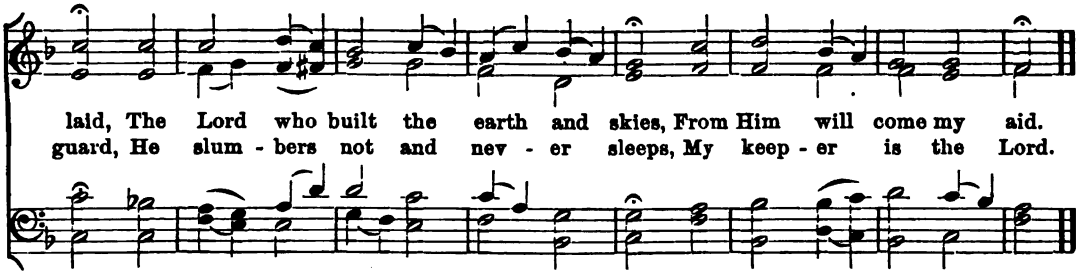
2 Where did the sun then vanish?
Dark night his light did banish,
Black night, the day's old foe;
Behold! another sunrise,
My Jesus, God's own Son, wise,
His light into my heart doth glow.

3 Seek rest now, weary members,
Lie down in healing slumbers,
The couch you now may crave.
The hour and day now neareth,
When God for you prepareth
A couch within the cool, cool grave.

CHORAL, "UP TO THE HILLS."

NO. 83.

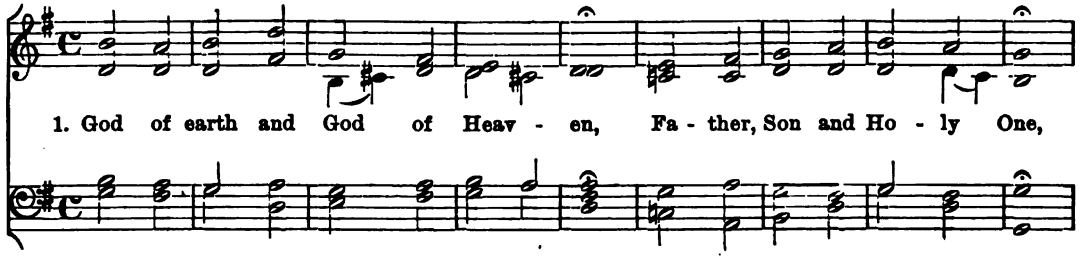


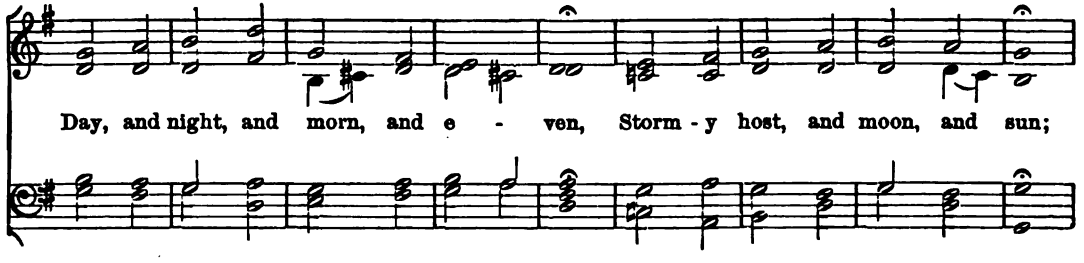


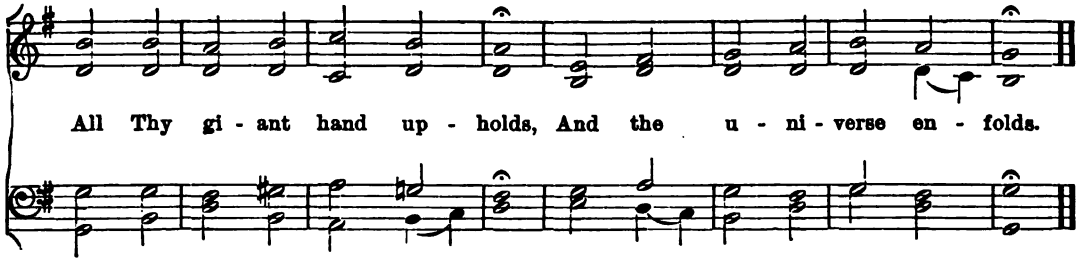
CHORAL. "GOD OF EARTH."

NO. 84.

HENRICH ALBERT. 1643.





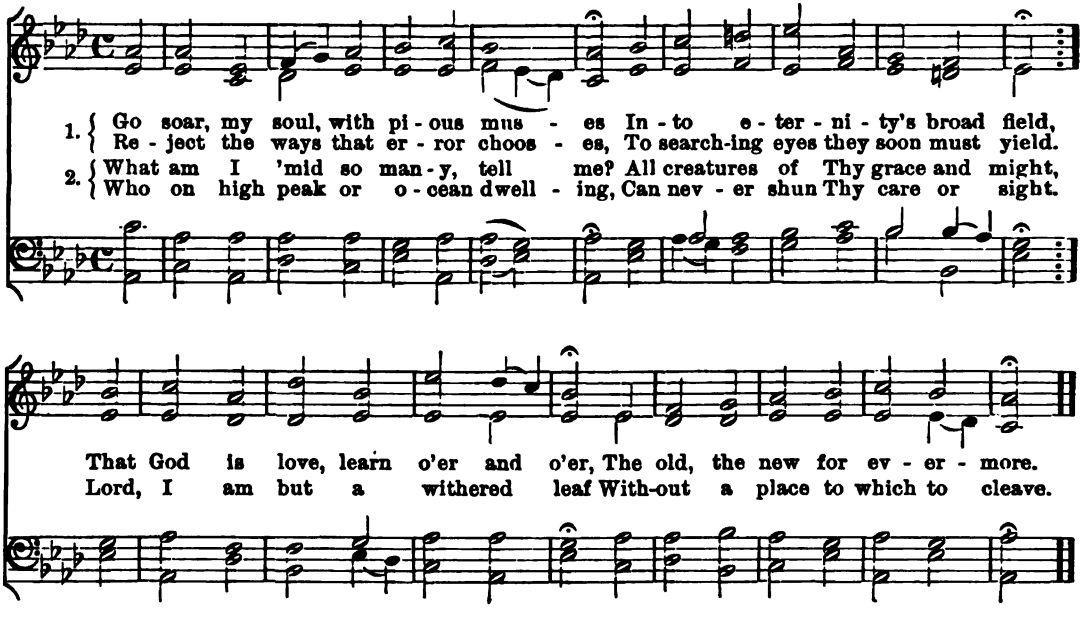


2 Lead, O gracious Lord, and guide me
In my search for Thine own word;
Be a guiding star beside me,
Be my guardian, I Thy ward.
For by none, but Thee alone,
May I reach the heavenly throne.

3 All my body and my spirit,
Mind to think and understand,
I resign, it is Thy merit,
Into Thine almighty hand;
Honor, reputation, shield,
Take me, Lord, my all I yield.

NO. 85. CHORAL, "GO SOAR, MY SOUL."

Second Melodie.

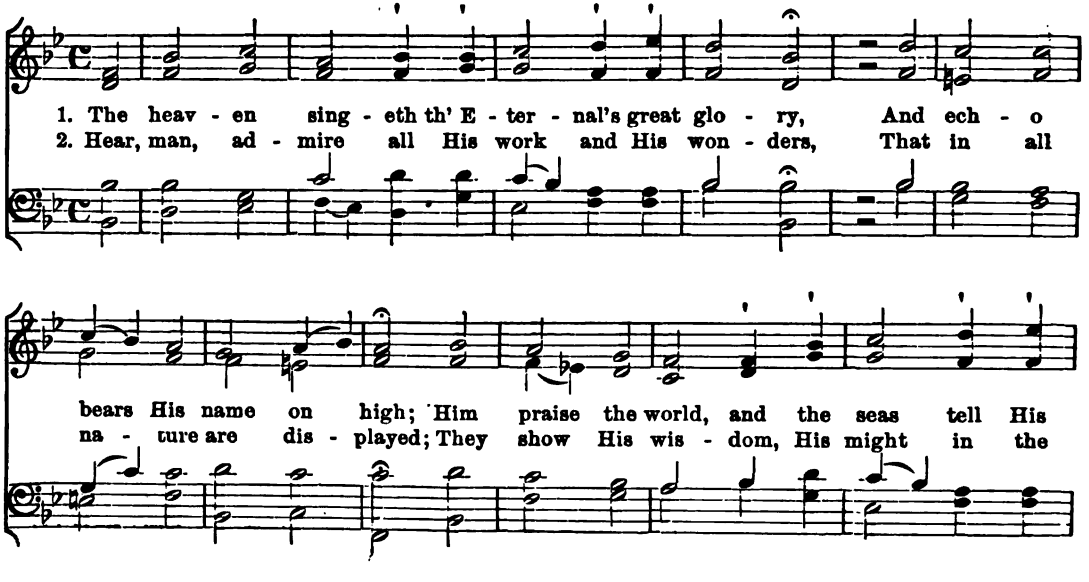


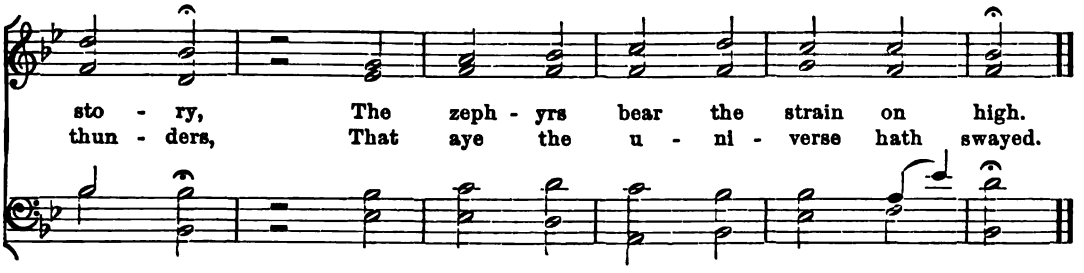
3 Tho' I am lowly justly rated,
Nor worth Thy pity and good-will,
Thy kindness, who all things created,
With joy my heart dost ever fill.
O Lord, myself— I am not mine,
I'm Thine; and shall fore'er be Thine.

4 Our hope looks ever to the distance,
Through all the grades of entity,
While faith in every planet glistens,
And peers into eternity.
Oh, then show me Thy loving hand,
My share of bliss, my fatherland.

NO, 86, CHORAL, "THE HEAVEN SINGETH."

JOHANN ADAM HILLER. 1792.





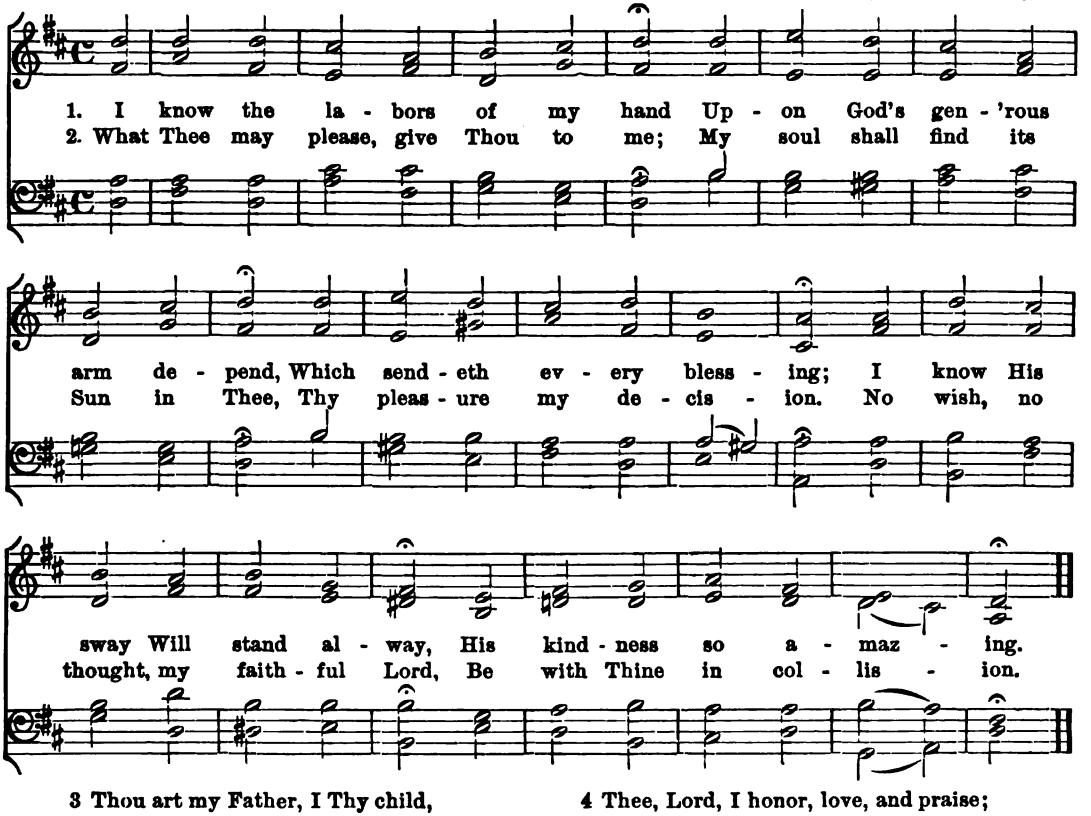
3 Canst thou His creatures unspeakable number,
His tiniest beings fail t' admire?
Through whom come blessings, 'tis He giveth slumber;
Oh, trust His mercy and retire.

4 He is thy Maker, all wise and all holy,
A God of order and thy shield;
'Tis He, to Him give thy mind and heart wholly
Thy share of grace to Thee He'll yield.

CHORAL. "I KNOW THE LABORS."

NO. 87.

JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN. 1627.



3 Thou art my Father, I Thy child,
Thou, ever gracious, ever mild,
Responsive to my needing,
Still helping, all my ways defend,
My zeal, if right, succeeding.

4 Thee, Lord, I honor, love, and praise;
Thy glorious deeds, Thy wondrous ways,
Be in my soul elated,
In all Thy works and universe,
Which Thine own will created.

CHORAL. "OUR GOD, OUR PORTION."

NO. 88.

GERMAN.

1. Our God, our por - tion, and our love, Our ev - er - last - ing All!
2. To Thee we owe our hap - pi - ness, And health and friends be - side!

We look to Thee in heav'n a - bove, And Thou wilt hear our call.
Thanks to thy name for more or less, What - e'er shall us be - tide.

MORNING HYMN, "NOW THAT THE SUN."

No, 89,

1. Now that the sun is beam - ing bright, Im - plore we, bend - ing low,

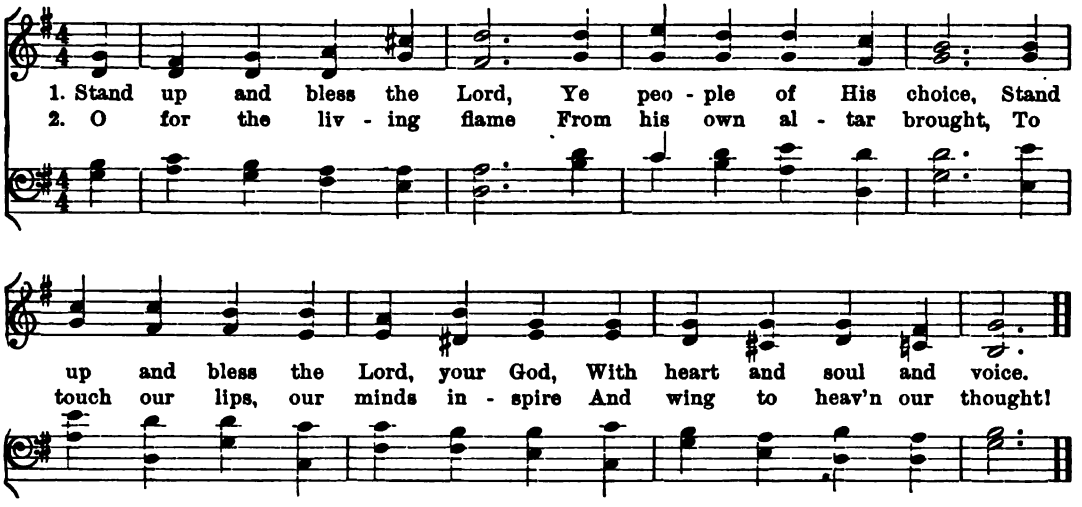
That He, the un - cre - a - ted light, May guide us as we go.

2 And while the hours in order flow,
Securely keep, O God,
Our hearts, beleaguered by the foe
That tempts our ev'ry road.

3 And grant that to Thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at Thy word,
And in Thy favor end. Amen.

No. 90.

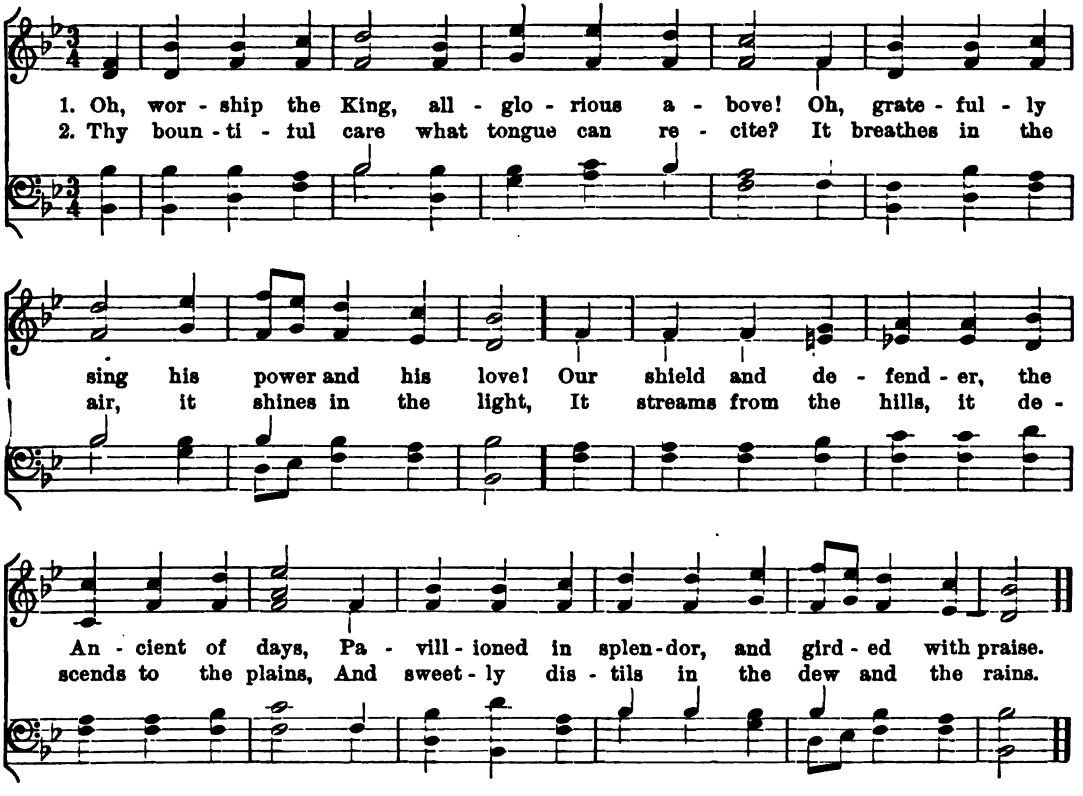
A. R. REINAGLE.



No. 91. LYONS, "OH, WORSHIP THE KING."

"WHO IS LIKE UNTO THE LORD OUR GOD."

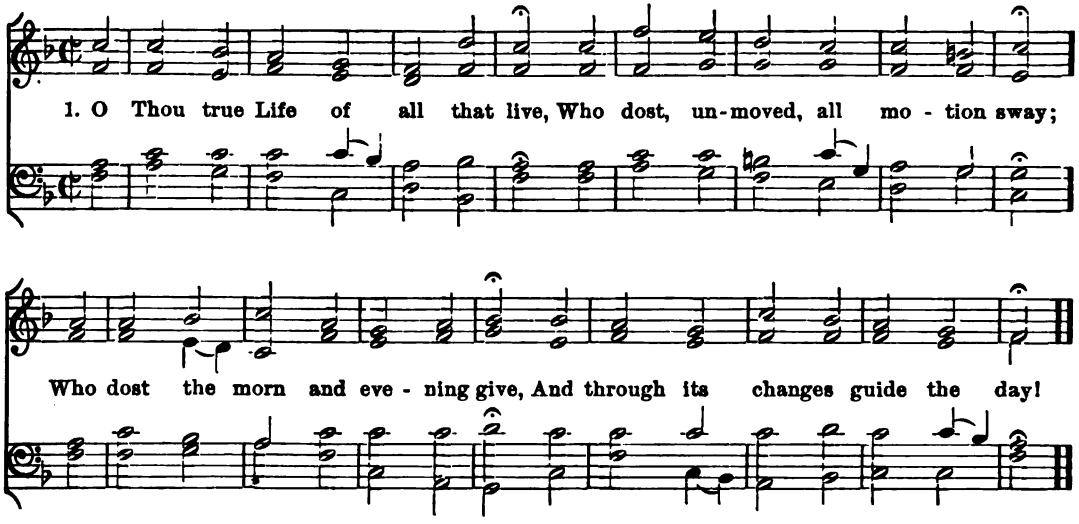
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN. 1770.



No, 92, MELCOMBE, "O Thou True Life."

"Evening Hymn."

S. Webbe.



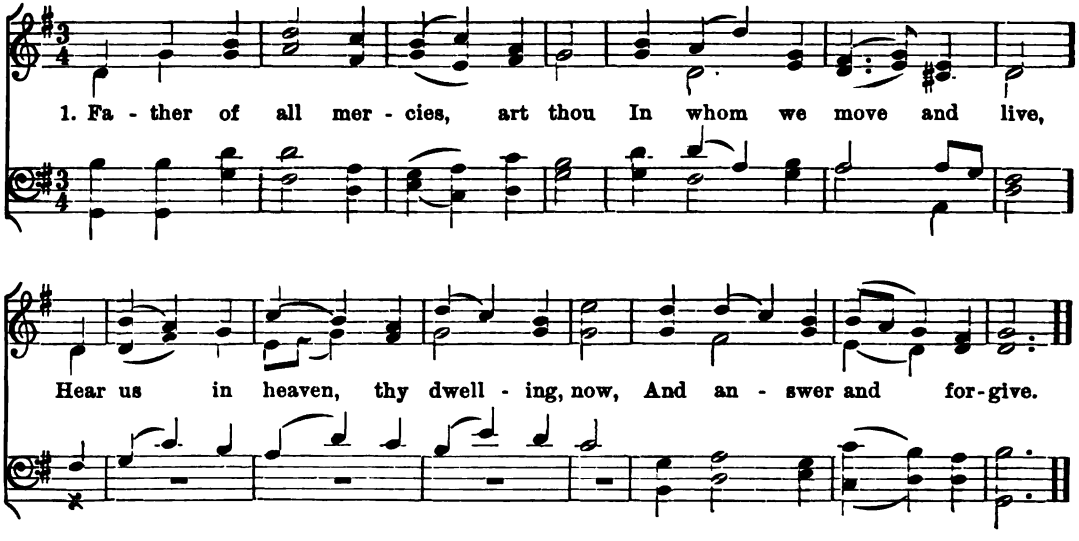
2 Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see;
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.

3 Thee in the hymns of morn we praise,
To thee our voice at eve we raise;
Oh, grant us, with thy saints on high,
Thee through all time to glorify!

CHESTERFIELD. "Father of all Mercies."

No. 93.

Thomas Haweis. 1820.



2 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

3 When age advances, may we grow
In faith and hope and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above!

NO. 94.

"THE WORD OF THE LORD ABIDETH FOR EVER."

HAYDN.

1. God of a - ges and of na - tions! Eve - ry race and eve - ry time
Hath re - ceived thine in - spi - ra - tions, Glimpses of thy truth sub - lime.

Ev - er spir - its, in rapt vis - ion, Passed the heavenly veil with - in;
Ev - er hearts, bowed in con - tri - tion, Found sal - va - tion from their sin.

2 Reason's noble aspiration,
Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed th' Eternal Law.
While thine inward revelations
Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke thine everlasting word.

3 Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering unto man's endeavor,
Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the heart's deep pages,
Shines to-day, for ever new!

PORTUGUESE HYMN. "THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

No. 95.

"PSALM XXIII."

J. READING.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Through the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since thou art my

pas - tures, safe - fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
Guar - dian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, thy

still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wandering, re - deems when op -
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er

pressed, Re - stores me when wandering, re - deems when op - pressed.
near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.

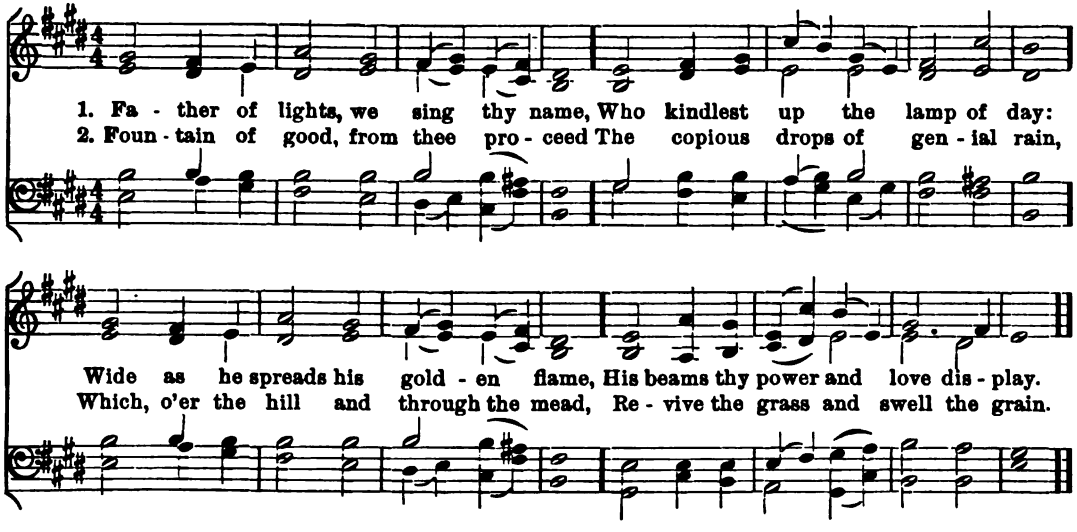
3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
‖: Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?:‖

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
‖: Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.:‖

NO. 96. LIVORNO. "FATHER OF LIGHTS."

"BOUNTIES IMPROVED."

Theme by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



3 Oh, let not our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy liberal hand imparts
Still own in praise, still ask in prayer!

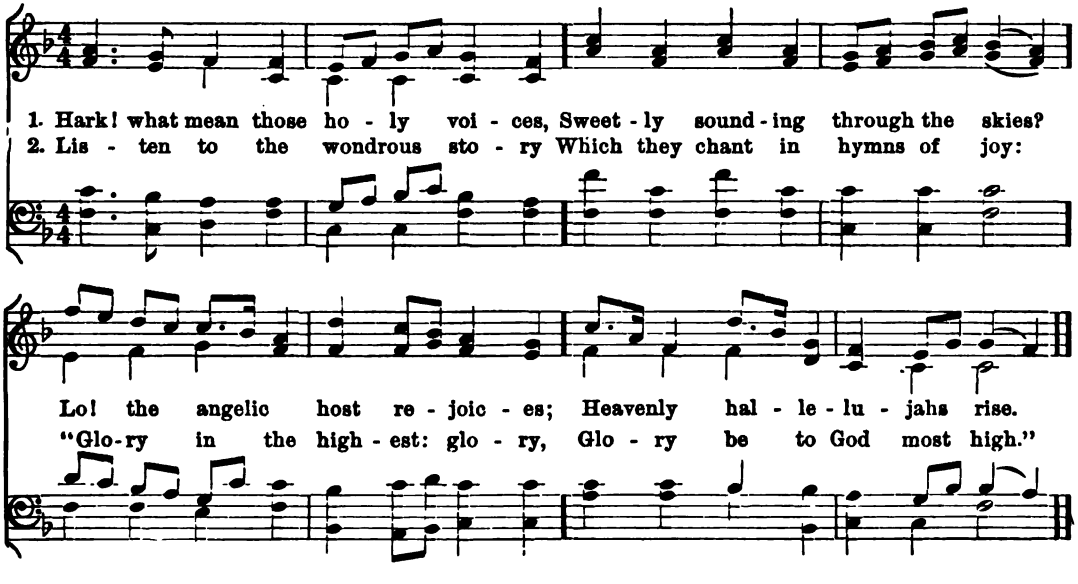
4 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God, enjoyed in all.

WORTHING. "HARK! WHAT MEAN THOSE HOLY VOICES."

NO. 97.

"SONG OF THE ANGELS."

SHULTZ.



3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

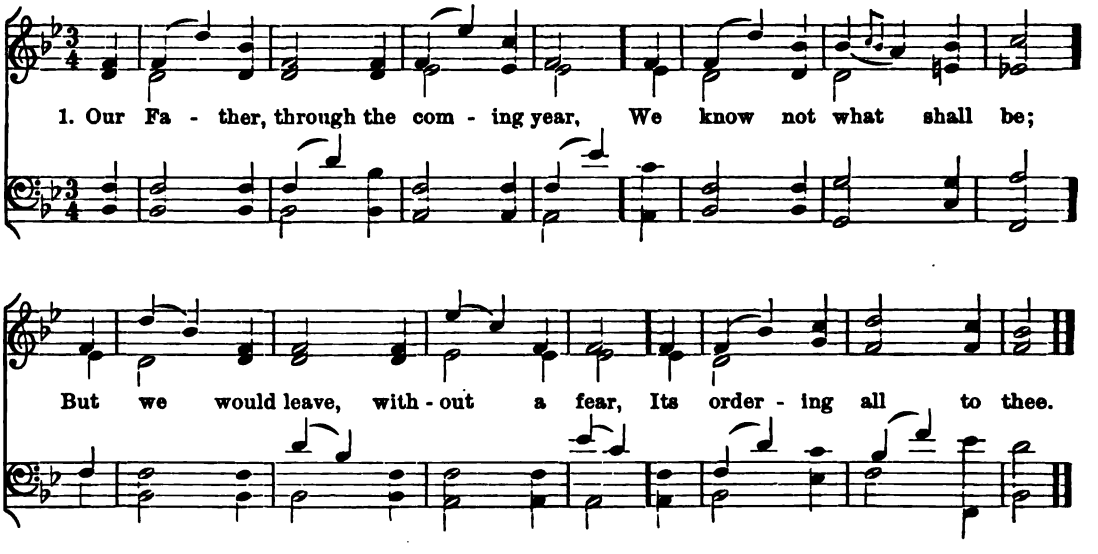
4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"

GEER, "OUR FATHER, THROUGH THE COMING YEAR."

NO, 98,

"A NEW YEAR."

GREATOREX'S COLL.



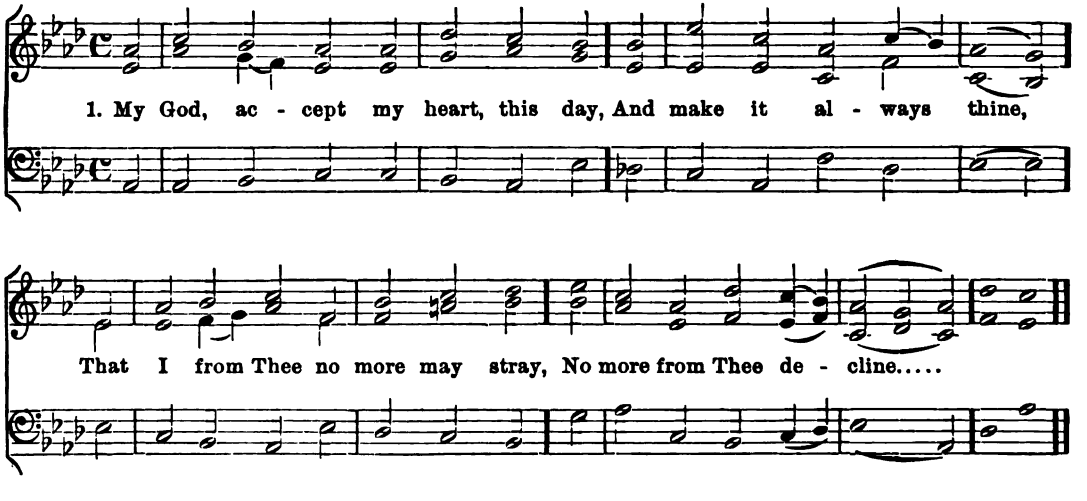
2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all its good we thought to gain
Deceive, and prove but care.

3 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest:
No fears our trust shall move:
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art perfect love.

MY GOD, ACCEPT MY HEART, THIS DAY.

NO. 99.

ORIGINAL MELODY.



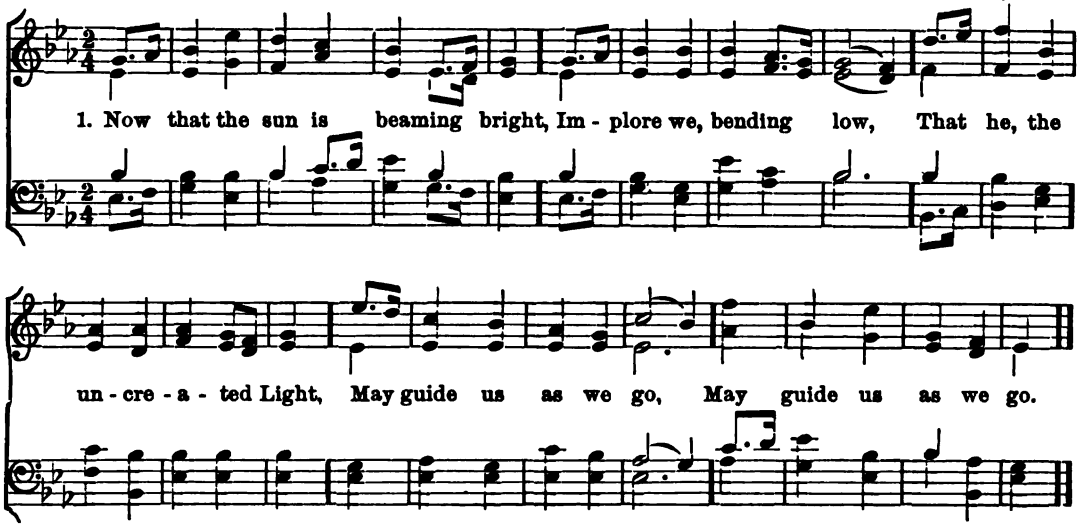
2 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for thine own;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near thy throne.

3 Let ev'ry thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death, the gate of heaven. Amen.

No, 100,

"MORNING PRAYER."

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL. 1685—1759.



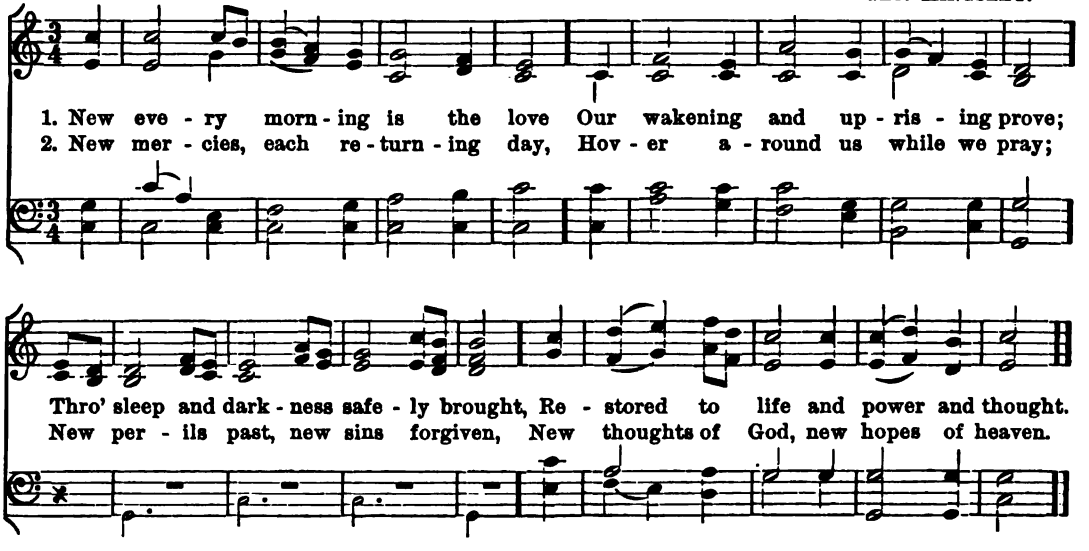
2 No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
‖: And in our hearts be love. ‖:

3 And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend;
That we begin it at thy word,
‖: And in thy favor end. ‖:

BEETHOVEN. "NEW EVERY MORNING."

No. 101.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



3 Old friends, old scenes, will lovlier be,
As more of heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

LUX BENIGNA. "LEAD KINDLY LIGHT."

No. 102.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES. 1761.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead thou me on:

The night is dark, and I am far from home,— Lead thou me on.

Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see.....

The dis-tant scene,— one step e-nough for me.....

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Should'st lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now—
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
Through dreary doubt, through pain and sorrow, till
The night is gone,
And, with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 103.

"THE THRICE HOLY ONE."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY. 1846.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King: Peace on
2. Gra - cious bond of earth and sky Born that man no more may die, Born to

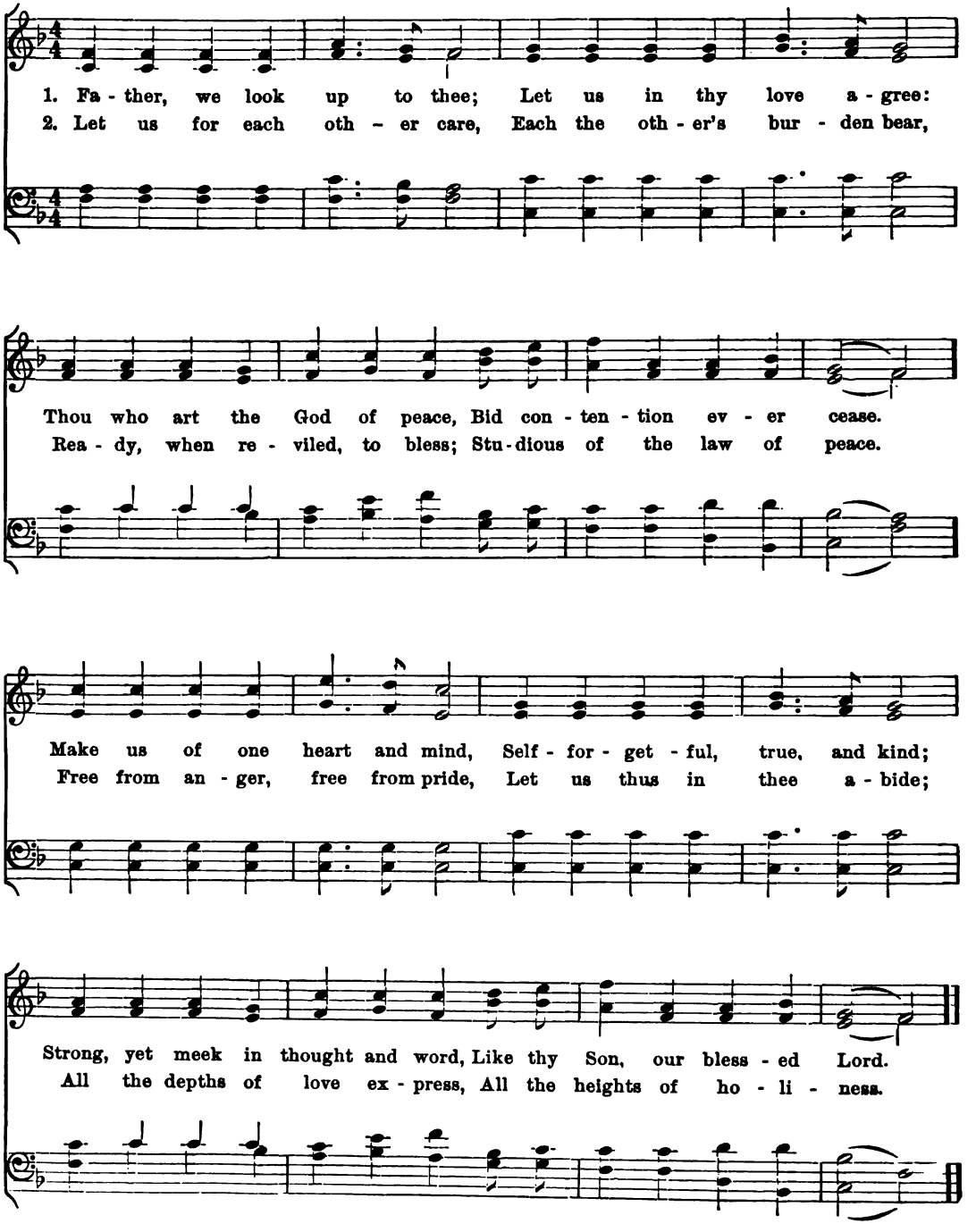
earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions,
raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth, Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of

rise, Join the triumph of the skies; With th' an - gel - ic host pro-claim, Christ is
Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all he brings, Risen with

born in Beth - le - hem. Hark! the her-ald - an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King.
heal - ing in his wings. Hark! the her-ald - an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King.

NO. 104.

"LIFE IN GOD."



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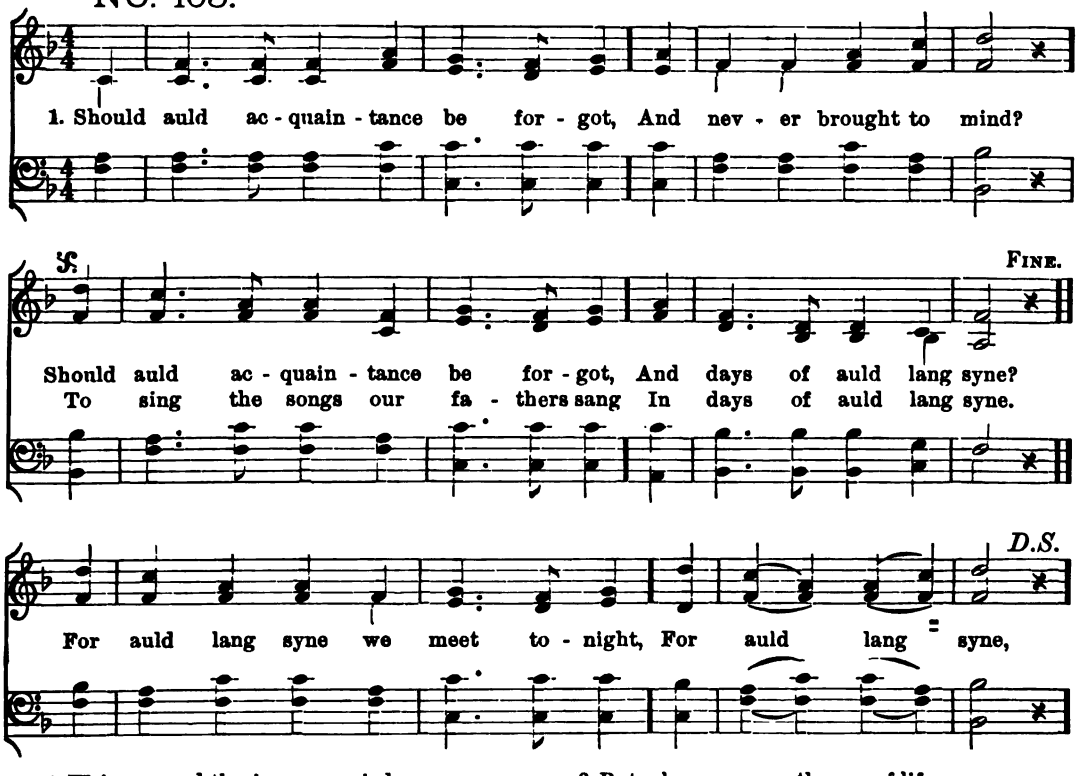


2 We've passed thro' many varied scenes,
Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends and hopes and happy dreams
Time's hand hath swept away; '
And voices that once joined with ours,
In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more
In songs of auld lang syne.

3 But when we cross the sea of life,
And reach the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
Transcending those of yore;
We'll meet to sing diviner strains
Than those of auld lang syne,—
Immortal songs of praise, unknown
In days of auld lang syne.

"IT SINGETH LOW IN EVERY HEART"

No. 106.

"SONG OF THE SILENT ONES."

1 It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

2 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

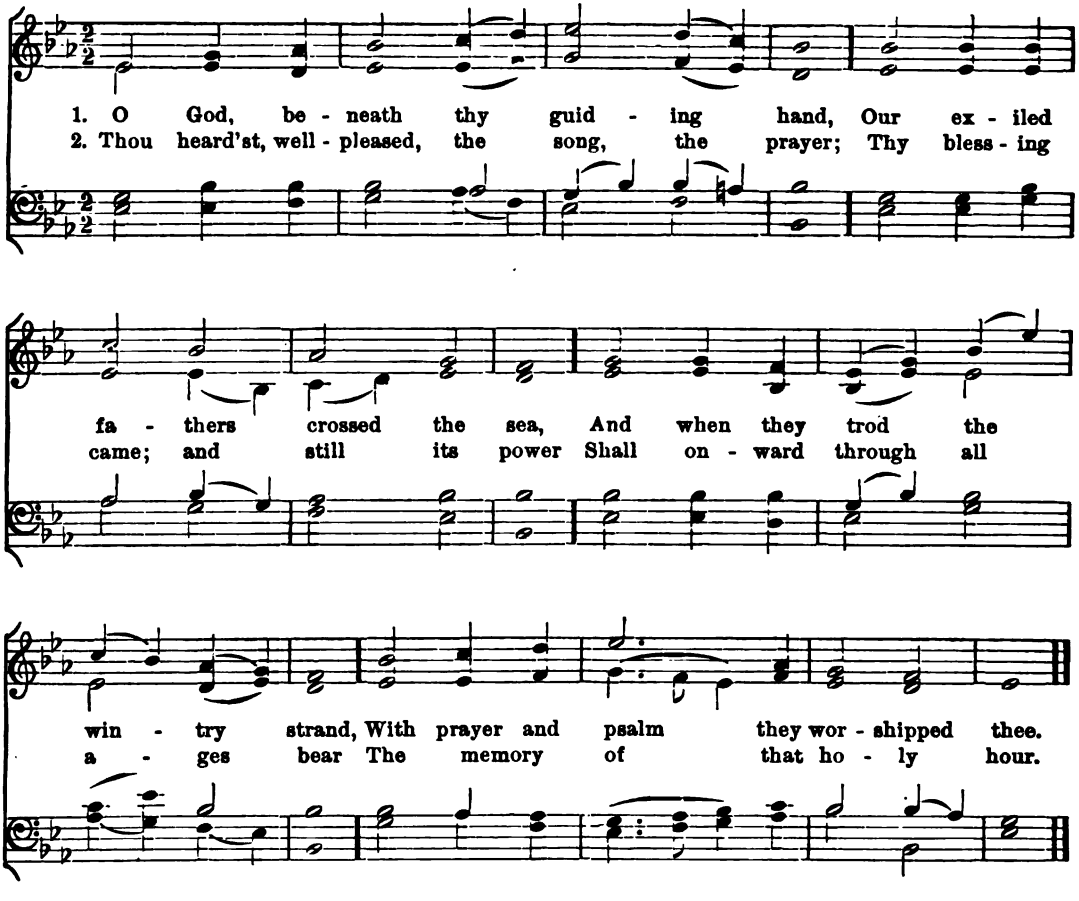
3 More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore!

DUKE STREET. "O GOD, BENEATH THY GUIDING HAND."

NO. 107.

"THE PILGRIM FATHERS"

JOHN HATTON. 1790.



3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves:
And, where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

NO, 108, "OH, SOMETIMES GLEAMS UPON OUR SIGHT."

"OLD AND NEW."

1 Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right,
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

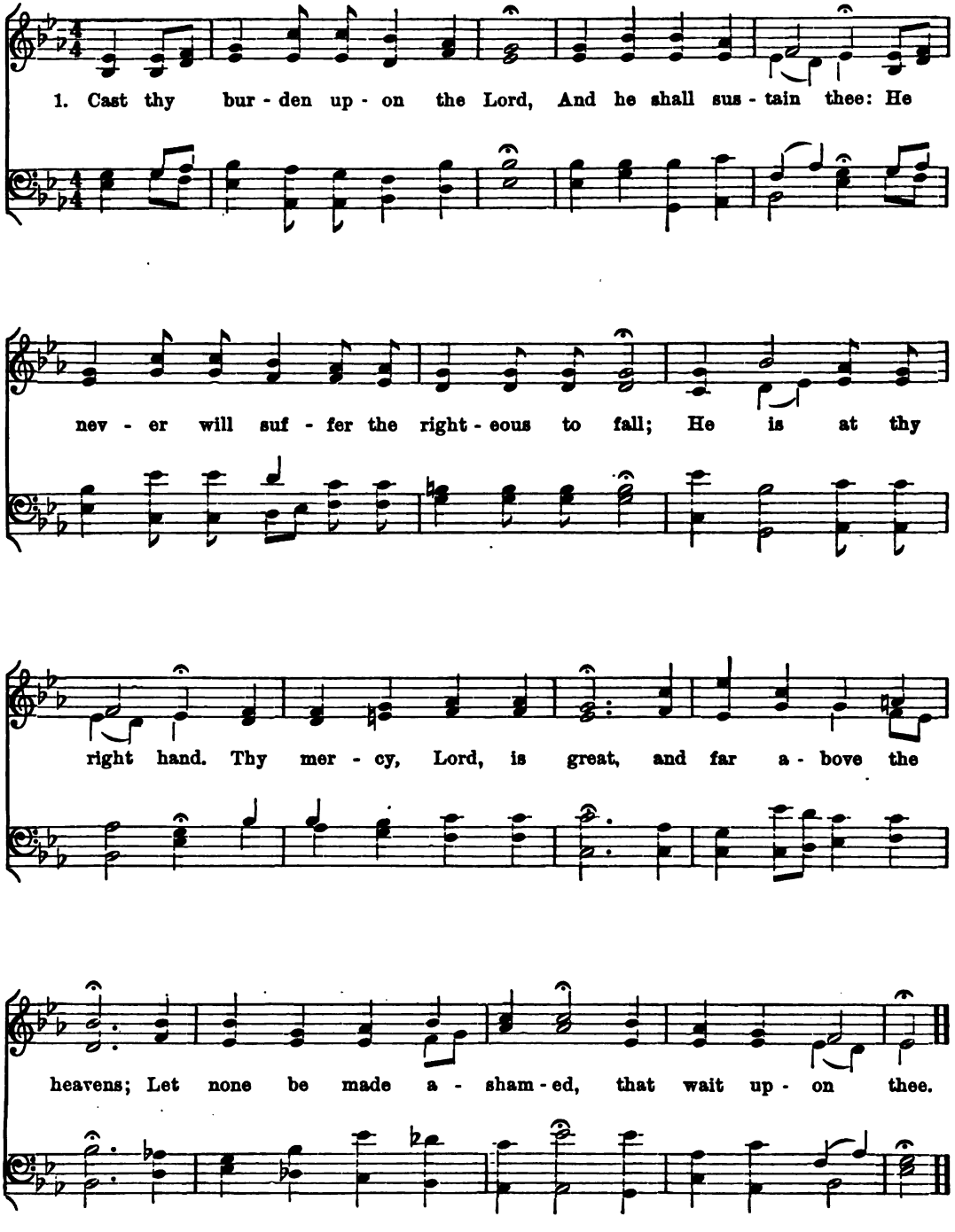
2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life devine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more,
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

No. 109.

From "ELIJAH."



No. 110.

Translated by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D. D. The Music by Joseph Barnby.

mf

1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to
2. Light - en mine eyes, O Sav - iour, Or sleep in death shall
3. Be Thou my soul's pre - ser - ver, O God, for Thou dost

Thee! I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may
I, And he, my wake - ful temp - ter, Tri - umph - ant - ly shall
know How man - y are the per - ils Through which I have to
Thee! I pray.....
I, And he,.....
know How man.....

rall. *p* *slower.* *pp*

be; O Je - su, keep me in Thy sight, And
cry, "He could not make their dark - ness light, Nor
go; Lov - er of men, oh, hear my call, And
be; O Je - su, keep me
cry, "He could not make their
go; Lover of men, oh,

pp

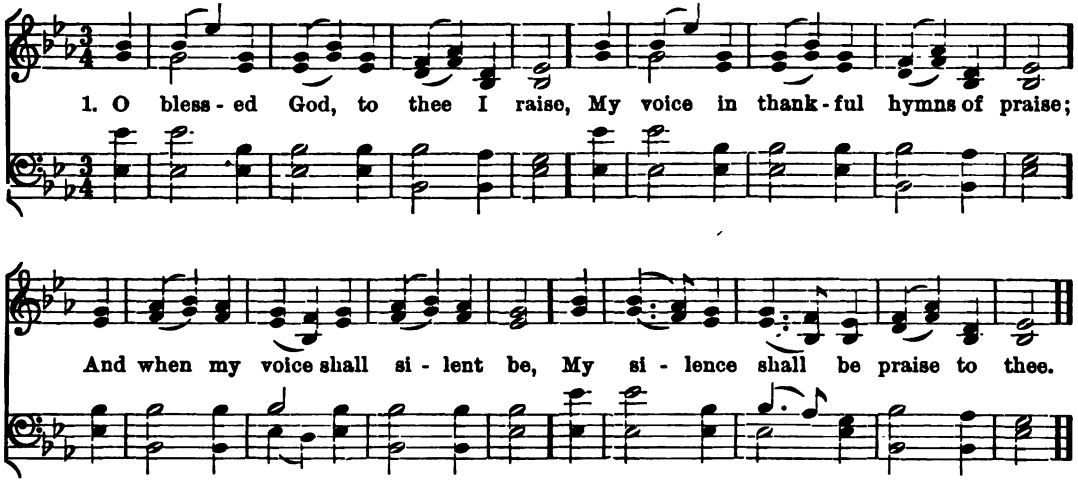
save me through the com - ing night.
guard them through the hours of night."
guard and save me from them all. A - - MEN.

GRATITUDE. "O BLESSED GOD, TO THEE I RAISE."

NO. 111.

"VOICELESS PRAISE."

A. BOST. ARR. T. HASTINGS. 1837.



2 For voice and silence both impart
The filial homage of my heart:
And both alike are understood
By thee, thou Parent of all good—

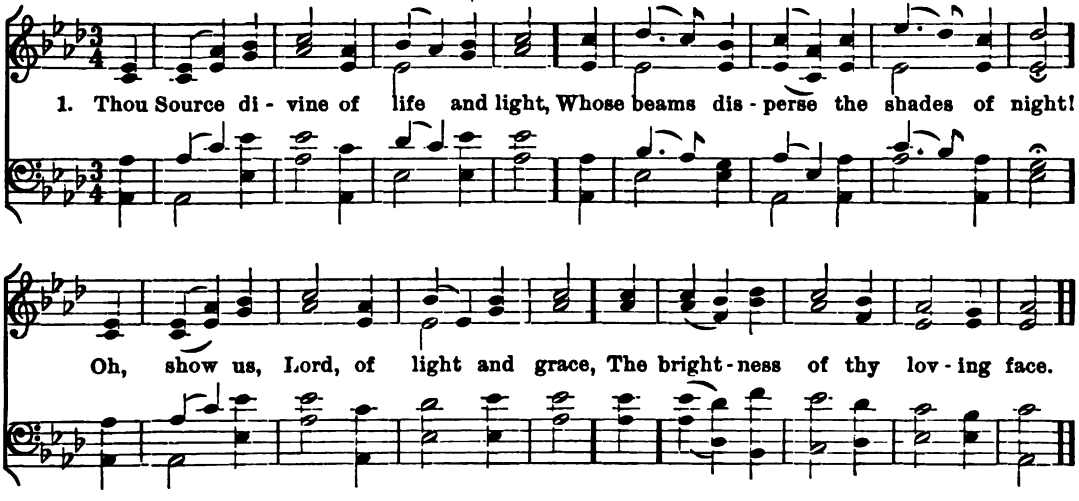
3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
Who loves my loudest praise to hear,
And loves to bless my voiceless prayer.

LOUVAN. "THOU SOURCE DIVINE OF LIFE AND LIGHT."

NO. 112.

"COME, HOLY SPIRIT."

V. C. TAYLOR. 1847.



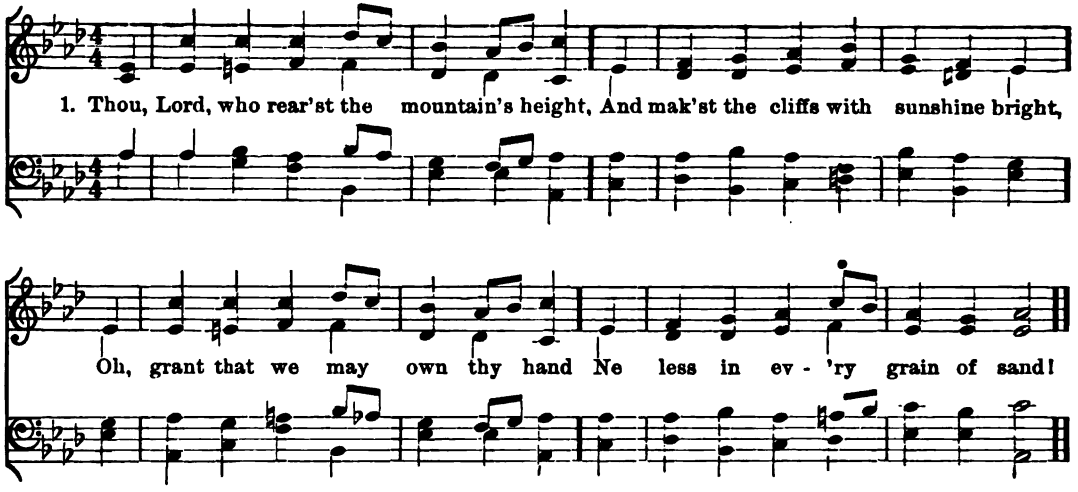
2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
Thy Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

3 Oh, hallowed thus be every day;
Let meekness be our morning ray;
Our faith like noontide splendor glow,
Our souls the twilight never know.

No. 113. CHESTER. "Thou, Lord, who Rear'st."

"DIVINE MEANING IN HUMBLE THINGS."

ROBERT SCHUMANN.



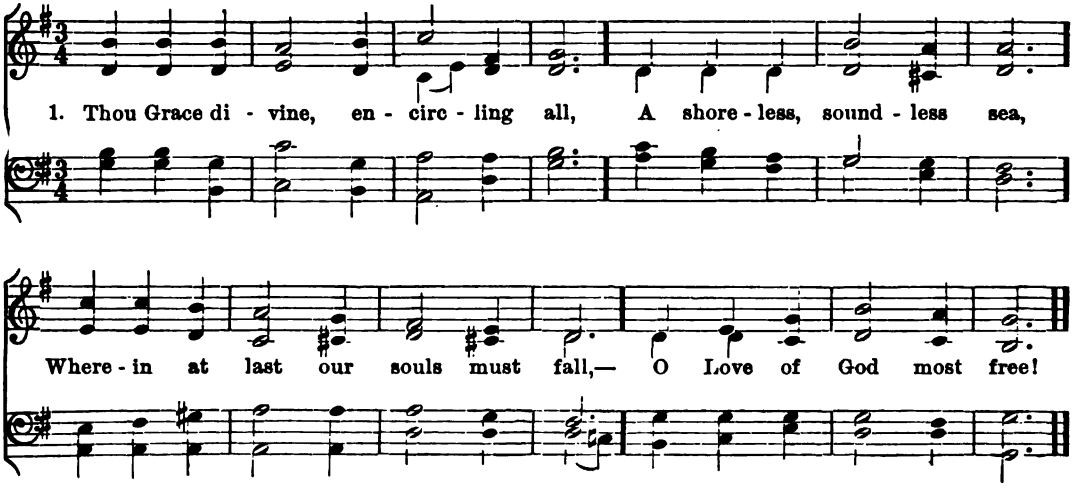
2 Teach us that not a leaf can grow,
Till life from thee within it flow:
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being! save by thee;

3 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

No. 114. ST. AGNES, "Thou Grace Divine."

"LOVE OF GOD."

JOHN B. DYKES. 1868.



2 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O Love of God most strong!

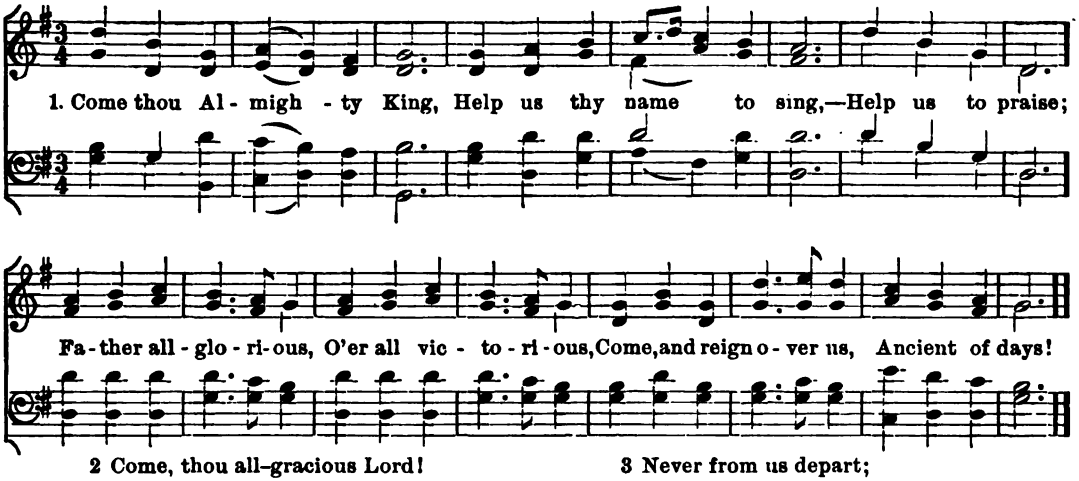
3 And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God! to thee.

ITALIAN HYMN. "COME THOU ALMIGHTY KING."

NO. 115.

"SOLEMN INVOCATION."

GIARDINI.



2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord!
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend!

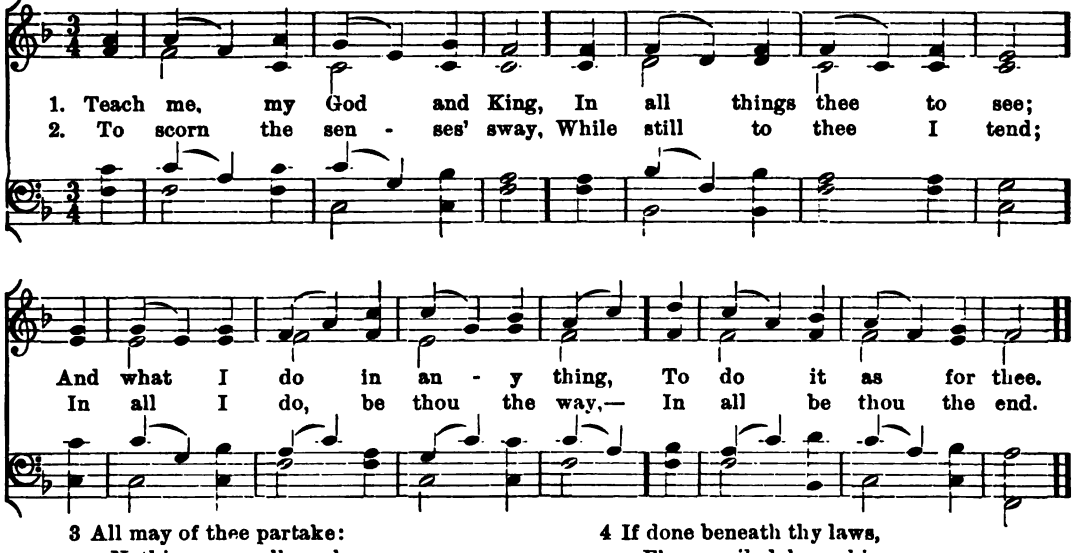
3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore!
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

DENNIS. "TEACH ME, MY GOD AND KING."

NO. 116.

"DO ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD."

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

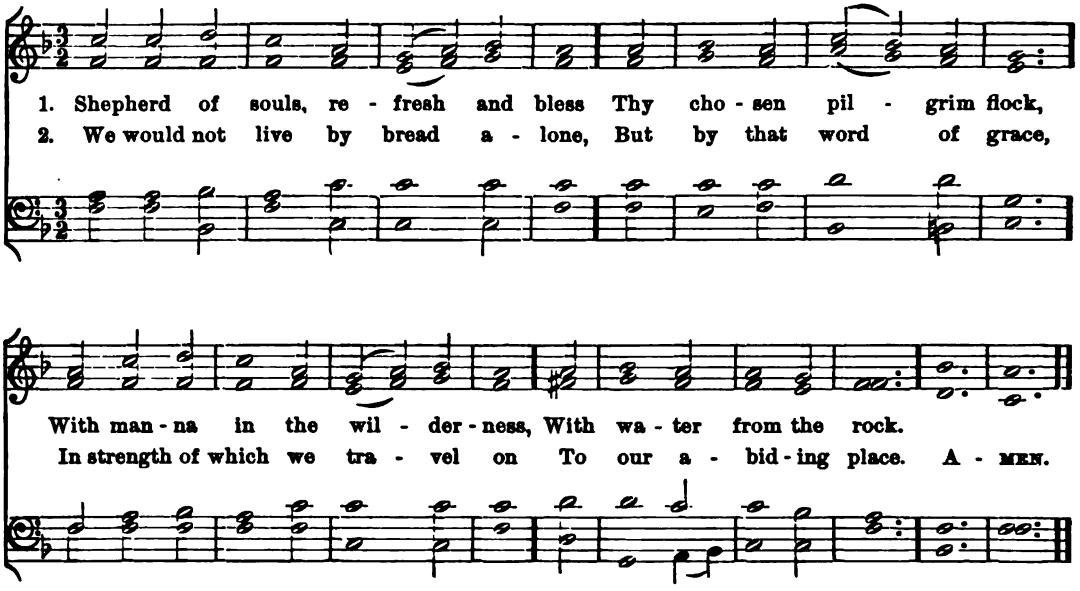


3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine:
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

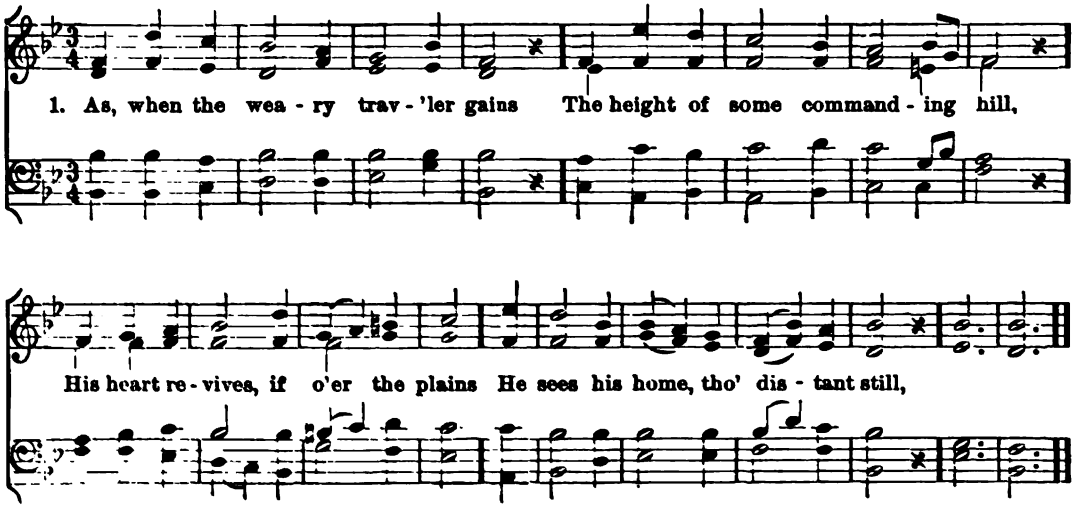
SHEPHERD OF SOULS.

NO. 117.



AS, WHEN THE WEARY TRAVELLER GAINS.

NO. 118.



2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrims views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers:
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trials fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.—AMEN.

No. 119.

J. D. BURNS. ROBERT SCHUMANN.

1. Still, still, with Thee, my God, I would de - sire to be:

By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin,
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting, as the rising, sun
With Thee my heart would find.

FORTH IN THY NAME, O LORD, I GO.

No, 120,

1. Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go, My dai - ly la - bor to pur - sue;

Thee; on - ly Thee, re - solved to know, In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
O, let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.—AMEN.

NICÆA. "HOLY, HOLY, HOLY."

No. 121.

"THRICE HOLY."

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES. 1861.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God Al - migh - ty! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee: Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and migh - ty! All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea.

2 Holy, holy holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Thou who wast, and art, and evermore shalt be!

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
Infinite in power, in love, and purity!

OLD HUNDRED. "FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES."

No. 122.

"DOXOLOGY."

GUILLAUME FRANC. 1543.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise:
2. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord! E - ter - nal truth at tends thy word:

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung, Through ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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